



BROUGHAM



CAMPBELL



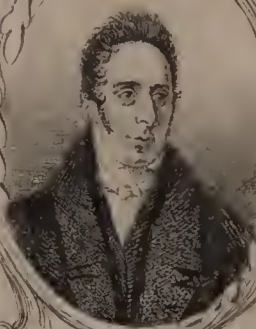
MUSEUM



SCONE



FALKLAND



JEFFREY



UNIVERSITY

EDINBURGH

Wilson St.



WILSON

✓

W. H. Mels - 8
Examine
Mar 2. 1857

SCENES IN SCOTLAND;

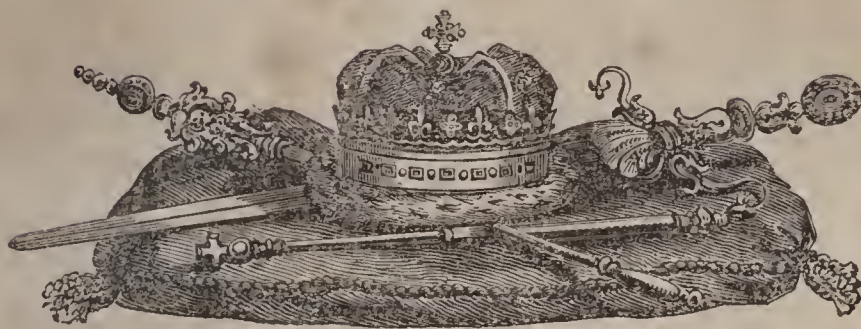
WITH

SKETCHES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND LITERARY.

BY

JAMES HARRIS BROWN.



EMBELLISHED WITH FIFTY ENGRAVINGS.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR RICHARD GRIFFIN & CO.;

T. T. & J. TEGG, LONDON;

J. STILLIE, EDINBURGH; AND SAMUEL ARCHER, BELFAST.

MDCCCXXXIII.

511 462
217



LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

No.	PORTRAITS,	<i>To face Title.</i>
1.	Edinburgh Castle,	Page 3 ✓
2.	Holyrood Palace,	ib.
3.	Roslin Castle,	ib.
4.	Hawthornden,	15
5.	Craigmillar Castle,	ib.
6.	Craigcrook Castle,	ib.
7.	Dunbar Castle,	31
8.	Lincluden College,	ib.
9.	Abbotsford,	ib.
10.	Dumfries,	65
11.	Melrose Abbey,	ib.
12.	Dryburgh Abbey,	ib.
13.	Ayr,	76
14.	Turnberry Castle,	ib.
15.	Largs,	ib.
16.	Rothesay Castle,	114
17.	Inverary Castle,	ib.
18.	Dunstaffnage Castle,	ib.
19.	Glasgow,	134
20.	The Cathedral of Glasgow,	ib.
21.	Cathcart Castle,	ib.
22.	Hamilton Palace,	162
23.	Bothwell Castle,	ib.
24.	Fall of Stonebyres,	ib.
25.	Abbey of Paisley,	166
26.	Cruickston Castle,	ib.
27.	Greenock,	ib.
28.	Dumbarton Castle,	190
29.	View on Clyde,	ib.
30.	Lochlomond,	ib.
31.	Stirling Castle,	194

No.		Page
32.	Linlithgow Palace,	194
33.	Lochleven Castle,	ib.
34.	The Cathedral of St Andrew's,	200
35.	Dunfermline and Abbey,	ib.
36.	Castle Campbell,	ib.
37.	Aberbrothock Abbey,	207
38.	Dunottar Castle,	ib.
39.	Perth,	ib.
40.	Loch Katrine,	205
41.	Pass of Killiecrankie,	ib.
42.	Dunkeld,	ib.
43.	Aberdeen,	212
44.	Inverness,	ib.
45.	Elgin Cathedral,	ib.
46.	Darnaway Castle,	219
47.	Findlater Castle,	ib.
48.	Calder Castle,	ib.

CONTENTS.

	Page
PREFACE,	ix
Introduction,	xi
Edinburghshire, or Midlothian—City of Edinburgh,	1
Edinburgh Castle—Topographical description of—Twice re- taken from the English by stratagem,	3
Palace of Holyrood—Residence of the Bourbons when exiled in 1795 and 1830—Description of the building,	7
Roslin Castle—Opulence of the St. Clares, its original owners,	10
Battle of Roslin—The Scots thrice victorious over the Eng- lish in one day,	12
Chapel of Roslin—Anecdote of its architect—Its remarkable Monuments and Burial Place,	13
Hawthornden—Residence of Drummond the Poet—Curious Caves under the building,	15
Craigmillar Castle—Residence of Queen Mary in 1561,	16
Craigcrook Castle—Residence of Mr Jeffrey, Editor of the <i>Edinburgh Review</i> , and subsequently Lord Advocate of Scotland—An American Gentleman's Visit to Craig- crook—Mr Jeffrey and his Domestic Establishment described,	18
Eminent Men of Midlothian—Scheme of the famous projector, John Law, to establish a National Bank in Scotland,	28
East Lothian, or Haddingtonshire,	30
Dunbar Castle—Anecdote of the Countess of March, com- monly called Black Agnes,	31
Eminent Men of East Lothian,	33
Selkirkshire,	33
Abbotsford,	34
Sir Walter Scott—Sketch of his Literary Life,	36
Roxburghshire,	60
Melrose Abbey—Poetical Description by Sir Walter Scott,	60

	Page
Eminent Men of Roxburghshire,	62
Berwickshire,	63
Dryburgh Abbey,	63
Eminent Men of Berwickshire,	64
Dumfries-shire,	64
Dumfries—Anecdote of the Hangman's Dues—Visit to the Widow of Burns—The Poet's Tomb,	65
Eminent Men of Dumfries-shire,	72
Stewartry of Kirkcudbright,	73
Lincluden College,	74
Ayrshire,	75
Ayr,	76
Turnberry Castle—Anecdote of Robert Bruce,	77
Largs—Invasion and Defeat of Haco King of Norway,	78
Burns the Poet—Visit to his Monument near Ayr—Thom the Sculptor—Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnnie,	80
Buteshire—Ancient and present state of Bute—Island of Ar- ran—The Lord Advocate Jeffrey's humorous account of a Buteshire Election,	89
Rothsay—Sketch of it as a Watering-Place—Salubrious qua- lity of the Climate of Bute—Dr. Morrison's Opinion on that subject,	93
Mr Malcolm on the advantages of Rothsay as a Residence for Invalids—What climate most suitable for the Consump- tive—A Case of Consumption cured—View of Society in Rothsay,	97
Rothsay Castle,	114
Mount Stuart—Descriptive Sketch of it by the late Joseph Bain, Esq., younger of Morriston—Pictures—Kneller's Portrait of Lady M. W. Montague—Rubens, painted by himself—Lady Jane Douglas—Her Character by the Chevalier Johnstone,	115
Argyleshire,	125
Inverary Castle,	126
Dunstaffnage Castle,	127
Eminent Men of Argyleshire,	128
Lanarkshire,	133
Glasgow—Descriptive Sketch of it—Dr. Cleland's Statistical Account of its Population in 1831—The University and its Constitution—Popular Character of the Annual Elec- tions of the Lord Rector,	134

	Page
Lord Chancellor Brougham—Sketch of his Life—Character- istics of his Eloquence,	139
Thomas Campbell, Esq.—Sketch of his Literary Life—Cha- racter of his Writings,	147
Cathedral of Glasgow,	160
Cathcart Castle,	161
Hamilton Palace,	162
Bothwell Castle,	163
Falls of Clyde—Bonnington Linn, Cora Linn, and Stone- byres—Humorous Metrical Description,	163
Eminent Men of Lanarkshire,	165
Renfrewshire,	165
Abbey of Paisley,	166
Cruickston Castle,	167
Greenock—Shaw's Water-Works,	168
Eminent Men of Renfrewshire,	170
John Wilson, Esq., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh,	171
Dumbartonshire,	190
Dumbarton Castle—Antiquity of Dumbarton,	190
View on Clyde from Dalnotar Hill,	192
Loch Lomond,	192
Eminent Men of Dumbartonshire,	193
Stirlingshire,	194
Stirling Castle,	194
Eminent Men of Stirlingshire,	195
Linlithgowshire,	196
Linlithgow,	196
Royal Palace at Linlithgow,	197
Kinross-shire,	198
Lochleven Castle,	198
Fifeshire,	199
Cathedral of St. Andrew's,	200
Dunfermline and Abbey,	200
Eminent Men of Fife,	202
Clackmannanshire,	203
Castle Campbell,	203
Perthshire,	204
Perth,	204
Loch Katrine—The Trossachs,	205
Pass of Killiecrankie,	206

	Page
Dunkeld,	206
Forfarshire,	207
Abbey of Aberbrothock,	207
Kincardineshire,	208
Dunottar Castle—Anecdote of the Scottish Regalia, .	209
Eminent Men of Kincardineshire,	211
Aberdeenshire,	211
Aberdeen—Antiquity of the Old Town—Commercial Im- portance of the New Town,	212
Eminent Men of Aberdeenshire,	213
Inverness-shire,	214
Inverness,	214
Eminent Men of Inverness-shire,	215
Morayshire,	215
Elgin,	216
Cathedral of Elgin,	216
Darnaway Castle,	218
Banffshire,	219
Findlater Castle,	219
Eminent Men of Banffshire,	220
Nairnshire,	220
Calder Castle,	220
Last Illness, Death, and Funeral of Sir Walter Scott, .	222
Conclusion,	239

P R E F A C E.

THE chief object of this Manual of Scottish Topographical Beauties, is to give in a condensed and popular form, the better portion of what is usually contained in works of a more expensive and less portable kind. These, it is well known, are for the most part either so highly decorative, or so exclusively antiquarian, as to be adapted for almost no other class but the rich and the learned. And, accordingly, it is justly complained that publications descriptive of Scottish Scenery are too often little better than "Books sealed." A familiar work, suited to ordinary readers, is, therefore, in this department of our domestic literature, as yet a desideratum. It is with a view, in some measure, to supply so obvious a want that the present volume has been prepared, and is now presented to the public.

In the original plan of "Scenes in Scotland," it was intended that the letter-press details should be wholly confined to a description of the subjects represented in the engraved designs. This, however, must necessarily have limited its interest, and perhaps, also, have rendered it like many other pictorial topographical productions, a Book merely to the eye. An admixture of Biographical and Miscellaneous matter, suggested as a remedy, was therefore adopted; and although, in thus giving a novel and somewhat incongruous feature to the work, various difficulties occurred, it will be seen by a slight glance at the Table of Contents, that these have in a great measure been successfully overcome.

In the selection and arrangement of materials for the volume, it will be seen that pains have been taken to combine as much novelty and variety of information as could possibly be compressed in so small a compass; to convey that inform-

ation in a distinct, intelligible style, so as to be acceptable to almost any class of readers ; and to present at the same time such faithful as well as pleasing representations, both of the scenes and characters described, as may leave a lasting and agreeable impression. It will perhaps be objected by some that the Biographical matter occupies too large a space in comparison with the descriptive local details. But in this respect, the principal object has been to place within the reach of the young and rising age a work which, while it makes them acquainted with all the more prominent topographical beauties and picturesque features of their country, shall at the same time excite their emulation in the career of patriotism and honour, by holding up as examples those eminent men who have already so much contributed to adorn it.

As every district of Scotland abounds with picturesque scenery, it may well be supposed that some difficulty occurred in selecting subjects for the engraver. If but two scenes had been chosen from each county, the number would have greatly exceeded the limits prescribed by the design of the work. There was no other alternative, therefore, but to make choice of such subjects only as were best fitted for illustration, and at the same time most easily adapted to the style and size of the engravings. It will be found, however, that except in so far as confined by a proper attention to these two objects, sufficient discrimination has been exercised in the task of selection ; and that although many fine subjects have been necessarily omitted, yet in point of fact the volume presents all the more prominent and remarkable scenic beauties of the land.

On the whole, it is hoped that “Scenes in Scotland” will be found to possess attractions equal, if not superior, to some other works of greater pretension—that as it aims only at being generally useful, it will on that account be the more generally acceptable—and that, since the varied mixture of subjects which it presents must create a livelier interest, than if it had been more limited in its design and less excursive in its range, a permanent guarantee may thence be derived for general public approbation.

INTRODUCTION.

THE most appropriate Introduction to Scenes in Scotland, appears to be a descriptive outline of the country itself. In conformity with the plan of the Work, the description which follows, is short and general, exhibiting the broad and striking features, rather than the minute and tedious details.

Scotland and its Isles present an area of 29,600 square miles, or 18,944,000 English acres ; of which 5,043,450 are cultivated, and 13,900,550 uncultivated ; besides 638 square miles occupied by lakes and rivers. Its length is 244 miles ; and its breadth, under different parallels, varies from 170 to 70, and even 36 miles.

The country is naturally divided into two great divisions, Highlands and Lowlands, originally inhabited by very distinct races of men ; and this distinction is still visible in their descendants, notwithstanding the intermixture which has been produced by the progress of civilization and internal commerce. The natural and artificial intersections produced by water, have, however, suggested a threefold division, into the Northern, the Middle, and the Southern regions. The Northern region which is of a very irregular triangular form, is separated from the Middle, by a regular chain of lakes.

The Southern region which is of an irregular triangular form, is more cultivated than the other regions, and bears a greater resemblance to England in its general character, as to natural appearance, cultivation, and population. The Middle region is very mountainous, being intersected by the Grampian chain from east to west ; but its southern

and eastern parts are more cultivated and less hilly than the rest, being in this respect comparable to the southern region. The Northern region consists chiefly of an assemblage of vast and dreary mountains, here and there intersected by cultivated vales and beautiful lakes. In this region are found the most elevated points of land in Great Britain, Ben-Nevis, in Inverness-shire, being about 4300 feet above the level of the sea, and Benivas in Ross-shire, being about 4000 feet.

In the Middle region, there are also many elevated points of land, almost rivalling those of the northern ; in Perthshire, Benlawers being about 4000 feet high above the level of the sea, and Schiehalien about 3500 feet. It is the boast of the natives of the Highlands, both in the northern and middle regions, that the all-conquering Romans were unable to penetrate farther into Scotland, than the foot of the Grampian hills. Though this be true, it may also be observed that beyond this natural line of demarcation, there was nothing in so savage a district to attract the cupidity of those civilized warriors. No fertile fields waving with yellow corn, no orchards rich with fruit, no cities filled with wealth, were to be found in those barren regions. The poverty and barbarism of the natives must soon have convinced the conquerors, that their conquest was not worth the trouble. Modern times have slowly produced improvements in those districts. The mountains are now stocked with cattle, which browse at will on the stunted vegetation of nature ; here they reproduce their kind with rapidity, which are afterwards driven to the fertile vallies of the south to fatten for the sustenance of man. Cultivation is also in a state of progressive improvement, and it is hard to say what effects it may produce in future ages on the sterile regions of the north.

SCENES IN SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGHSIRE OR MID-LOTHIAN.

THIS important county lies on the southern shore of the Frith of Forth, having Linlithgowshire, or West-Lothian, as its boundary on the west, and Haddingtonshire, or East-Lothian, with Berwick and Roxburghshires, on the east. It is irregularly shaped, but is something of a four-sided figure. It has been compared to a triangle with one of the angles cut off. On the south, it is bounded by the counties of Selkirk, Peebles, and Lanark. Being the metropolitan county, it is the first in point of rank, and is studded all over with the country seats of noblemen and gentlemen.

EDINBURGH.

THE City of Edinburgh is by far the most important object which the county contains, and it, therefore, must be first noticed. It stands near the centre of the northern boundary of the county, and within two miles of the town and harbour of Leith, to which, however, by the extension of its buildings, it is now rapidly approaching. The ground on which Edinburgh stands, is so strangely irregular, and the houses have such a great diversity of

form and aspect, that it is not very easy to give a general description of it. Indeed, Edinburgh may be said to form three distinct towns, separated by nature from each other; for it stands upon three separate eminences, having valleys intervening betwixt them. Nevertheless there is no city of its extent, which is less perplexing to a stranger, or where he is less likely to lose his way than Edinburgh.

The old town stands upon the central eminence, which is a long hill rising out of a plain on the east, and terminating towards the west in a lofty precipice, on which is situated the ancient castle. There is a deep hollow or valley on each side of this hill. The High Street, which is the principal street of the old town, is situated on the summit of this ridge or hill; and a prodigious number of narrow lanes and closes descend from it into the valleys on either side. The valley to the north was originally a lake or loch, and is still called the North Loch, although it is now drained, and laid out in gardens. At the bottom of the valley to the south, is a long narrow street called the Cowgate, which runs parallel to the High Street. The southern district stands on an eminence which rises to the south of the Cowgate, and in it are many fine houses and handsome streets. But it is in the New Town, which stands on an eminence to the north of the North Loch, that the most splendid houses and streets are situated. This portion of Edinburgh is, without exception, the most magnificent in the world.

Besides the hill on which the town stands, there are other three hills of different heights adjoining it, from which very fine views of the city and surrounding country may be had. These are the Calton Hill, on which is placed Nelson's Monument and the Observatory, Salisbury Craigs, where a fine road or path has been made, and Arthur's Seat, which rises to a considerable height, and with picturesque effect overtops the whole.





EDINBURGH CASTLE



HOLYROOD PALACE



ROSLIN CASTLE

In the picture of Edinburgh Castle (*see Plate,*) a small part of the Old Town is to be seen with that ancient fortress towering over it.

EDINBURGH CASTLE.

THE Castle is situated at the western summit of the long hill on which the Old Town is built. It occupies an area of about six English acres. Its situation is naturally so strong, that if the supposition were not contradicted by history, we should have regarded it as impregnable before the invention of artillery and gunpowder. The rock on which it stands appears quite inaccessible on the north, the west, and the south; at many places it is absolutely perpendicular, and about three hundred feet in height from its base. On the east, the only quarter from which it is accessible, the Castle is separated from the buildings of the city, by an open space called a glacis, of about three hundred and fifty feet in length, and three hundred in breadth. This is also called the Castle Hill, and it commands a very fine view of the city, and its whole environs, with the sea and the opposite coast of Fife. At the western termination of the Castle Hill, is the outer barrier of the Castle, beyond which is a dry ditch with a drawbridge and gate; the whole commanded by a battery in shape of a half-moon, mounted with twelve and eighteen pounders; that is, cannon which will carry balls of that weight. Within the gate is a guard-room; beyond which, on the road winding upwards towards the north, are two gateways; the first of which is very strong, and has two portcullises. Beyond the inner gateway is a battery which was wont to be mounted with brass guns, but these were all removed about the middle of last war, and less expensive ones, of carron manufacture, substituted in their stead; near this battery are storehouses for gun-carriages and other imple-

ments of artillery. On the north is a grand store-room and arsenal, which, together with the other magazines in the fort, are capable of containing thirty thousand stand of arms. In addition to those already mentioned, there are some other batteries at different points of the circumference of the rampart or wall, by which the brow of the rock is encircled.

The highest part of the Castle, which is towards the south-east, consists of a number of houses in the form of a square, and surrounding a parade for exercise. The buildings are chiefly laid out in barracks for the officers. The different old barracks in the garrison can accommodate a thousand men ; and, in addition to these, during the late war, a very lofty and extensive range of buildings was erected on the western brow of the rock.

The east side of the square already mentioned, at the summit of the Castle, was anciently used as royal apartments. Here the beautiful but unfortunate Queen Mary resided at the birth of her son, afterwards King James VI. A small room, on the ground floor, in the south-east corner of this building, is still pointed out as the place where that prince was born.

In this quarter of the Castle, immediately under the square tower, is the apartment called the crown room, wherein are deposited the Regalia of Scotland. It consists of the Crown, Sceptre, and Sword of State. They were placed here on the 26th March, 1707. It was long believed that they had been removed and taken to England ; but in 1818, when commissioners were appointed by his late Majesty, George IV. then Prince Regent, to search for them, a large oaken chest in the crown room was forced open, and these relics of the Scottish Monarchy were discovered. They were found in perfect preservation, and have since been open to public inspection.

The Castle of Edinburgh, though once considered a place of great strength, would be of very little importance

in modern warfare. But, even in ancient times, it was repeatedly carried either by force or stratagem. We shall give a brief account of how it was taken, on two different occasions, by the Scotch from the English, during periods when the two nations were at war with each other.

Upon the death of the grand-daughter of Alexander III. King of Scotland, commonly called the Fair Maid of Norway, the celebrated contest began between Bruce and Baliol for the Crown. This was a source of great and protracted misery to Scotland. Edward I., then King of England, taking advantage of the state of the country, overran it with his troops, took possession of all the important fortresses, and, among the rest, Edinburgh Castle, and had almost entirely subjected the kingdom. At this time the Castle was in possession of the English for about twenty years. But it was at length recovered by Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray, in the following manner: It had for governor, under the English, Piers Leland, a knight of Gascony. Randolph blockaded it so closely that all communication with the adjacent country was cut off; the garrison, suspecting the fidelity of Leland thrust him into a dungeon, and chose another commander in his stead. Matters were in this state when one William Frank presented himself to Randolph, and offered to show him how the walls of the castle might be scaled. This man, while young, had resided in it, and for purposes of his own, had been accustomed to descend the wall during the night by means of a ladder of ropes, and through a steep and intricate path to arrive at the foot of the rock. The road, amidst perilous precipices, had become familiar to him, and he still retained a perfect remembrance of it. Randolph, with thirty men, undertook the enterprise of scaling the castle at midnight. Frank was their guide, and the first who ascended the scaling ladder. Before, however, the whole party

could reach the summit of the wall, an alarm was given ; the garrison ran to arms, and a desperate combat ensued ; but their governor having been slain, the English at length surrendered.

Leland, the former governor, being released from his imprisonment, entered into the service of the Scottish nation ; and King Robert Bruce ordered the castle to be demolished. He also demolished all the other fortresses which he recovered from the English, that they might not, for the future, serve, when taken, to enable an invading enemy to retain the country in a state of subjection.

In the reign of Edward III. however, the English again took possession of the rock, and fortified it as before ; but in the year 1341 it was recovered for the Scotch by the following stratagem, which was effected by four gentlemen, among whom was William de Douglas. One of the gentlemen, pretending to be an English merchant, went to the governor of the castle, and informed him that he had got a cargo of wine, strong beer, and biscuit exquisitely *spiced*, in his vessel just arrived in the Forth ; which provisions he requested the governor to purchase. He produced as a specimen a bottle of wine, and another of beer. The governor relished the liquors, and they agreed about the price. The pretended merchant was to deliver the provisions next morning early, that he might not be intercepted by the Scots. He came, accordingly, at the time appointed, attended by a dozen of armed followers under the disguise of sailors, and the gates were opened for their reception. While entering the Castle, they contrived to overturn the carriage upon which the provisions were supposed to be heaped, and instantly killed the porter and the sentinels. Upon the sound of a horn, the appointed signal, Douglas, with a band of armed men, sprung from an ambush in the neighbourhood, and rush-

ed into the Castle, where, having joined their companions, the garrison, after a sharp conflict, were mostly put to the sword, and the fortress was thus recovered by the Scots.

PALACE OF HOLYROOD.

SCOTLAND in former times abounded in royal palaces. They are all, however, now in ruins, with the exception of Holyrood House. This ancient abode of her kings, is situated at the bottom of the long hill already described, on which the Old Town is built. It is about a mile distant from the Castle. The Palace is situated at the eastern extremity of the principal street of the Old Town, while the Castle forms its western termination. Salisbury Craigs rise immediately to the south of the Palace, and beyond them Arthur's Seat rises to a great height, the whole forming a sublime and picturesque scene from the windows of the Palace.

This magnificent royal residence, after threatening to fall into decay from being no longer possessed and kept in repair, was some years ago rendered once more conspicuous by becoming the retreat of a portion of the royal family of France, whom the terrible career of the Revolution had compelled to emigrate. This was the Count d'Artois, then generally styled Monsieur, younger brother to the unfortunate Louis XVI. and the same Prince who afterwards succeeded his elder brother, Louis XVIII., under the title of Charles X. He, and the nobility and clergy who attended him, inhabited the east part, together with the south wing of the Palace. The apartments were fitted up with considerable elegance.

It is not a little remarkable, and shows the mutability of all human affairs in a very striking point of view, that, at the distance of thirty-five years, the same Prince should have been driven from the throne of his ancestors, and

forced, in his old age, to seek once more an asylum in this ancient Palace of our kings. Though long expatriated and almost without hope of ever regaining their lost inheritance, he and his brother, Louis XVIII., did, by a miracle, as it were, reascend the French throne, but they proved themselves totally unworthy of this lucky turn of fortune. By attempting to govern contrary to the laws, which they had sworn to observe; they justly incurred the indignation of the French people. Louis, by a partial, though rather equivocal observance of them, under the charter which he had accepted at his restoration, contrived to reign ten years, and died upon the throne; but his brother, after attempting to dispense with the charter altogether, was again expelled by the nation, and had the mortification, not only of suffering a second exile, but of seeing a younger scion of the Bourbons placed upon the throne. Thus Charles X., formerly Count d'Artois, found himself occupying, in 1830, the same apartments in the Palace of Holyrood which he had inhabited under similar circumstances of disgrace and exile, in 1795.

This Palace is a splendid stone fabric, forming a square within, decorated on all sides with piazzas and a spacious walk. The western part, or principal front, consists of two lofty double towers, joined by a beautiful low building or gallery, adorned with a double ballustrade above, in the middle of which is a handsome portico, decorated with high stone columns, which support a cupola in form of an imperial crown, underneath which is a clock. Above the gate or principal entry are the Royal Scots arms, as they were borne before the Union. The other three sides of the square are lofty and noble, of three stories in height. The great staircase is equal in grandeur to the rest of the building. The gallery on the north side is 150 feet long, but the breadth only $27\frac{1}{2}$, and the height 18. This apartment is hung with pictures of a race of Scottish Kings through an imaginary series of 2000

years. They are of no value, and many of them are much defaced ; a circumstance which is ascribed to General Hawley having thought fit, in 1745, after the defeat by the rebels of the royal army, which he commanded at Falkirk, to quarter his beaten troops in the gallery of this Palace ; and they who had fled before undisciplined and ill-armed Highlanders, here manifested their loyalty by defacing and cutting to pieces what was supposed to be the representations of the Scottish Monarchs. Here also is the room in which the elections of the Scottish peerage are at present held. It was anciently the royal dining-room ; adjoining to it, is a drawing-room and state bed-room. The apartments are wainscotted with pannels of oak ; and ornamented over the doors and mantle-pieces with festoons of flowers and foliage. Near to the long gallery, in what are called “ Lord Dunmore’s Lodgings, is a celebrated painting of King Charles I. and his Queen. There are also full length portraits of George III. and his Queen, painted by Ramsay. With the exception of the apartments already mentioned, the only others worth seeing are those possessed by his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, as hereditary keeper of the Palace. Strangers are usually shown Queen Mary’s apartments, where that unfortunate Princess resided when at Holyrood. In the second floor of these rooms her own bed still remains. It is of crimson damask, bordered with green silk fringes and tassels, but is now almost in tatters. Close to the floor of this room, a piece of wainscot, about a yard square, hangs upon hinges, and opens a passage to a trap-stair, which communicates with the apartments beneath. Through this passage Lord Darnley and the other conspirators rushed to murder David Rizzio. The spot where he expired is still pointed out ; and a stain on the floor is said to have been caused by the blood of the ill-fated Italian.

Adjoining to the Palace are to be seen the beautiful Gothic remains of the Church or Chapel of Holyrood House, which is all that now remains of the wealthy abbey of that name. This abbey was founded by King David I. about seven hundred years ago. It was very richly endowed and had great possessions.

In the picture, we have given a view of the north side of the Palace, so that not only is that fabric seen, but the church of the ancient abbey.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

THIS ancient Castle stands upon the river North Esk, a little below Pennycuik, and about seven miles from Edinburgh. It is situated upon a lofty rock which is formed into a peninsula by the river which washes its base; and on the land side is separated from the adjoining grounds by a deep ravine, over which there is access by a stone bridge still remaining entire. The appearance of the Castle on its lofty seat, and of the surrounding scenery, is romantic and picturesque. It is a favourite place of resort for the inhabitants of Edinburgh during the summer months. The Castle is now almost entirely ruinous, although we believe a small portion of it is still inhabited.

Neither history nor tradition inform us when this Castle was built, but it must have been at an early period. Waldernus de Sancto Clere, was one of the Norman Barons who came to England with William the Conqueror, and fought at the battle of Hastings. William de Sancto Clere, son to Waldernus, came to Scotland, and obtained a grant of the Barony of Roslin from Malcolm Canmore, in the beginning of the twelfth century. It is not improbable that the Castle was first erected by him, although it has no doubt received many subsequent additions and alterations.

The first time it is mentioned in history is in the reign of James II. when we read of James, first Lord Hamilton, ancestor of the present ducal family of that name, being confined in it. He had been engaged in the rebellion raised against James, by the powerful and ambitious Earls of Douglas; and, on its suppression, he was for a short time sent here, but was afterwards received into great favour by the King. In 1554, the Castle was burned by the army of Henry VIII. of England, at the time they destroyed Leith and Craigmillar Castle.

This Castle was for ages the seat of the St Clares, or Sinclairs, descended from William de Sancto Clere above mentioned. They became a family of great note in this county, and from them are descended all the families of that name in Scotland. They had formerly very extensive possessions and many titles, being Earls of Caithness and Orkney, Dukes of Oldenburgh, &c. and were for many generations patrons and grand masters of masonry in Scotland. This honour was conferred upon them by James II., and continued in their family till the year 1736, when it was resigned by William St Clair of Roslin, Esq. who having been obliged to sell his ancient patrimony, and having no children, was anxious that the office of grand master should not become vacant at his death. Since which period the office has ceased to be hereditary.

Of the opulence and grandeur of this family in early times, some idea may be formed from the following description, given in a MS. in the Advocate's Library, of the state kept up by William St Clare, the founder of the Chapel after described:—"About that time (*i. e.* building of the Chapel, 1440,) the town of Roslin, being next to Edinburgh, and Haddington, in East-Lothian, became very populous by the great concourse of all ranks and degrees of visitors that resorted to this Prince, at his palace of the Castle of Roslin, for he kept a great court, and

was royally served at his own table, in vessels of gold and silver. Lord Dirleton being his master of the household ; Lord Borthwick his cup-bearer ; and Lord Fleming his carver ; in whose absence they had deputies to attend, viz. Stewart, Laird of Drumlanrig ; Tweedie, Laird of Drumerline ; and Sandilands, Laird of Calder. He had his halls, and other apartments, richly adorned with embroidered hangings. He flourished in the reigns of James the First and Second. His Princess, Elizabeth Douglas, already mentioned, was served by seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvets and silks, with their chains of gold, and other ornaments ; and was attended by two hundred riding gentlemen in all her journeys ; and if it happened to be dark when she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were, at the foot of Blackfriar's Wynd, eighty lighted torches were carried before her."

BATTLE OF ROSLIN.

IN the neighbourhood of the Castle is the scene of a battle, or rather of three battles, which were fought on one day between the Scots and the English, on 14th February, 1303. There is a very great difference in the accounts given of this battle by the Scots and English historians. The following is the Scottish account :—During a truce, Ralf Confrey, Treasurer to Edward I. invaded Scotland at the head of 30,000 men, well armed, and mostly mounted on horseback. With a view to plunder, he divided his forces into three bodies ; and having reached this place, encamped them in three different stations. On hearing of this invasion, Sir Simon Fraser and Sir John Cumming, the Scottish Generals, drew together such an army as they could muster in haste, amounting to 8,000, or at most to 10,000 men.

With this force they marched from Biggar in Lanarkshire, and fell unexpectedly on the first division of the enemy, whom they totally routed, driving those who escaped back upon the second camp. Here, on the alarm being given, the English took to arms, and sallied forth on the Scots, who were employed dividing the spoil. The conflict was again renewed, and the Scots were again victorious. But scarcely had they begun to refresh themselves after this bloody engagement, when a third army appeared in view. Accordingly a third battle ensued, and the Scots were for the third time victorious.

CHAPEL OF ROSLIN.

UPON the hill, immediately above the Castle, is the Chapel of Roslin. It was founded previous to the year 1484, by William, Earl of Caithness and Orkney, for a provost, six prebendaries, and two singing boys. It is a beautiful piece of architecture, and notwithstanding some damage it sustained by a mob at the revolution, in 1688, is still very entire. Its style is commonly called the Gothic, but it is now more properly designated the English or Pointed style of architecture.

The founder dying about the year 1484, before the building was finished, it was carried on and completed by Sir Oliver Sinclair of Roslin, his eldest son of a second marriage, whose mother was Lady Margaret Sutherland, descended from the blood royal, her great grand-mother Jean, being the younger daughter of King Robert Bruce.

The following tale is related respecting part of this building:—The master-mason, it is said, meeting with difficulties in the execution of the design, found it necessary to go to Rome, where the design had been drawn, for farther information. One of his apprentices carried on the work in his absence; and, it is alleged, even executed

some portions of it which had most puzzled the master. In particular, it is said, he finished a fine fluted pillar which stands near the high altar, and which is still called the apprentice's pillar. It is richly ornamented with wreaths of foliage and flowers, highly relieved, and twisting spirally round it. The master, on his return, stung with envy of the great abilities of his apprentice, slew him with a blow of a mason's hammer.

In support of this tale, an old woman who was wont to show the building, used to point out not only the pillar itself, but several heads supporting brackets in the wall said to be the heads of the parties. One is that of the master, another that of the apprentice, whose wound is marked with red ochre ; and the head of a weeping female is said to represent that of his mother. There can be little doubt that this tale is entirely fiction ; and it may be observed that the head pointed out as that of the unfortunate apprentice, exhibits a bearded old man.

The whole of this Chapel is profusely decorated with sculpture both within and without. The roof, the capitals, key-stones and architraves, are all overlaid with sculptures, representing flowers, foliage, passages of sacred history, texts of scripture, and grotesque figures ; all executed with astonishing neatness. So exquisitely fine are the wreathings of flowers and foliage on the apprentice's pillar, that the author of a pamphlet descriptive of this Chapel, says he can liken them to nothing but Brussels lace. The ornaments upon the capital of this pillar are the story of Abraham offering up Isaac ; and a man blowing on the Highland bagpipe, with another man lying beside him.

Here were formerly several monuments, two of which are remarkable, that of George Earl of Caithness, who died A. D. 1582 ; and another, engraven on stone, supposed to be for Alexander Earl of Sutherland, grandson to King Robert Bruce. He is represented in armour, in



HAWTHORNDEN



CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE



CRAIGCROOK

a cumbent posture, his hands on his breast, as in the act of prayer; on each side his head, a lion rampant, and at his feet a greyhound. At the foot of the third and fourth pillars, between them and the north wall, there is a large flag-stone covering the opening to the family vault, where ten barons of Roslin lie entombed. This vault is so dry, that their bodies have been found entire after eighty years, and as fresh as when first buried. "These barons," says Mr Hay, in his MS. in the Advocate's Library, "were buried of old in their armour, without any coffin; and were successively, by charter, the patrons and protectors of Masonry in Scotland. And," continues he, "the late Roslin, my grandfather (grandfather to the present Roslin,) was the first that was buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of King James the Seventh, who was then in Scotland, and several other persons well versed in antiquity, to whom my mother (Jean Spottiswood, grand-niece of Archbishop Spottiswood,) would not hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried in that manner." The great expense she was at in burying her husband, occasioned the sumptuary acts which were made in subsequent parliaments.

HAWTHORNDEN.

THIS place is remarkable for having been the property and residence of William Drummond, the celebrated Scottish poet and historian. To this beautiful retreat Ben Johnson, the English dramatist, walked all the way from London for the purpose of visiting Drummond, and spending a few weeks with him. Drummond was very zealously attached to the cause of Charles I.; and it is said that the fate of that monarch hastened the poet's death. He died 4th Dec. 1649.

It is situated on the north Esk, about half a mile below Roslin Castle. In walking from the one to the other,

there is a succession of beautiful and romantic scenery. The banks of the river are broken and abruptly precipitous, and almost on every spot where a tree can grow, they are covered with wood. The House of Hawthornden is built upon the summit of a precipice which overhangs the south side of the river. Immediately under it are several curious caves, which have apparently been hewn out of the rock. Various conjectures have arisen as to the origin of these caves ; among others, it is said they were a stronghold of the Pictish Kings. One of them is denominated the king's gallery, another the king's bedchamber, and a third the guard-room. Detached from the principal caves, there is a small one called the cypress grove, where, it is said, Drummond composed many of his poems. The most probable opinion, with regard to these caves, is, that they were intended as places of refuge during the destructive wars that long subsisted between the Scots and Picts, or afterwards between the English and Scots.

It was in these caverns that the famous Sir Alexander Ramsay, an ancestor of the Earls of Dalhousie, and who performed many memorable exploits during the contest for the Crown between Bruce and Baliol, used to conceal himself. Here he was resorted to by the young warriors of his day, who considered it an essential piece of military education to have been of his band ; and from hence they sallied forth as occasion presented itself to harass and annoy the English, then in possession of Edinburgh.

CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE.

THIS remarkable remnant of antiquity is situated in the parish of Libberton, and within three miles of Edinburgh. It stands on the summit of a circular hill, commands on all sides an extensive prospect, and must have

been at one time a place of considerable strength. It is impossible now to say when it was first constructed, but the wall which surrounds it appears, from an inscription over the gate, to have been built in 1427.

The principal front of the Castle is towards the north ; and over one of the doors is carved in stone a press and a barrel, or ton, in allusion to the name of Preston. The wall which surrounds it is considerably thick and thirty feet high ; it has parapets and turrets, or watch-houses, at regular distances. The inner court is of some extent ; and at its west end there is a large building, consisting of several stately apartments, erected in 1661, by Sir John Gilmour, Lord President of the Court of Session, which for some time was the mansion-house of that family. A portion of the Castle was lately inhabited.

Craigmillar anciently belonged to a family of the same name. In 1374 it was purchased by Sir Simon de Preston. His family continued in possession of it for nearly three hundred years ; and during that period they maintained an eminent character, were distinguished by many public marks of respect, and had great influence in the neighbouring city of Edinburgh.

In 1477, John Earl of Marr, a younger brother of James III., was confined here. It was the residence of James V., during his minority, at the time he left Edinburgh Castle on account of the plague ; and in this castle the Queen Dowager his mother, by favour of Lord Erskine, his constant attendant and guardian, had frequent interviews with him, when the Duke of Albany, the governor, was in France. It was taken, was much destroyed, and a great deal burnt by the English in 1543.

Queen Mary resided very often in this Castle after her return from France, in 1561. Her French servants mostly resided in the neighbouring village, which from that circumstance had the appellation of Little France ; and the name is still retained. There is a room in the Castle which goes

under the name of Queen Mary's, for it is said she slept in it; on this account it is always shown to strangers. It is situated immediately under the south-east turret; it has a fire-place; but it is not above seven feet long, and five broad.

CRAIGCROOK CASTLE.

THIS ancient structure is situated in the parish of Corstorphin, within a few miles of Edinburgh. It is principally remarkable as being the seat of Francis Jeffrey, Esq. eminent alike in letters, politics, and law. The house is an old turreted mansion, much patched throughout the whole, though considerably encreased in its accommodations since its present possessor came to reside at it. The situation is extremely beautiful, and might exercise the descriptive pen even of a *Gilpin*; but as the interest which Craigcrook inspires arises chiefly from its being the residence of a distinguished public character, perhaps the following account of it, written by an American, who visited Edinburgh in 1827, and addressed to a Journalist in New York, will be more gratifying to the reader than a mere topographical detail:—

MR JEFFREY.

From the striking monuments, both of nature and art, which adorn the metropolis of Scotland, a stranger soon turns with undiminished interest to her eminent men, or those who, in cant phrase, are called the *lions* of the day. Among the numerous characters which that title embraces, the most conspicuous beyond all comparison, though in himself, both morally and physically, the least ostentatious of any human being alive, stands the celebrated author of the *Waverley Novels*. But of him and his works, I have said so much on a former occasion, that it is unnecessary, for the present moment at least, to recur to them again. Next to Sir Walter, in point of interest as a *lion*, they reckon here,

as if by universal consent, their leading barrister, Mr Jeffrey, better known with us as the editor of their famous Review, and indisputably one of the first "spirits" of the age. Before communicating further particulars as to this gentleman, however, I should premise, that it is not without some "compunctious visitings of nature;" since I am aware that, in all probability, you will give this letter to the public, through the columns of your journal.

In my sketches of the poets of Rydal Water and the Granta, I hinted at the misgivings of conscience which every person must feel, in making a spectacle of eminent men, and in speaking of their persons, manners, and conversation, with the same freedom as of inanimate nature or of an ordinary show. In most instances I have consoled myself with the reflection, that a series of hasty letters, thrown off through the medium of a newspaper, with the hope of affording a temporary amusement to your readers, would probably never meet the eyes of those gentlemen, who have occasionally been made the subjects of my sketches, and that to them, the correspondence which I carry on with you, would be as the affairs of another world. But, in the present case, circumstances are materially different; and though the family of whom I am about to speak should never give me another thought, they have relatives and friends beyond the Atlantic, whose good opinion I would not willingly forfeit.

One of these relatives in New York was so kind as to give me a letter of introduction to the reputed Editor of the Edinburgh Review, whose legal talents and literary attainments are almost as well known in our country as in his own. Immediately after our arrival, the note to him, like those to others, was cast upon the waters, in a way which left it perfectly optional to show us any civilities or not. Learning from the messenger who delivered it with my address, that the gentleman referred to was at Glasgow on business, to be absent some days, I gave up all expectation of having my curiosity gratified by seeing him. He return-

ed on Wednesday, and did me the honour to call immediately, and left his card at the hotel while we were out. This mark of politeness and attention was followed on the same evening by a cordial note, inviting my friend and myself to dinner, either the next day, *en famille*, or on the Saturday following, in a circle of his friends, thus leaving an alternative to us, as might best comport with our arrangements. As we had already made preparations for our departure towards the north, as well as from other considerations, the former was preferred, and an answer returned to that effect. Not satisfying himself with these civilities, he despatched another friendly note the next morning, requesting us to come an hour before the time mentioned for dinner, and he would shew us the scenery and interesting objects in the vicinity of his residence three miles from town.

At five o'clock we took a coach and set out for his seat in a north-westerly direction from Edinburgh. After several cross roads, leading through a rural and romantic district, had been traversed, the house was at length discovered, surrounded by and half hidden by trees. It was once a chapelry belonging to Holyrood, and the antique building has undergone few alterations. Old fashioned turrets and the cross crown its battlements, and give it quite a castlelike appearance. Its present proprietor has added a wing, preserving the same style of architecture. On arriving at the door, the servant led us up a narrow, winding, and ancient flight of steps, and showed us into the sitting room. He remarked that his master had gone out for a moment to accompany some ladies as far as the road, and invited us to walk in the garden till his return.

A promenade through the grounds had scarcely been commenced, when hearing a voice behind us crying "halloo there!" we faced about, and saw a small well-built handsome man, apparently at the age of little more than forty, clad in a blue frock coat, white pantaloons, checked cravat, and a fashionable hat, with a riding whip in his hand, advancing

towards us with a pace next to running. He came and took us both by the hand at once, apologizing for being out at the moment of our arrival. His face would have been instantly recognized from an admirable bust of him which we had been accustomed to admire at Constable's. His features are striking, particularly his mouth and eye. The vivid and searching flashes of the latter, with the rapidity of his gesticulation, and the sprightliness of all his motions, indicate no common share of genius. His mind is so clearly depicted in his countenance, that I believe the poorest judge of human nature would not take him for an ordinary man.

Remarking that we were on the right road towards the point, to which he intended to conduct us, the walk was extended through an extensive lawn, occupied as a pasture, and skirted on the west by an eminence, several hundred feet in height, clothed to the top with a grove of oak. Just within this fringe of woods, a stone wall without a gate or passage, seemed to intercept our further progress; but he promptly leaped the barrier, as if he had been used to it, and we followed his example. A winding and obscure foot-path leads up the slope, and at suitable distances, as well as on the summit, rural seats have been placed for the accommodation of rambles. The hill and woods do not belong to him; but he remarked, that exercise was necessary for him after the sedentary pursuits of the day, and that his neighbour had permitted him to make use of this walk, and to furnish it with resting places, whither he was frequently in the habit of resorting in the evening.

The view from the rocky and woody top of the eminence is one of the wildest and richest in the vicinity of Edinburgh. We reached it before sunset of a clear and mild autumnal day, the departing splendours of which were reflected in all their beauty from Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Craigs, the Castle, and the distant turrets of the city. To the right, the Lammermuir Hills were still in sight; and on the left the estuary of the Forth, from a point at some distance above

us to its union with the ocean, sent back from its quiet waters, from its islands, from its white sails and its picturesque shores, the fading glories of evening. A rural foreground, where flocks and herds are seen peacefully grazing, and sprinkled with houses, stretches from the base of the hill to the margin of the Forth. It is not surprising that a man of taste, with a fondness for natural scenery, should feel some degree of pride and pleasure, in pointing out objects with which his frequent contemplations had rendered him familiar. Certainly his complacency and obliging civility in introducing us to such a scene, did not exceed our admiration; and half an hour passed away delightfully in the ramble.

This walk, and the conversation which its little incidents suggested, made us better acquainted with one of the most eminent men of the age, than the intercourse of a week could have done, amidst the cold and repulsive formalities of fashionable life. His manners were at once discovered to be plain, frank, easy, and polite, reminding me every moment of one of our own distinguished lawyers. In the sort of high-way and bye-way conversation which took place at this time, he was rather careless of his diction, bringing his mind down to the level of common-place topics in the most familiar way, and seldom affording any indications of his impetuous eloquence, or the measured grandeur of his written periods. His colloquial powers, however, I afterwards discovered to be equal if not superior to his forensic talents, or his capabilities as a writer.

On our return to the house, he presented us to his lady and little daughter, who is an only child, and who hung around her parents with the most affectionate and playful fondness. The whole family possess the faculty of placing the stranger at his ease, and of rendering themselves agreeable by a cordial and unaffected politeness. In the house itself, in the furniture, and ornaments of the rooms, in dress, and the style of conversation, an elegant and charming simplicity predominates; and the Editor passes his summers

just as every literary man would wish, in retirement, with books and a pleasant family, free from the bustle and senseless parade of the world.

At six o'clock we were introduced into the dining-room, and seated at the table, crowned with a series of Scotch dishes, from barley-broth down to the bannock, which is a thin cake made of oatmeal. It is a national and favourite kind of bread with all classes, and I believe even Dr Johnson became reconciled to it, before his return from the Hebrides. Two species of fish from the Forth, a desert of native fruits, half a dozen kinds of wine, one of which was old Madeira from his friends in the United States, and a round of whisky, the usual *finale* of a Scotch dinner, were among the varieties of the festive board, which was spread with neatness, but with no marks of extravagance.

The conversation at table turned upon a variety of topics, chiefly relating to the scenes we had just visited, and those to which we were going, with both of which the Editor and his lady are familiar. They are in the habit of visiting Loch Lomond twice a-year, and have walked to the top of Ben Lomond, a distance of five or six miles from the base, over a rugged road. The view from the top was described as being wide and magnificent, extending from sea to sea. With them, this mountain and lake are favourite portions of Highland scenery. Among the English lakes, the heads of Windermere, Caniston, and Ullswater are preferred. The discriminating comments of such judges were instructive and acceptable.

A circulation of "the mountain dew," (I mean round the table, and not through the warm currents of the blood,) led to some remarks on the comparative effects of beer and whisky upon the constitution. It was stated, that from a series of well attested facts, it had been satisfactorily ascertained, that the excessive use of the former, which leads to plethora and apoplexy, is far more pernicious than that of the latter. The contrary opinion has generally been main-

tained, and if this new doctrine is correct, there should be less anxiety in our country to break up the distilleries and establish breweries. Perhaps it would be an improvement to supersede the use of both, by extending our orchards and planting vineyards.

After dinner, we were conducted into the very *sanctum sanctorum* of the Editor, which contains his miscellaneous library, and in which he does his writing. It is an antique, but comfortable little room, enjoying a perfect seclusion, with a low, solitary window, looking out upon the hill we had climbed. In the centre of the apartment stands an old fashioned table, covered with green baze, and very much resembling one of those terrific stands on which surgeons perform their sanguinary operations. To preserve the figure, I could not but think that on this fatal board many a learned dunce and literary coxcomb had writhed beneath the dissecting knife of the Reviewer. Innocent blood has doubtless, in some instances, been shed; but it is no more than justice to add, that the general character of the Edinburgh Review has been liberal, even towards the United States, in comparison with Blackwood and the Quarterly.

On our return to the drawing-room, tea was served up, and delightful as well as instructive conversation of an hour or two succeeded. The ratiocinative powers of the charming little man (for Mr Jeffrey is considerably under the common size) shone forth in all their glory. The character of General Lafayette, and the warm reception which had been given to him in the United States, drew forth one of the finest panegyrics, and grandest flights of colloquial eloquence I have ever heard. Such an encomium emanating from such a source, made us prouder than ever of our country. As the same liberal sentiments had a short time before been openly expressed in a public assembly at Edinburgh, they no doubt came warm from the heart, and manifested in him who gave them such beautiful and emphatic utterance a sincere attachment to free principles. Here let me remark that the

visit of Lafayette was no less honourable to our country than to himself. An event of so much prominence attracted general attention in Europe; and all who lay claim to any liberality of feeling speak of the subject in terms of admiration. It is viewed, in its proper light, as a spontaneous tribute of gratitude from a great and generous nation towards one of its early benefactors, whose services, after the lapse of half a century, might have been overlooked, without any positive charge of a dereliction of duty. National gratitude is generally an inert and frigid virtue, under any form of government, and its tardy or reluctant operation has been peculiarly chargeable upon Republics. This noble example of ours is, therefore, placed in a stronger point of view by contrast, and the generous burst of enthusiasm which it produced, arising from no other motive than genuine feeling, has more unequivocally developed the character of our countrymen, than a century of little items could have done.

But I am wandering from my subject, and after so long a detail, dare hardly ask you to listen even to a conversation respecting the living poets, whose respective merits were spoken of with a frankness, perhaps with a confidence, which I will not betray. An editor, however, who is in the habit of expressing his opinions boldly through the medium of a public journal, has fewer secrets than most people; and probably nothing was broached in a conversation with strangers, which would not have been expressed with the same freedom in the pages of the Edinburgh Review. Apart from the dread of wearying you, it would obviously far exceed the limits of a single letter to detail all that passed during this, to me at least, celebrated evening. I can go little farther, therefore, than to notice Mr Jeffrey's extraordinary powers of conversation. But conscious how feebly my own pen would describe these, I borrow, for your gratification, their characteristic features, as drawn by the hand of a master. To use his *ipsissima verba*, "the whole tenor of Mr Jeffrey's conversation, on topics of interest, was so pitched, that a

proser, or a person at all ambitious, in the green room phrase, to make an effect, would undoubtedly have found himself most grievously out of place." Amidst all this absence of "preparation," however, (for it is impossible to talk of conversation without using French words)—I have never, I believe, heard so many ideas thrown out by any man in so short a space of time, and apparently with such entire negation of exertion. His conversation acted upon me like the first delightful hour after taking opium. The thoughts he scattered so readily around him (his words rapid, and wonderfully rapid as they are, appearing to be continually panting after his conceptions)—his thoughts, I say, were at once so striking, and so just, that they took in succession entire possession of my imagination, and yet with so felicitous a tact did he forbear from expressing any one of these too fully that the reason was always kept in a pleasant kind of excitement, by the endeavour more thoroughly to examine their bearings. It is quite impossible to listen to them for a moment, without recalling all the best qualities of his composition—and yet I suspect his conversation is calculated to leave one with even a higher idea of his mind, at least of its fertility, than the best of his writings. I have heard some men display more profoundness of reflection, and others a much greater command of the conversational picturesque—but I never before witnessed any thing to be compared with the blending together of apparently little consistent powers in the whole train of his discourse. Such a power in the first place, of throwing away at once every useless part of the idea to be discussed, and then such a happy redundancy of imagination as to present the essential and reserved part in its every possible relation, and point of view—and all this connected with so much of the plain *savoir faire* of actual existence, and such a thorough scorn of mystification, it is really a very wonderful intellectual coalition. The largeness of the views suggested by his speculative understanding, and the shrewdness with which his sound and close judgment

seems to scrutinize them after they are suggested—these alone would be sufficient to make his conversation one of the most remarkable things in the world. But then he invests all this ground work with such a play of fancy, wit, sarcasm, *persiflage*, every thing in that way except humour—which again, were they united in any person devoid either of the depth or the justness of Mr Jeffrey's intellect, would unquestionably render that person one of the most fascinating of all possible companions. The Stagyrte, who places his *summum bonum* in having one's faculties kept at work, would certainly have thought himself in Elysium, had he been so fortunate as to discuss a flask of Chian in company with Mr Jeffrey.

At ten o'clock in the evening, after receiving, as a parting favour, a memorandum of the most eligible route to be pursued through the Highlands, and the warmest wishes for a pleasant tour, with an offer of any assistance which could facilitate the object of our travels, we took leave of the family with unmingled feelings of gratitude for their kindness, and hastened home to prepare for our departure next morning."

In addition to this graphic account of the American traveller's visit to Craigcrook Castle, it only remains to notice Mr Jeffrey's oratorical talents, which are of the very highest order. He has been characterised, by his own countrymen, as the prince of modern Rhetoricians, and it is generally admitted that there is no speaker in Britain who deals out his illustrations in greater profusion, or heaps upon every image and every thought that springs from an indefatigable intellect, so lavish a garniture of most exquisite and most apposite language. Probably his greatest excellence, however, consists in his power of generalising. No multiplicity of facts can distract or dazzle him for a moment; he has a clue that brings him safe and triumphant out of every labyrinth; and he walks in the darkest recesses of his detail, with the air and confidence of one that is sure of his conclusion. The delight which he com-

municates to his hearers by the display of powers so extraordinary, is sufficient to make them rejoice in the confession of their own inferiority ; careless of the point to which his steps are turned, they soon are satisfied to gaze upon his brightness, and be contented that such a star cannot lead them into darkness. A plain man who, for the first time, is addressed by him, experiences, says the same author whose opinion we have quoted, a kind of sensation to which he has heretofore been totally a stranger. He has no leisure to think of the merits of the case before him ; but is swallowed up in dumb overwhelming wonder of the miraculous vehicle in which one side of it is expounded.

Thus distinguished alike in eloquence and literature, it is not surprising that Mr Jeffrey should have risen to one of the highest and most responsible offices in the state. When Earl Grey succeeded the Duke of Wellington as Premier, Mr Jeffrey was appointed Lord Advocate for Scotland. Of course he immediately obtained a seat in Parliament, and on the great question of Parliamentary Reform, demonstrated that, in his case at least, as well as in that of his friend, Lord Brougham, the eloquence of the bar, and the eloquence of the senate, were one and the same thing.

EMINENT MEN IN MID-LOTHIAN.

THIS county has produced many remarkable men, among whom may be mentioned, as entitled to particular notice and distinction, Spottiswood, archbishop of Glasgow, and historian of the Scottish Church. Napier of Merchiston, the celebrated inventor of the logarithms. Sir Thomas Hope of Granton, Lord Advocate in the reign of Charles I., a most distinguished lawyer, and eminent for the great assistance he gave towards establishing the Presbyterian mode of worship. Sir George M'Kenzie, afterwards Earl of Cromarty, equally eminent, or rather notorious, as an enemy to Presbyterianism, but whose writings on Theology and Municipal Law, and whose

zeal for the advancement of learning, are well known. Dr William Cullen, the celebrated physician. Sir Thomas Craig, the luminous expounder of the feudal system. Dr Wilkie, the author of the *Epigoniad*, and Professor of Natural Philosophy at St Andrew's. Tytler of Woodhouselee, the author of an *Inquiry into the Evidence against Mary Queen of Scots*. And Dr William Robertson, whose historical works at once established the fame of their author, and conferred distinguished honour on the literature of his country. This county also gave birth to the notorious John Law of Laurieston, so celebrated as the author of the *Mississippi Scheme* in France. In the parish of Cramond is an ancient mansion, which was the property of Law, and, till within these few years, belonged to his family. At a period when political economy was yet in its infancy, he became a bold speculator in that science, and published a financial work, which brought him into notice both as a man of talents and as a projector. At the time when Scotland was severely depressed by the failure of the Darien expedition, and the losses sustained by the African Company, Law brought forward a plan which, according to his theory, was not only to renovate her exhausted credit and resources, but was calculated to raise her to the very pinnacle of wealth and prosperity. This project, for the exaltation of Scotland, consisted in appointing a Council of Trade, under the controul of Parliament, with a power to issue notes, which were to be current in three ways :—1st, By purchasing lands, and paying the price in these notes. 2dly, By purchasing lands at a full price, to be paid in these notes, but with a power of redemption for a certain time, in favour of the sellers ; and, lastly, by lending money to proprietors of land at ordinary interest, to the extent of two-thirds of the value of their land. It was alleged that the security of the notes would be undoubted, being thus uniformly fixed upon land ; and that they would be preferred to gold and silver. And it was proposed, to declare them a legal tender of payment, or, in other words, to compel the acceptance of them in all transactions.

The scheme is said to have been considered at that time as extremely practicable; but an apprehension was entertained that Government would ultimately become the principal creditor, and thereby the master of every proprietor of land in the nation. A majority of the Parliament, accordingly, set their faces against the project, and Law, soon after, betook himself to the Continent, visiting the principal cities of Europe, where his personal address, with his uncommon skill and success as a gamester, procured him universal countenance and support. He at length settled in Paris, where, availing himself of the financial embarrassments of the Government, he tendered his services for the purpose of restoring public credit, and these being accepted, he projected his famous Mississippi scheme, which for a time nearly turned the heads of the people of France. The financial bubble soon burst, however, and Law was under the necessity of flying from that kingdom to escape the fury of the people. He ultimately retired to Venice, where, in the year 1729, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, he died in obscurity and indigence. His descendants afterwards settled in France, and appear to have acquired some distinction in that country. The ratification of peace, in 1801, was brought to London by Citizen Laurieston, an aid-de-camp of Bonaparte, and the owner of Laurieston, in Mid-Lothian. This ancient seat was purchased not long ago by an Edinburgh banker.

EAST LOTHIAN, OR HADDINGTONSHIRE.

THIS shire lies to the east of Mid-Lothian, along that part of the southern shore of the Frith of Forth where it falls into the German Ocean; and which, from its breadth, may here be more properly called an arm of the sea. It is from twenty-four to twenty-seven miles in length, and from ten to fifteen miles in breadth. It abounds with excellent coal, limestone, and freestone. The climate is comparatively mild and temperate; and the soil is exceedingly fertile, and

lou.

f the *Mis*

is an anc

vithin

no!



DUNBAR CASTLE



LINCLUDEN COLLEGE



ABBOTSFORD

in general highly cultivated. Haddington is the county town, and Dunbar is next to it in point of importance.

DUNBAR CASTLE.

IN the feudal times this fortress was of great strength and importance. It is situated on a reef of rocks, which projects into the sea near the harbour of the town. In many places the sea runs under the rocks through caverns formed by fissures in the stone. It is of great antiquity, being mentioned as early as 858, when it was burned by Kenneth, King of Scotland. It was long deemed one of the keys of the kingdom, but is now in complete ruins. In 1073, it appears to have belonged to the Earls of March. In 1296, the Earl of March having joined King Edward I. of England, the castle was delivered up by his wife to the Scots. Earl Warren, the English commander, with a chosen body of troops, was sent to retake it. The whole force of Scotland was assembled to oppose him ; and the Scots, trusting to their numbers, rushed down the heights on the English ; but being repulsed with great loss, the castle shortly after surrendered.

In 1337-8, this castle, which had been newly fortified, was besieged by the English, under the Earl of Salisbury. The Earl of March being absent, it was defended by his wife, who, from the darkness of her complexion, was vulgarly called Black Agnes. This lady, during the siege, performed all the duties of a bold and vigorous commander, animating the garrison by her exhortations, her munificence, and her example. When the battering engines of the besiegers hurled huge stones against the battlements, she, as in scorn, ordered one of her female attendants to wipe off the dust with her handkerchief ; and when the Earl of Salisbury commanded an enormous machine called the *Sow*, to be advanced to the foot of the wall, she scoffingly advised him to take good care of his sow, for she would soon make her cast her pigs (mean-

ing the soldiers within it), and then she ordered a large rock to be let fall on it, which crushed it in pieces.

The Earl of Salisbury, finding the resistance so stout, attempted next to obtain possession of the castle, by bribing the person who had charge of the gates, to leave them open. This he agreed to do, but at the same time he disclosed the plot to the Countess. Salisbury himself commanded the party who were to enter, and, according to agreement, found the gates open. He was thus advancing at the head of his men, when Sir John Copeland, one of his attendants, hastily passing on before him, the portcullis was let down, and Copeland, mistaken for the Earl, remained a prisoner. Agnes, who from a high tower was observing the event, cried out to the Earl, jeeringly, "Farewell, Montague; I intended that you should have supped with us, and assisted in defending the fortress against the English." It is said the Earl would have been taken, had he not been pulled back by his followers.

The English, thus unsuccessful in their attempts, turned the siege into a blockade, closely environed the castle by sea and land, and tried to starve Agnes and her garrison into submission. Alexander Ramsay hearing of this, and of the extremities to which the garrison were reduced, embarked with forty resolute men, who eluded the vigilance of the English, and taking advantage of a dark night, entered the castle by a postern gate next the sea. He then sallied out of the castle on the land side, attacked and dispersed the advanced guard of the besiegers. The Earl of Salisbury, disheartened by so many unfortunate events, and by the determined resistance he had met with, at length withdrew his forces, after having remained before Dunbar, for nineteen weeks.

In 1505, after the murder of Rizzio, Queen Mary retired to this castle, where she was joined by a number of her friends; and, in 1507, she and Bothwell having fled from Edinburgh, were pursued with such vigour by a party of

horse, commanded by Lord Hume, that they had barely time to take shelter within its walls ; from which, however, they soon after marched with an army of Bothwell's friends and dependants to Carberry Hill, but were there defeated, and the Queen forced to surrender herself prisoner. The castle was besieged that same year by the Regent Murray, who took it, and caused all the great guns to be dismounted and carried to the Castle of Edinburgh.

EMINENT MEN IN EAST LOTHIAN.

ALTHOUGH of small extent, this county is remarkable for the number of distinguished persons who have been born in it. The family of Cockburn of Ormiston, long possessed considerable eminence. Cockburn, Lord Justice Clerk, was eminent as a lawyer and a judge ; and his son John was no less so as a statesman. Dunbar, one of the most distinguished of the early Scottish poets, was born at Salton, in 1465. In his youth he was a monk, but he soon resigned his profession, for that of poet. The historian Burnet, was rector of the same parish for five years, and here began his career ; and it was the birth-place of Andrew Fletcher of Salton, the celebrated Scottish patriot, who flourished in the reigns of Charles II., James II., William III., and Queen Anne.

The parish of Haddington was also the birth place of John Knox, the great apostle of the Scottish Reformation, of whom it was justly said, by one whom he had often opposed and censured, the Regent, Earl of Morton, who was present at his funeral, "Here lies he, who never feared the face of man."

SELKIRKSHIRE.

THIS county is often called the Forrest, a name descriptive of its ancient condition, but which is at present very inapplicable. The greater part of it consists of straths, on the

banks of the rivers Ettrick and Yarrow, which begin at the summit of that lofty ridge of mountains that penetrate from Northumberland into Clydesdale. The Tweed crosses its northern parts. Its greatest length from east to west is eighteen miles, and but a small part is under cultivation. The sheep which feed upon its high grounds, are the chief source of wealth to the county.

ABBOTSFORD.

ONE of the most interesting objects in this small county, is Abbotsford, the seat of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. It stands on a slip of level ground, at the foot of an overhanging bank on the south, or more properly speaking, the east bank of the Tweed, and is distant thirty-four miles from Edinburgh, seventy miles from Carlisle, and about two miles from the village of Galashiels, on the cross road betwixt Selkirk and Melrose. The house itself, as will be seen from the engraving, (*see Plate,*) is a strange fantastic structure, setting at defiance all those principles of uniformity, to which modern architects attach so much importance. It may be described as consisting of a large tower, with several smaller ones clustering around it, all built of fine grey granite. The roofs are diversified by all manner of antique chimney tops, battlements, and turrets; the windows are scattered over the building with appropriate irregularity, both of dimension and position; and in many places the spaces between or above them not unfrequently occupied with saintly niches and chivalrous coats of arms. Altogether it bears a close resemblance to some of the old English manor houses of Queen Elizabeth's reign, in which the forms of the religious and warlike architecture of the middle ages are not ungracefully blended together.

Internally, the house is as singular in its appearance, as it is externally. The roofs of some of the rooms are loaded with fac-similes of the best decorations of Melrose Abbey;

the windows glow with the rich achievements of all the old families of border renown ; and the walls are covered with hauberks, actons, bills, brands, claymores, targets, and every weapon of foray warfare. Sir Walter has clothed the banks of the Tweed, in every direction, around his mansion, with young woods ; and nothing can be more soft and beautiful than the surrounding scenery. Scarcely a single house is to be seen, and, excepting on the rich low lands close by the river, the country seems to be entirely in the hands of the shepherd. It is hardly possible to imagine a more lovely river, than the far-famed and classic Tweed, which flows past the house. It is as clear as the smallest brook, and the white pebbles may be counted on its bottom ; yet it is broad and deep, and above all extremely rapid. It rises sometimes considerably above its usual height, but at all times it seems to fill its bed magnificently.

This remarkable mansion is, however, chiefly interesting from association with its highly gifted proprietor ; and unquestionably it will ever be memorable as the residence of one of the most eminent men of his time. Abbotsford will continue to be for ages the spot to which pilgrims from all parts of the civilized earth will bend their steps ; and when tower and stone are mingled with the dust, this place will be looked on with almost sacred admiration, by all who can form a just estimate of high genius and moral worth. In a work like the present, which mingles biographical notices with the description of local scenery, it will of course be expected that a pretty copious account should be given of this eminent and amiable man. We shall, therefore, proceed to give from his own admired pages, the following abridged memoir of his literary life. For anecdotes of his earlier years, the reader is referred to the new edition of the Waverley Novels, in the prefaces to some of the earlier volumes, of which Sir Walter has communicated as much of his own personal history as almost constitutes a regular auto-biography.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

DURING the thirty years that I have paid some attention to literary matters, the taste for the ancient ballad melody, and for the closer or more distant imitation of that strain of poetry, has more than once arisen, and more than once subsided, in consequence, perhaps, of too unlimited indulgence.

A period when this particular taste for the popular ballad was in the most extravagant degree of fashion, became the occasion, unexpectedly indeed, of my deserting the profession to which I was educated, and in which I had sufficiently advantageous prospects for a person of limited ambition. I have, in a former publication, undertaken to mention this circumstance ; and I will endeavour to do so with becoming brevity, and without more egotism than is positively exacted by the nature of the story.

I may, in the first place, remark, that although the assertion has been made, and that by persons who seemed satisfied with their authority, it is a mistake to suppose that my situation in life or place in society were materially altered by such success as I attained in literary attempts. My birth, without giving the least pretension to distinction, was that of a gentleman, and connected me with several respectable families and accomplished persons. My education had been a good one, although I was deprived of its full benefit by indifferent health, just at the period when I ought to have been most sedulous in improving it. The young men with whom I was brought up, and lived most familiarly, were those who from opportunities, birth, and talents, might be expected to make the greatest advances in the profession to which we were all destined ; and I have the pleasure still to preserve my youthful intimacy with no inconsiderable number of them, whom their merit has carried forward to the highest honours of their profession. Neither was I in a

situation to be embarrassed by the *res angusta domi*, which might have otherwise interrupted my progress in a profession in which progress is proverbially slow. I enjoyed a moderate degree of business for my standing, and the friendship of more than one person of consideration efficiently disposed to aid my views in life. The private fortune also, which I might expect, and finally inherited from my family, did not, indeed, amount to affluence, but it placed me considerably beyond all apprehensions of want.

I proceed to detail the circumstances which engaged me in literary pursuits.

Here Sir Walter recurs to the period when the literature of Germany became fashionable in this country, and mentions, that about 1790 he himself began to learn German, along with several others, not merely in compliance with the taste of the time, but to turn their knowledge of that language to the purposes of translation. Soon after this he became acquainted with Lewis, the author of the *Monk*, who was also an amateur of German literature, and of him and his works he gives a number of interesting particulars.

It chanced, says Sir Walter, that, while his fame was at the highest, Mr Lewis became a yearly visitor to Scotland chiefly from attachment to the illustrious family of Argyle. The writer of this had the advantage of being made known to the most distinguished author of the day, by a lady who belongs by birth to that family, and is equally distinguished by her beauty and accomplishments. Out of this accidental acquaintance, which increased into a sort of intimacy, consequences arose which altered almost all the Scottish ballad-maker's future prospects in life.

In early youth I had been an eager student of Ballad Poetry, and the tree is still in my recollection, beneath which I lay and first entered upon the enchanting perusal

of Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," although it has long perished in the general blight which affected the whole race of Oriental *platanus* to which it belonged. The taste of another person had strongly encouraged my own researches into this species of legendary lore. But I had never dreamed of an attempt to imitate what gave me so much pleasure.

Excepting the usual tribute to a mistress's eye-brow, which is the language rather of passion than poetry, I had not for ten years indulged the wish to couple so much as *love* and *dove*, when, finding Lewis in possession of so much reputation, and conceiving that, if I fell behind him in poetical powers, I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style by which he had raised himself to fame.

This idea was hurried into execution, in consequence of a temptation which others, as well as the author, found it difficult to resist. The celebrated ballad of "Lenore," by Bürger, was about this time introduced into England; and it is remarkable, that, written as far back as 1775, it was upwards of twenty years before it was known in Britain, though calculated to make so strong an impression.

About the summer of 1793 or 1794, the celebrated Miss Lætitia Aikin, better known as Mrs Barbauld, paid a visit to Edinburgh, and was received by such literary society as the place then boasted, with the hospitality to which her talents and her worth entitled her. Among others, she was kindly welcomed by the late excellent and admired Professor Dugald Stewart, his lady and family. It was in their evening society that Miss Aikin drew from her pocket book a version of "Lenore," executed by William Taylor, Esq. of Norwich, with as much freedom as was consistent with great spirit and scrupulous fidelity. She read this composition to the company, who were electrified by the tale. It was the more suc-

cessful, that Mr Taylor had boldly copied the imitative harmony of the German, and described the spectral journey in language resembling that of the original.

When Miss Aikin had finished her recitation, she replaced in her pocket book the paper from which she had read it, and enjoyed the satisfaction of having made a strong impression on the hearers, whose bosoms thrilled yet the deeper, as the ballad was not to be more closely introduced to them.

The enthusiastic description given of Bürger's ballad, and the broken account of the story, of which only two lines were recollected, inspired the author, who had some acquaintance, as has been said, with the German language, and a strong taste for popular poetry, with a desire to see the original.

The perusal of the original rather exceeded than disappointed the expectations which the report of Mr Stewart's family had induced me to form. At length, when the book had been a few hours in my possession, I found myself giving an animated account of the poem, to a friend, and rashly added a promise to furnish a copy in English blank verse.

I well recollect that I began my task after supper, and finished it about daybreak next morning, by which time the ideas which the task had a tendency to summon up were rather of an uncomfortable character. As my object was much more to make a good translation of the poem for those whom I wished to please, than to acquire any poetical fame for myself, I retained the two lines which Mr Taylor had rendered with equal boldness and felicity.

My attempt succeeded far beyond my expectations; and it may readily be believed, that I was induced to persevere in a pursuit which gratified my own vanity, while it seemed to amuse others. I accomplished a translation of "*Der Wilde Jäger*"—a romantic superstition

universally current in Germany, and known also in Scotland and France. In this I took rather more license than in versifying "Lenore;" and I balladized one or two other poems of Bürger with more or less success. In the course of a few weeks, my own vanity, and the favourable opinion of friends, interested by the revival of a species of poetry containing a germ of popularity of which perhaps they were not themselves aware, urged me to the decisive step of sending a selection, at least, of my translations to the press, to save the numerous applications which were made for copies. When was an author deaf to such a recommendation! In 1796, the present author was prevailed on, "by request of friends," to indulge his own vanity by publishing the translation of "Lenore," with that of "The Wild Huntsman," in a thin quarto.

The fate of this, my first publication, was by no means flattering. I distributed so many copies among my friends as materially to interfere with the sale; and the number of translations which appeared in England about the same time, including that of Mr Taylor, to which I had been so much indebted, and which was published in "The Monthly Magazine," was sufficient to exclude a provincial writer from competition.

In a word, my adventure, where so many pushed off to sea, proved a dead loss, and a great part of the edition was condemned to the service of the trunkmaker. Nay, so complete was the failure of the unfortunate ballads, that the very existence of them was soon forgotten; and, in a newspaper in which I lately read, to my no small horror, a most appalling list of my own various publications, I saw this, my first offence, had escaped the industrious collector, for whose indefatigable research I may fairly wish a better object.

The failure of my first publication did not operate, in any unpleasant degree, either on my feelings or spirits. To speak candidly, I found pleasure in the literary labour

in which I had, almost by accident, become engaged, and laboured, less in the hope of pleasing others, though certainly without despair of doing so, than in the pursuit of a new and agreeable amusement to myself. I pursued the German language keenly, and, though far from being a correct scholar, became a bold and daring reader, nay, even translator, of various dramatic pieces from that tongue.

Although the dramas of Goethe, Schiller, and others, principally attracted one whose early attention to the German had been arrested by Mackenzie's Dissertation, and the play of "The Robbers," yet the ballad poetry, in which I had made a bold essay, was still my favourite. I was yet more delighted on finding, that the old English, and especially the Scottish language, were so nearly similar to the German, not in sound merely, but in the turn of phrase, that they were capable of being rendered line for line, with very little variation.

By degrees, I acquired sufficient confidence to attempt the imitation of what I admired. The ballad called "Glenfinlas" was, I think, the first original poem which I ventured to compose. As it is supposed to be a translation from the Gaelic, I considered myself as liberated from imitating the antiquated language and rude rhythm of the Minstrel ballad.

After "Glenfinlas," I undertook another ballad, called the "Eve of St John." The incidents, except the hints alluded to in the notes, are entirely imaginary, but the scene was that of my early childhood. Some idle persons had of late years, during the proprietor's absence, torn the iron grated door of Smallholm Tower from its hinges, and thrown down the rock. I was an earnest suitor to my friend and kinsman already mentioned, that the dilapidation should be put a stop to, and the mischief repaired. This was readily promised, on condition that I should make a ballad, of which the scene should lie at Smallholm Tower,

and among the crags where it is situated. The ballad was approved of, as well as its companion "Glenfinlas;" and I remember that they procured me many marks of attention and kindness from John Duke of Roxburghe, who gave me the unlimited use of the celebrated collection of volumes from which the Roxburghe Club derives its name.

Thus, I was set up for a poet, like a pedlar who has got two ballads to begin the world upon, and I hastened to make the round of all my acquaintances, showing my precious wares, and requesting criticism—a boon which no author asks in vain. I was ignorant, at the time I speak of, that though the applause of the many may justly appreciate the general merits of a piece, it is not safe to submit such a performance to the more minute criticism of the same individuals, when each, in turn, having seated himself in the censor's chair, has placed his mind in a critical attitude, and delivered his opinion sententiously and *ex cathedrâ*. General applause was in almost every case freely tendered, but the abatements in the way of proposed alterations and corrections were cruelly puzzling. It was in vain the young author, listening with becoming modesty, and with a natural wish to please, cut and carved, tinkered and coopered, upon his unfortunate ballads—it was in vain that he placed, displaced, replaced, and misplaced; every one of his advisers was displeased with the concessions made to his co-assessors, and the author was blamed by some one, in almost every case, for having made two holes in attempting to patch up one.

At last, after thinking seriously on the subject, I wrote out a fair copy, (of Glenfinlas, I think,) and marked all the various corrections which had been proposed. I found that I had been required to alter every verse, almost every line, and the only stanzas of the whole ballad which escaped criticism, were such as neither could be termed good nor bad, speaking of them as poetry, but were of a mere

common-place character, absolutely necessary for conducting the business of the tale. This unexpected result, after about a fortnight's anxiety, led me to adopt a rule from which I have seldom departed during more than thirty years of literary life. When a friend, whose judgment I respect, has decided, and upon good advisement told me, that the manuscript was worth nothing, or at least possessed no redeeming qualities sufficient to atone for its defects, I have generally cast it aside; but I am little in the custom of paying attention to minute criticisms, or of offering such to any friend who may do me the honour to consult me. I am convinced that, in general, in removing even errors of a trivial or venial kind, the character of originality is lost, which, upon the whole, may be that which is most valuable in the production.

About the time when I shook hands with criticism, and rendered my ballads back to their original form, an opportunity soon occurred of introducing to the world what had hitherto been confined to a circle of friends. Lewis had announced a collection, first intended to bear the title of "Tales of Terror," but afterwards "Tales of Wonder," which last was finally adopted. As this was to be a collection of tales turning on the preternatural, there were risks in the plan of which the ingenious editor was not aware. The supernatural, though appealing to certain powerful emotions very widely sown amongst the human race, is, nevertheless, a spring which is peculiarly apt to lose its elasticity, by being too much pressed on, and a collection of ghost stories is not more likely to be terrible, than a collection of jests to be merry and entertaining. But although the proposed work carried in it an obstruction to its success, this was far from being suspected at the time, for the popularity of the editor, and of his compositions, seemed a warrant for his success. The distinguished favour with which the "Castle Spectre" was received upon the stage, seemed an additional warrant for

the safety of his new attempt. I readily agreed to contribute the ballads of "Glenfinlas" and of "The Eve of St John," with one or two others of less merit; and my friend, Dr Leyden, became also a contributor. Mr Southey, a tower of strength, added "The Old Woman of Berkeley," "Lord William," and several other interesting ballads of the same class, to the proposed collection.

Sir Walter then relates the circumstances which occasioned the "Tales of Terror" to turn out a most unfortunate speculation for the author, and by reflection, on those who were his co-adjutors. Thus, owing to the failure of the vehicle I had chosen, continues he, my efforts to present myself before the public as an original writer proved as vain as those by which I had previously endeavoured to distinguish myself as a translator. Like Lord Home, however, at the battle of Flodden, I did so far well, that I was able to stand and defend myself, and amidst the general depreciation of the "Tales of Wonder," my small share of the obnoxious publication was dismissed without much censure, and in some cases obtained praise from the critics. The consequence of my escape made me naturally more daring, and I attempted, in my own name, a collection of ballads of various kinds, both ancient and modern, to be connected by the common tie of relation to the Border districts in which I had collected them. The original preface explains my purpose, and the assistance of various kinds I met with. This was the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

The success of this last work, besides stamping his name with distinction as an author, seems also to have operated as a strong inducement with him, thenceforward, to devote himself almost entirely to literary pursuits. Accordingly, we find that he began, very soon after, to meditate the production of a far higher effort than any that had yet been attempted by his muse. This was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the popularity of which at once

established his fame as a poet of the first rank, and, at the same time, prompted the rapid production of those other compositions of a similar kind, which not only extended the reputation he had acquired, but constituted him, as it were, the delight as well as ornament of his country. On the origin and progress of those beautiful poems, Sir Walter himself has dwelt at considerable length. Our limits, unfortunately, do not permit us to indulge the reader with all the details, but he may rest satisfied, that in the following abridged account, nothing has been omitted that could be thought at all indispensable to the interest of a narrative so essential to the completion of the author's literary memoirs.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.—After stating the reasons, *pro* and *con*, which induced him finally to adopt the octosyllabic in preference to the heroic couplet, Sir Walter continues thus:—"I was not less at a loss for a subject which might admit of being treated with the simplicity and wildness of the ancient poem. But accident dictated both a theme and a measure, which decided the subject, as well as the structure of the poem.

The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Harriet Duchess of Buccleuch, had come to the land of her husband with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs. All who remember this lady, will agree that the intellectual character of her extreme beauty, the amenity and courtesy of her manners, the soundness of her understanding, and her unbounded benevolence, gave more the idea of an angelic visitant, than of a being belonging to this nether world; and such a thought was but too consistent with the short time she was permitted to tarry amongst us. Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of border lore; among others, an aged gentleman of property, near Langholm, (Mr Beattie of Meikledale,) communicated to her ladyship the story of

Gilpin Horner, a tradition in which the narrator, and many more of that country, were firm believers. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined it on me, as a task, to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course to hear was to obey ; and thus the goblin story, objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of its being written.

A chance similar to that which dictated the subject, gave me also the hint of a new mode of treating it. We had at that time the lease of a pleasant cottage near Lasswade, on the romantic banks of the Esk, to which we escaped when the vacations of the Court permitted so much leisure. Here I had the pleasure to receive a visit from Mr Stoddart, (now Sir John Stoddart, Judge-Advocate at Malta,*) who was at that time collecting the particulars which he afterwards embodied in his "Remarks on Local Scenery in Scotland." I was of some use to him in procuring the information he desired, and guiding him to the scenes he wished to see. In return, he made me better acquainted than I had hitherto been with the poetic effusions which have since made the lakes of Westmoreland, and the authors by whom they have been sung, so famous wherever the English language is spoken.

I was already acquainted with the "Joan of Arc," the "Thalaba," and the "Metrical Ballads" of Mr Southey, which had found their way into Scotland, and were generally admired. But Mr Stoddart, who had the advantage of personal friendship with the authors, and who possessed a strong memory with an excellent taste, was able to repeat to me

* This gentleman conducted the Times newspaper for several years, during the war with France, while under the sway of Napoleon, and contributed, in no small degree, to keep up the national hostility by the violence of his editorial Phillippics against the French Emperor. His preferment is the only instance, we believe, of high Government patronage having been conferred for services by means of the newspaper press.

many long specimens of their poetry, which had not yet appeared in print. Amongst others, was the striking fragment called "Cristabel," by Mr Coleridge, which, from the singularly irregular structure of the stanza, and the liberty which it allowed the author to adapt the sound to the sense, seemed to be exactly suited to such an extravaganza as I meditated on the subject of Gilpin Horner. As applied to coarse and humorous poetry, this mescolanza of measures had been already used by Anthony Hall, Anstey, Dr Wolcott and others ; but it was in "Cristabel" that I first found it used in serious poetry, and it is to Mr Coleridge that I am bound to make the acknowledgement due from the pupil to his master.

I did not immediately proceed upon my projected labour, though I was now furnished with a subject and with a structure of verse which might have the effect of novelty to the public ear, and afford the author an opportunity of varying his measure with the variation of a romantic subject. On the contrary, it was, to the best of my recollection, more than a year after Mr Stoddart's visit, that, by way of experiment, I composed the first two or three stanzas of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Sir Walter here goes on to recite how this finest effort of his muse had nearly been crushed in embryo, by the cold or rather silent criticism of two friends, to whom he was in the habit of submitting his compositions, for approval or condemnation, and on whose judgment he thought he could at all times rely. On hearing some of the original stanzas read, neither of them said much to him on the subject ; and he too rashly concluded that their disgust had been greater than their good nature chose to express. Without more ado, therefore, he threw the manuscript into the fire. Fortunately, an accidental conversation soon after undeceived him as to their real sentiments. It was not to the poetry but to the structure of the Poem that their opinions were opposed. This being explained, Sir Walter immediately resumed his

labours, and acting upon some judicious hints from these gentlemen, he continued unremittingly to spur his muse, until he finally finished the Poem as it now stands in his works. It was subsequently shewn, he says, "to other friends, and received the *imprimatur* of Mr Francis Jeffrey, who had been for some time distinguished by his critical talent."

"It would be great affectation," continues Sir Walter, "not to own frankly, that the author expected some success from 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' The attempt to return to a more simple and natural style of poetry, was likely to be welcomed, at a time when the public had become tired of hexameters, with all the buckram and binding which belong to them of later days. But whatever might have been my expectations, whether moderate or unreasonable, the result left them far behind, for among those who smiled on the adventurous attempt, were numbered the great names of William Pitt and Charles Fox. Neither was the extent of the sale inferior to the character of the judges who received the Poem with approbation. Upwards of thirty thousand copies of the 'Lay' were disposed of by the trade; and the author had to perform a task difficult to human vanity, when called upon to make the necessary deductions from his own merits, in a calm attempt to account for his popularity."

Marmion.—I had formed the prudent resolution to endeavour to bestow a little more labour than I had yet done on my productions, and to be in no hurry again to announce myself as a candidate for literary fame. Accordingly, particular passages of a poem, which was finally called "Marmion," were laboured with a good deal of care. The period of its composition was also a very happy one in my life; so much so, that I remember with pleasure, at this moment, some of the spots in which particular passages were composed. It is probably owing to this that some of the Introductions to the several Cantos as-

sumed the form of familiar epistles to my intimate friends, in which I alluded, perhaps more than was necessary or graceful, to my domestic occupations and amusements—a loquacity which may be excused by those who remember, that “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.”

The misfortunes of a near relation and friend, which happened at this time, led me to alter my prudent determination, and made it convenient at least, if not absolutely necessary, to hasten its publication. The publishers of “*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*,” emboldened by the success of that Poem, willingly offered a thousand pounds for “*Marmion*.” The transaction being no secret, afforded Lord Byron, who was then at general war with all who blacked paper, an opportunity to include me in his satire, entitled “*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.” I never could conceive how an arrangement between an author and his publishers, if satisfactory to the persons concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party. I had taken no unusual or ungenerous means of enhancing the value of my merchandize—I had never higgled a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once what I considered the handsome offer of my publishers. These gentlemen, at least, were not of opinion that they had been taken advantage of in the transaction, which indeed was one of their own framing! On the contrary, the sale of the Poem went so far beyond their expectation, as to induce them in addition, to supply the author’s cellars with what is always an acceptable present to a young Scottish housekeeper, namely, a hogshead of excellent claret.

The poem was finished in too much haste to allow me an opportunity of softening down, if not removing some of its most prominent defects. By good fortune the novelty of the subject, and, if I may say so, some force and vivacity of description, were allowed to atone for many

imperfections. Thus the second experiment on the public patience, generally the most perilous,—for the public are then most apt to judge with rigour, what in the first instance they had received, perhaps with imprudent generosity,—was in my case decidedly successful. I had the good fortune to pass the ordeal favourably, and the return of sales before me makes the copies amount to thirty-six thousand printed between 1805 and 1825, besides a considerable sale since that period.

After the success of “Marmion,” I felt inclined to exclaim with Ulysses in the “Odyssey”—

“One venturous game my hand has won to day—
Another, gallants, yet remains to play.”

The Lady of the Lake.—The ancient manners, the habits and customs of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited, had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted for poetry. The feuds, and political dissensions, which, half a century earlier, would have rendered the richer and wealthier part of the kingdom indisposed to countenance a poem, the scene of which was laid in the Highlands, were now sunk in the generous compassion which the English, more than any other nation, feel for the misfortunes of an honourable foe. The Poems of Ossian had, by their popularity, sufficiently shewn, that if writings on Highland subjects were qualified to interest the reader, mere national prejudices were, in the present day, very unlikely to interfere with their success.

I had also read a great deal, and heard more, concerning that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katerine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. This Poem, the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful, and so deeply imprinted on my recollection, was a

labour of love, and it was no less so to recall the manners and incidents introduced. The frequent custom of James IV., and particularly of James V., to walk through the kingdom in disguise, afforded me the hint of an incident, which never fails to be interesting if managed with the slightest address or dexterity.

I may now confess, however, that the employment, though attended with great pleasure, was not without its doubts and anxieties. A lady, to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived during her whole life on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me at the time when the work was in progress, and used to ask me, what I could possibly do to rise so early in the morning (that happening to be the most convenient time to me for composition.) At last I told her the subject of my meditations ; but I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. “Do not be so rash,” she said, “my dearest cousin. You are already popular : more so, perhaps, than you yourself will believe, or than even I, or other partial friends, can fairly allow you to merit. You stand high, do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall ; for, depend upon it a favourite will not be permitted even to stumble with impunity.” I replied to this affectionate expostulation in the words of Montrose—

“He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.”

“If I fail,” I said, for the dialogue is strong in my recollection, “it is a sign that I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life : you shall see no change in my temper, nor will I eat a single meal the worse. But if I succeed,

“Up with the bonnie blue bonnet,
The dirk, and the feather and a’.”

Afterwards I showed my affectionate and anxious critic the first canto of the poem, which reconciled her to my imprudence. Nevertheless, although I answered thus confidently, with the obstinacy often said to be proper to those who bear my surname, I acknowledge that my confidence was considerably shaken by the warning of her excellent taste and unbiassed friendship.

I remember that about the same time a friend started in to "heeze up my hope," like the minstrel in the old song. He was bred a farmer, but a man of powerful understanding, natural good taste, and warm poetical feeling, perfectly competent to supply the wants of an imperfect or irregular education. He was a passionate admirer of field sports, which we often pursued together.

As this friend happened to dine with me at Ashiesteel one day, I took the opportunity of reading to him the first canto of "The Lady of the Lake," in order to ascertain the effect the poem was likely to produce upon a person who was but too favourable a representation of readers at large. It is of course to be supposed, that I determined rather to guide my opinion by what my friend might appear to feel, than by what he might think fit to say. His reception of my recitation, or prelection, was rather singular. He placed his hand across his brow, and listened with great attention through the whole account of the stag hunt, till the dogs threw themselves into the lake to follow their master, who embarks with Ellen Douglas. He then started up with a sudden exclamation, struck his hand on the table, and declared in a voice of censure calculated for the occasion, that the dogs must have been totally ruined by being permitted to take the water after such a severe chase. I own I was much encouraged by the species of reverie which had possessed so zealous a follower of the sports of the ancient Nimrod, who had been completely surprised out of all doubts of the reality of the tale. Another of his remarks gave me

less pleasure. He detected the identity of the King with the wandering knight, Fitz-James, when he winds his bugle to summon his attendants.

This discovery, as Mr Pepys says of the rent in his camlet cloak, was but a trifle, yet it troubled me, and I was at a good deal of pains to efface any marks by which I thought my secret could be traced before the conclusion.

I took uncommon pains likewise to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of this story. I recollect in particular, that to ascertain whether I was telling a probable tale, I went into Perthshire, to see whether King James could have actually ridden from the banks of Loch Venacher to Stirling Castle within the time supposed in the Poem, and had the pleasure to satisfy myself that it was quite practicable.

After a considerable delay, "The Lady of the Lake," appeared in June 1810, and its success was certainly so extraordinary as to induce me for a moment to conclude that I had at last fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune, whose stability in behalf of an individual who had so boldly courted her favours for three successive times had not as yet been shaken.

It only remains for me to say, that, during my short pre-eminence of popularity, I faithfully observed the rules of moderation which I had resolved to follow before I began my course as a man of letters. If a man is determined to make a noise in the world, he is sure to encounter abuse and ridicule, as he who gallops furiously through a village must reckon on being followed by the curs in full cry. Experienced persons know, that in stretching to flog the latter, the rider is very apt to catch a bad fall, nor is an attempt to chastise a malignant critic attended with less danger to the author. On this principle, I let parody, burlesque, and squibs, find their own level. Let me add that my reign (since Byron has so called it) was marked

by some instances of good-nature as well as patience. I never refused a literary person of merit such services in smoothing his way to the public as were in my power, and I had the advantage, rather an uncommon one with our irritable race, to enjoy general favour, without incurring permanent ill-will, so far as is known to me, among any of my contemporaries.

Rokeby.—In the meantime years crept on, and not without their usual depredations on the passing generation. My sons had arrived at the age when the paternal house was no longer their best abode, as both were destined to active life. The field sports, to which I was peculiarly attached, had now less interest, and were replaced by other amusements of a more quiet character, and the means and opportunity of pursuing these were to be sought for. I had, indeed, for some years attended to farming, a knowledge of which is, or at least was then, indispensable to the comforts of a family residing in a solitary country house; but although this was the favourite amusement of many of my friends, I have never been able to consider it as a source of pleasure. I never could think it a matter of passing importance, that my cattle or crops were better or more plentiful than those of my neighbours, and nevertheless I began to feel the necessity of some more quiet out-door occupation than I had hitherto pursued. I purchased a small farm of about 100 acres, with the purpose of planting and improving it, to which property circumstances afterwards enabled me to make considerable additions. In point of neighbourhood, the change of residence made little difference. Abbotsford, to which we removed, was only six or seven miles down the Tweed, and lay on the same beautiful stream. It did not possess the romantic character of Ashiesteel, my former residence; but it had a stretch of meadow-land along the river, and possessed, in the phrase of the landscape gardener, considerable capabilities. Above all, the land was my own,

like Uncle Toby's Bowling-green, to do what I would with. It had been, though the gratification was long postponed, an early wish of mine to connect myself with my mother earth, and prosecute those experiments by which a species of creative power is exercised over the face of nature. I can trace, even to childhood, a pleasure derived from Dodsley's account of Shenstone's Leasowes, in the perusal of which I envied the poet much more for the pleasure of accomplishing the objects detailed in his friend's sketch of his grounds, than for the possession of pipe, crook, flock, and Phillis to the boot of all. My memory, also, tenacious of quaint expressions, still retained a phrase which it had gathered from an old almanack of Charles the Second's time, (when every thing down to almanacks affected to be smart) in which the reader, in the month of June, is advised, for health's sake, to take a walk of a mile or two before breakfast, and, if he can possibly so manage, to let his exercise be taken on his own land.

With the satisfaction of having attained the fulfilment of an early and long-cherished hope, I commenced my improvements, as delightful in their progress as those of the child who first makes a dress for a new doll. The nakedness of the land was in time hidden by woodlands of considerable extent—the smallest of possible cottages was progressively expanded into a sort of dream of a mansion-house, whimsical in the exterior, but convenient within. Nor did I forget what is the natural pleasure of every man who has been a reader, I mean the filling the shelves of a tolerably large library. All these objects I kept in view, to be executed as convenience should serve; and although I knew many years must elapse before they could be attained, I was of a disposition to comfort myself with the Spanish proverb, "Time and I against any two."

The difficult and indispensable point, of finding a permanent subject of occupation, was now at length attained;

but there was annexed to it the necessity of becoming again a candidate for public favour, for, as I was turned improver on the earth of the every-day world, it was under condition that the small tenement of Parnassus, which might be accessible to my labours, should not remain uncultivated.

If subject and scenery could have influenced the fate of a poem, that of "Rokeby" should have been eminently distinguished, for the grounds belonged to a dear friend, with whom I had lived in terms of intimacy for many years, and the place itself united the romantic beauties of the wilds of Scotland with the rich and smiling aspect of the southern portion of the island. But the Cavaliers and Roundheads, whom I attempted to summon up to tenant this beautiful region, had for the public neither the novelty nor the peculiar interest of the Scotch Highlanders. This, perhaps, was scarcely to be expected, considering that the general mind sympathises readily and at once with the stamp which nature herself has affixed upon the manners of a people living in a simple and patriarchal state, whereas it has more difficulty in understanding or interesting itself in manners which are founded upon those peculiar habits of thinking or acting, which are produced by the progress of society.

The cause of my failure had, however, a far deeper root. The manner or style, which, by its novelty, attracted the public in an unusual degree, had now, after having been three times before them, exhausted the patience of the reader, and began in the fourth to lose its charms. The reviewers may be said to have thus apostrophized the author in the language of Parnell's Edwin :—

" And here reverse the charm, he cries,
And let it fairly now suffice—
The gambol has been shown."

Sir Walter, in the course of these, his literary memoirs, explains, at some length, the reasons which induced him finally to relinquish his profession, and to become, almost exclusively, a candidate for the honours of authorship. After stating that nothing less than an entire devotion to the study as well as the drudgery of the judicial profession, can ensure success at the bar, he says, "the reader will not wonder that my open interference with matters of light literature soon diminished my employment in the weightier matters of the law. Nor," continues he, "did the solicitors, upon whose choice the counsel takes rank in his profession, do me less than justice, by regarding others among my contemporaries as fitter to discharge the duty due to their clients, than a young man who was taken up with running after ballads, whether Teutonic or national. My profession, and I, therefore, came to stand nearly upon the footing on which honest Slender consoled himself with having established with Mistress Anne Page: 'There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance.' Of course I speedily became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself to the 'toil by day, the lamp by night, renouncing all the Delilahs of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law, and hold another course.'" He then states several circumstances which contributed to bias his mind towards the latter alternative, and concludes by remarking, that his income being then equal to all the comforts and some of the elegancies of life, he was not pressed to an irksome labour by necessity, that most powerful of motives; consequently he was the more easily induced to choose the employment which was most agreeable. "This was yet the easier," says he, "that, in 1800, I had obtained the preferment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, about £300 a-year in value, and which was the more agreeable to me, as in that county I had several friends and relations. But I did not abandon the profession in which I had been educated, without certain prudential re-

solutions, which, at the risque of some egotism, I will here mention ; not without the hope that they may be useful to young persons, who may stand in circumstances similar to those in which I then stood.

In the first place, upon considering the lives and fortunes of persons who had given themselves up to literature, or to the task of pleasing the public, it seemed to me that the circumstances which chiefly affected their happiness and character, were those from which Horace has bestowed upon authors the epithet of the *Irritable Race*. It requires no depth of philosophic reflection to perceive, that the petty warfare of Pope with the dunces of his period, could not have been carried on without his suffering the most acute torture, such as a man must endure from mosquitoes, by whose stings he suffers agonies, although he can crush them in his grasp by myriads. Nor is it necessary to call to memory the many humiliating instances in which men of the greatest genius have, to avenge some pitiful quarrel, made themselves ridiculous during their lives, to become the still more degraded objects of pity to future times.

Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in these mistakes, or what I considered as such ; and, in adopting literary pursuits as the principal occupation of my future life, I resolved, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper which seemed to have most easily beset my more celebrated predecessors.

With this view, it was my first resolution to keep as far as was in my power abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language, which, from one motive or other, ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were, indeed, the business,

rather than the amusement, of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with cordial and luscious draughts, until he is unable to bear wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick by the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast, and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library.

My second resolution was a corollary from the first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I, therefore, resolved to arm myself with the triple brass of Horace, against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh if the jest was a good one, or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep.

It is to the observance of those rules (according to my best belief,) that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labours of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties."

To this interesting narrative, so recently published, there is little to be added, except that the admired author continues to charm the world by the constant exercise of his pen, and the gratifying fact that increase of years begetteth no decrease of his literary powers. In conclusion, however, it is impossible not to remark, that notwithstanding the lofty station he holds in the republic of letters, nothing can be more simple and unassuming than the manners of Sir Walter. There is probably no kind of rank, which it is so difficult for any one to bear with perfect ease, as the universally-honoured nobility of universally-honoured genius; but that, and all its cha-

racteristic attributes, with the homage that is constantly paid to them, sit as lightly upon this great man, as ever did plumed helm upon the head of one of his own graceful knights.

ROXBURGHSHIRE.

THIS county is also called Teviotdale, from the water of Teviot, which runs along its whole course. It occupies the largest proportion of the southern border of Scotland, and is situated in the centre of the territory between Solway Frith and Berwick upon Tweed. From the top of a hill called the Wisp, in the parish of Cavers, both the east and the west seas may be seen. The western part of the county is very mountainous; and in the greatest part of its length its southern boundary is also mountainous, adjoining to the great ridge called the Cheviot hills, which in the upper or western part of Roxburghshire, stretch northward into Scotland. The appearance of the county is upon the whole very beautiful, containing a succession of hills and dales, through which a great number of small rivers take their course along deep and winding valleys. Almost all the hills are covered with a fine sward to their utmost altitude.

MELROSE ABBEY.

THE most remarkable monument of antiquity to be found in this part of the country, and one of the most distinguished in Scotland, is the Abbey of Melrose. Various religious foundations of different dates appear to have existed at this place. The monastery of old Melrose was probably founded about the end of the sixth century.

The present Abbey of Melrose stands on the south side of the river Tweed. From the ruins which still exist, it appears to have been truly magnificent and spacious. It is the admiration even yet of every traveller. From the magnitude and embellishment of its columns, the symmetry of its various parts, and the beauty of the stone of which it is built, it may be regarded as one of the most superb structures reared by superstition in this country. It was founded by King David, in the year 1135; and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The monks were Cistercian; and the monastery was the mother-church or nursery for all the monks of that order in Scotland.

The church of the Abbey is built in the form of St John's Cross. The choir, which is a very stately fabric, is still standing. Its roof is very curious, and has much of the scripture history sculptured on it. The western part of the nave is so entirely demolished, that it cannot be correctly known what was its extent in that direction. The tower is seventy-five feet in height, but the spire which surmounted it, has long ago fallen down. The east window, behind where the great altar stood, is very beautiful. It is one of five lights, separated by slender mullions, and ornamented at top by a great deal of delicate tracery. On each side there are niches for statues. Over the top there is an old man with a globe in the left hand, resting on his knee, and a young man on his right; both are in a sitting posture, with an open crown over their heads. There is a great deal of fine sculpture over the whole of the outside of the building.

The inside is equal to the outside of the church. On the north side of the cross are several beautiful pillars, the sculpture on which, is as fresh as if newly cut. On the west side is a statue of St Peter, with an open book in his hand, and two keys hanging down; on the south is a statue of St Paul, with a sword in his hand. The following beautiful description of this Abbey by moon-

light, by Sir Walter Scott, is familiar to almost every reader :—It is from the “ Lay of the Last Minstrel.”

“ If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon-light ;
For the gay beams of lightsome day,
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower ;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the howlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St David's ruin'd pile ;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair !”

EMINENT MEN IN ROXBURGHSHIRE.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS ELLIOT, afterwards Lord Heathfield, whose admirable defence of Gibraltar will ever be memorable, was born in the parish of Hobkirk. He was the ninth son of Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, Baronet. Three of our most admired poets are also natives of this county. James Thomson, the celebrated author of the seasons, was born in the parish of Ednam, in 1700. His father was minister of the parish. He was educated in the university of Edinburgh, with a view to the church ; but his genius inclining to poetry, he relinquished his intentions as to that profession, and repaired to London. Dr John Armstrong, an eminent physician, poet, and miscellaneous writer, was born in the parish of Castletown, where his father and brother were ministers. His finest poem is the Art of Preserving Health. The ancient Scottish poet Gavin Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Dunkeld, was in early

life rector of the parish of Hawick. He was third son of Archibald Earl of Angus, and was born in 1474. His most ingenious poem is the Palace of Honour; but his Translation into Scottish metre of thirteen books of Virgil's *Æneid* is better known.

BERWICKSHIRE.

THIS county, or the Merse, as it is sometimes called, though not one of the largest, is in point of fertility one of the richest in Scotland. It is of a quadrangular form, with waving and unequal sides. On the east, it is bounded by the German ocean for about sixteen miles; on the west, by Mid-Lothian and Roxburghshire for about eighteen miles; on the south, the Tweed separates it from Northumberland for fifteen miles, and Roxburgh for twelve miles; on the north, it is bounded by East Lothian for upwards of thirty miles.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

THE ruins of this Abbey form one of the most interesting objects in this county. They are beautifully situated on a peninsula formed by the Tweed, about ten miles above Kelso, and three below Melrose. Saint Modun, who was one of the first Christian missionaries in Britain, was Abbot of Dryburgh, about the year 552. The new Abbey was founded by Hugh de Merville, Lord of Lauderdale, and his wife Beatrice de Beauchamp, about the year 1150, who obtained a charter of confirmation from King David I. It was burnt in the wars of Robert Bruce by the English, but was afterwards restored by that heroic monarch.

Like that of Melrose, the free stone of which this Abbey is built, is of a most beautiful colour and texture, and has defied the influence of the weather for more than six centuries; nor is the sharpness of the sculpture in the least affected by the ravages of time. The quarry from which it

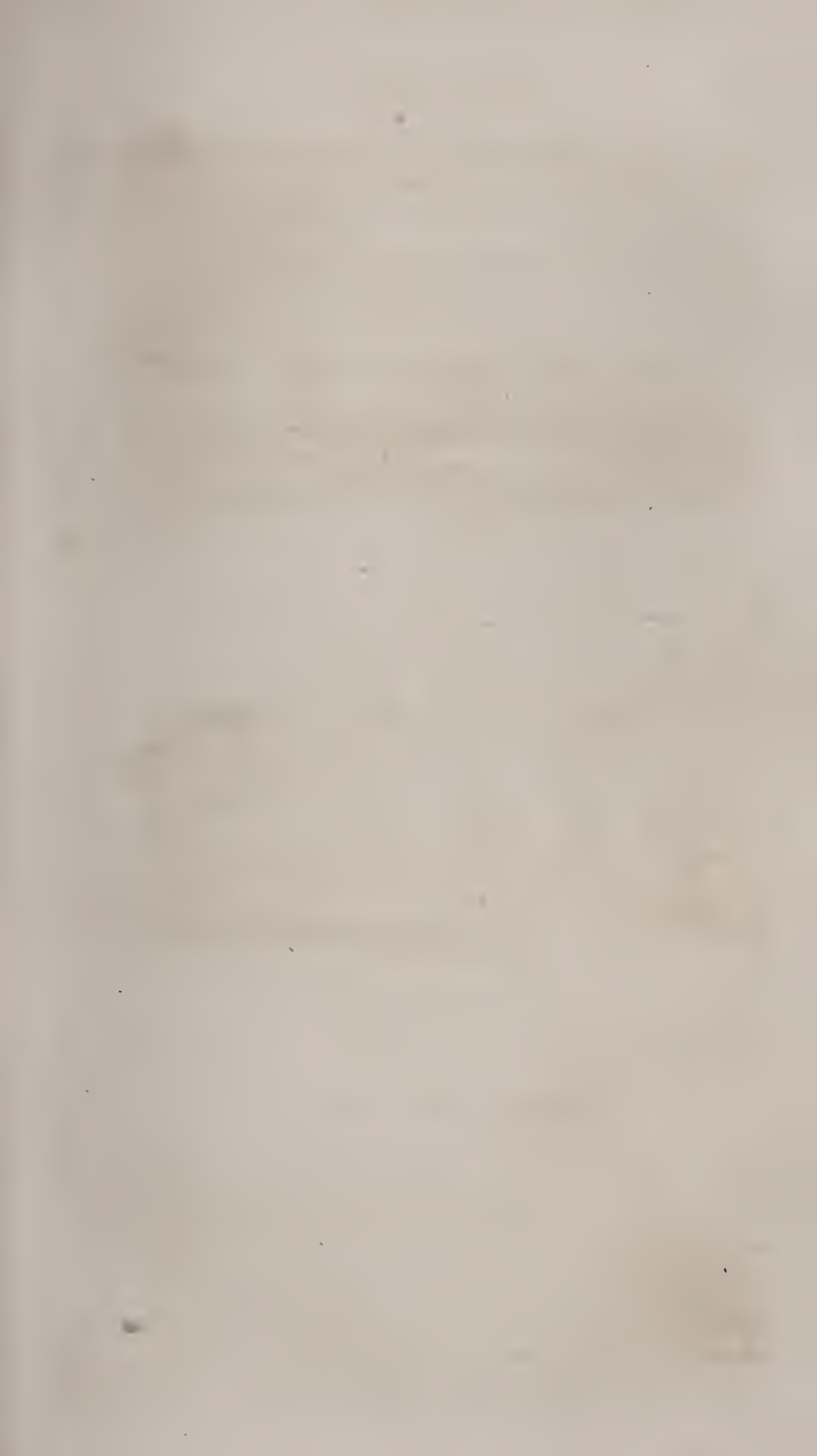
was taken, is still successfully wrought at Dryburgh. No stone in the island seems more perfectly adapted for the purposes of architecture, as it hardens by age, and is not subject to be corroded or destroyed by the weather, so that it might even be used for the cutting of bas-reliefs and statues.

EMINENT MEN IN BERWICKSHIRE.

THE celebrated Thomas the Rhymer, whose real name was Sir Thomas Learmont, was a native of the parish of Earlstown, where part of his house is still standing, called Rhymer's Tower ; and there is a stone built in the fore wall of the church with this inscription on it, "Auld Rhymer's race lies in this place." He died in the 13th century. The celebrated metaphysician and theologist, John Duns Scotus, a Franciscan Friar, is said to have been born at Dunse, in the year 1276. From the acuteness and subtlety of his intellect, he was called "Doctor Subtilis." James Small, an ingenious mechanic, who rendered great services to the agriculture of Scotland by the improvement of implements of husbandry, was also a native of this county.

DUMFRIES-SHIRE.

THIS is the largest county in the south of Scotland. From Solway Frith, which washes its southern shore, it spreads out into an extensive plain of nearly ten miles in breadth, throughout a length of about twenty-four miles. Beyond this plain the country expands greatly from east to west ; and is composed of a series of valleys and hills which rise gradually northward, till the level terminates in a range of mountains, that sweep along the northern boundary of the shire, and separate it from Liddesdale and Teviotdale on the north-east ; from Selkirk, Tweeddale, and Clydesdale on the north ; and from Ayrshire on the north-west. The most considerable hills in the county are the Alpine range,





DUMFRIES



MELROSE ABBEY



DRYBURGH ABBEY

that stretches along its northern boundary ; “ forbidding every bleak unkindly wind to touch the prosperous growth of the dales below.” Of all these mountains, the most remarkable is Hartfell, on the northern extremity of Annandale, which rises 3300 feet above the level of the sea ; and is the highest in the south of Scotland.

DUMFRIES.

THIS town stands on the bank of the river Nith, about nine miles above where it discharges itself into the Solway Frith. It owes its origin to an old castle which stood here, previous to the reign of William the Lion. This castle was allowed to fall into ruins ; but a new one was erected nearly on the same site. Standing so near the borders of England, the castle became a subject of frequent contest during the successive wars between Bruce and Baliol. During that period it was put into the hands of Edward I., who delivered it up to Baliol. When Robert Bruce slew John Cumyn, in the Gray Friars Church of Dumfries, in 1305-6, he seized and took possession of the Castle. In 1415, in 1448, and 1544, the town was burnt by the English ; and again in 1570, it was plundered and burnt by them.

Since the union of the kingdoms, the burgh of Dumfries has greatly increased in its trade and number of inhabitants ; but particularly within the last forty years. The houses are built of brick and red freestone, and have a light and airy appearance. The situation of the town, rising gradually from the river, is beautiful and advantageous. It is neat and well built ; it is well lighted and neatly paved. The public buildings are the town-house and jail ; a house of correction ; a theatre ; and several churches and chapels. One of the most unequivocal proofs of the prosperity of Dumfries, however, is to be found in the fact of its supporting two newspapers, both yielding large incomes to their proprietors, and both conducted with considerable ability.

A singular custom long existed here. The county hangman went through the market every market-day with a brass ladle, or large spoon, pushed it into the mouth of every sack of meal, corn, or other grain, and carried it off full. But this custom was not always peculiar to Dumfries. It is said to have existed in Glasgow, and other royal burghs, where, in progress of time, it was discovered that Jack Ketch's ladle dues were too good a thing to be exclusively enjoyed by one *functionary*. In the latter city, these dues have long formed a considerable branch of the *close borough* revenue, to the infinite annoyance of trade, but enormous profit of the law. The litigation respecting this local tax, or the hangman's perquisite, has, during a century, cost Glasgow, alone, not less than £50,000 !!!

Dumfries, among its other objects of interest, presents one that must ever distinguish it among Scottish provincial towns. It has the honour to contain the ashes of Burns ; and, in the church-yard, there is an elegant monument to his memory. It is also still the residence of his widow, who, in a fine green old age, still exhibits, not the *beau ideal* of beauty, but the remains of those peculiar attractions which fascinated the youthful affections of the bard, and inspired the best of those beautiful lyrics that will live while truth, nature, and sensibility, exercise any influence over the human heart. As Mrs Burns and her family, in consequence of their connexion with the poet, are in some respects public property, we do not think any apology necessary for quoting the following account of a visit paid to her, in 1827, by the late Mr James Donald, advocate. It is extracted from a letter written by that ingenious and amiable man, giving a detail of what had occurred to him during an excursion into Dumfriesshire in company with a friend. After describing, in graphic terms, their departure from Edinburgh, and the earlier incidents of their journey, he says, " the coach at length set us down at the snug hostelrie call-

ed the Commercial Inn at Dumfries. It was the afternoon of one of the most glorious days that ever shone on the gay fields and hills of Scotland. Dumfries, the most agreeable of provincial towns, which we had never seen before, exhibited the appearance of industry and all its concomitants. It had neither the intense bustle of Glasgow, nor the dignified elegance of the Modern Athens, but it had, what pleases a passing stranger as much as either of these—an air of neatness and comfort about the shops and dwellings and persons of the inhabitants, which is not to be found in almost any provincial town to the North of the Tweed. Having previously been acquainted with some of the good folks who are domicilled within the precincts of the town, we visited a few of them, and were pleased with our hospitable reception. A walk in the cool of a fine evening made us acquainted with the environs, which are studded with elegant villas, and, at this season of the year, decked with all the rich appearances of fruit-loaded trees, and fields of corn beginning to fall under the sickle. Agriculture is here prosecuted on scientific principles, and the rotation of crops, with every other practical improvement, secure to the industrious and skilful occupiers of the soil, the greatest possible produce from a given quantity of land. But I am not about to write an agricultural survey of Dumfriesshire. It was to the characters and pursuits of the people, past, and present, of this quarter, that we wished chiefly to direct our attention.

In company with one of our friends, who is intimately acquainted with the widow of the celebrated Burns, we paid a morning visit to that most respectable matron, who still occupies the house in Dumfries, in which the poet lived, and in which he died. She is now well stricken in years; and as mere visits of curiosity can seldom be agreeable to her, we would not certainly have obtruded ourselves, had not our *Cicerone* been able to introduce us

on other terms than those which are usually enjoyed by strangers. To the annoyance of this very excellent person, she sometimes finds herself subjected to uncere- monious visits from utter aliens, and the whole tribe of the “absurdly curious” of the land. To be sure the good old lady, like Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh, may be called the greatest lion about Dumfries, and every one who has the faintest regard for the memory of the deceased poet, (and what Scotsman has not?) must speak to his surviving half with a feeling of deep respect for her, and of sacred and subdued veneration for the man to whom Scotland owes her sweetest lays, and by whom another great name has been added to the list of those whose memory is destined to immortality. The widow of Burns, in her old age, still retains a portion of sparkling vivacity in her fine dark eyes, and if we mistake not, it must have been with these fine features of her countenance, as well as with her “*wood notes wild*,” that the poet was specially charmed when wooing her as the youthful Jean Armour. She is now considerably *embonpoint*, and the personal attractions that fascinated the poet are no longer visible, always excepting her fine eyes; which particular feature, however, might possibly, even in youth, be the only witching one she possessed; for we should recollect, that in the countenance of Madame de Stäel, who maugre her purple nose, was without doubt the most talented, and one of the most fascinating women of her own or any other age, the eyes were delightfully expressive, and made up for the absence of every other charm. An original, and the best, portrait of Burns by Raeburn, is in the possession of Mrs Burns, after having been repeatedly almost lost by careless engravers in London and Edinburgh, to whom it had been sent for the purposes of their art. The original drawing of the Cot- tar’s Saturday Night, from which ten thousand prints have been engraved, also ornaments the parlour of Mrs Burns.

The figure which stands at the left side of the father in the plate, was meant as a portrait of Burns in his juvenile days, and in fact bears a strong resemblance to what we find him to have been in manhood ; but in every engraving we have seen of this fine drawing, there is a miserable defect of accuracy. Whilst

“ The Sire turns o’er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha’ bible, ance his father’s pride,”

the young bard is represented in his genuine features, as listening with that intense interest, in which we fancy we perceive the initiatory workings of the mind which was itself afterwards destined to enchant many future generations.

“ We had not much conversation with Mrs Burns ; but it was very evident from what she said, that she still possesses that excellent sense for which her gifted husband always gave her credit, united to an unbounded respect for his memory. It is this solid cast of mind in her to which we must trace the fact, that all the aberrations, such as they were, of his splendid intellect, never had the slightest effect in alienating him from the object of his first love. An autographic letter which we lately saw from Burns to a very intimate friend, written only three weeks before his dissolution, bears evidence of the purity and strength of his affection towards his wife and the dear pledges of their love, when he was conscious that the hand of the destroyer was ready to fall upon him. In truth, the idea of leaving his family helpless, was, as he himself expresses it in that letter (which is still unpublished,) the half of his disease. Happily for the credit of his country, and more especially of the really English portion of it, his forebodings were disappointed. His widow and his surviving family, have ever since his death continued to enjoy an increasing share of comfort and prosperity. The merited rewards of genius,

though too tardily bestowed to benefit the Poet, have descended upon the head of the virtuous and prudent wife, and on her accomplished and grateful sons.

“ From the house of the Widow we bent our steps to the Tomb of Burns, situated in the Churchyard of Dumfries. This tomb, about which so much has been said and written, and with which our expectations had been considerably raised, greatly disappointed us. Its exterior is not once to be compared to the splendid monument erected at Alloway Kirk ; and the figures of the Poet with his hand on the plough, and of the Genius of Scotland, throwing her inspiring mantle over his head, are by no means executed with the skill of a first rate artist. The history of the design I believe to be, that Turnerelli, the statuary, by whom the sculpture was executed, was present at a convivial meeting, held in memory of Burns, at which a subscription was set on foot for the purpose of erecting this monument. Turnerelli offered on the instant to execute the sculpture for whatever the amount of the subscription might be. It did not exceed £700, and, if I do not greatly mistake, the artist has proportioned his labour pretty nearly to the pecuniary reward. Had a little management been used, I would almost affirm, that Chantry or Flaxman, or some of the first rate sculptors, would have offered to execute the monument to such a genius, without reward at all, and, I will venture to say, in far better style than it has been done. I certainly do not aver, that the sculpture is ill executed ; but I desiderate the exquisite taste and elaborate skill of a great master in the art.

“ The body of Burns was removed from a different part of the churchyard where he had been originally buried, to the site of this tomb, and the identical grave in which he was first deposited, is occupied by the daughter of Mrs Dunlop, to whom the poet has addressed so many exquisite epistolary communications.

“I am sure that no country churchyard in the kingdom exhibits such a multitude of handsome tomb stones and monuments of all kinds as that of Dumfries. In fact, it is like visiting a great and well preserved museum, to perambulate the precincts of this habitation of the dead. The sexton, we were informed, makes a very handsome income by showing the Monument of Burns to passing visitors. In fact, our friend assured us that this ancient worthy makes little short of a hundred pounds a-year by admitting strangers to pay homage to the remains of the poet. The old fellow is communicative enough, and, to his honour be it spoken, he has repaired, at his own expense, some of the grave stones of the martyrs of Episcopal tyranny who fell in the reign of the infamous James II., and whose remains exist in this churchyard. I question whether the poet ever made so much by all his works as this ancient has done by merely shewing his grave—high encouragement, no doubt, for poetical genius. I have no wish, however, that the grave digger should be deprived of so excellent a *milch cow*, as long as he continues to show the same attention to casual visitors as he did to myself and my friend.

The age of tears and sentimentality is gone for ever, and an age of arithmetic and political economy has succeeded it. Every thing is now estimated by the sum of money which it is worth to the possessor. We found ourselves almost disposed to weep over the premature fate of our gifted countryman; but the vile train of ideas connected with our ordinary calculations recurred in spite of us, and subdued every softer feeling. We asked, to what account did Burns turn all his great talents? Our rascally catechism obliged us to answer,—He died poor, and this, in the world’s eyes, is the worst of all degradations. But in the eye of the few noble souls who yet exist among us, and who despise the cold calculations of the mere money changer, the poet died rich in the last

endowments of Heaven,—a clear conscience, and a commanding and energetic understanding, and in possession of a name which all the gold in Peru could not purchase for an unintellectual possessor.”

EMINENT MEN IN DUMFRIES-SHIRE.

MR PATERSON, who planned the Bank of England, and also the Scottish settlement at the Isthmus of Darien, was born in the parish of Tinwald, in this county; and in the same house was born Dr James Mounsey, who, during many years, was first physician to the Emperor of Russia. Dr Rogerson, the successor of Dr Mounsey, and his brother-in-law, was born in the parish of Johnston. Mr Robert Chrichton of Ellick, in the parish of Sanquhar, was a lawyer of eminence, advocate to Queen Mary and James VI. His eldest son James, went abroad young, and became one of the most singular characters that have appeared in any age. From his extraordinary endowments, both of body and mind, he was called the *Admirable Chrichton*, by which title he is still distinguished. It is said that he had scarcely attained his twentieth year when he had gone through the whole circle of the sciences, and could write and speak perfectly, ten different languages. Nor was this all; for he had likewise improved himself in the highest degree in riding, dancing, fencing, and singing, and in playing upon all sorts of instruments. He was murdered in the streets of Mantua, some say in the twenty-second, others, in the thirty-second, year of his age. Walking one night in the street during the Carnival, he was attacked by six persons in masks. The assailants found, however, that they had no ordinary person to deal with, for they were unable to maintain their ground against him. In the issue, the leader of the company being disarmed, pulled off his mask, and begged his life, telling him he was the prince, who was his pupil. Chrichton immediately fell on his knees, and ex-

pressed his concern for his mistake, alleging that what he had done was only in self-defence, and that if the Prince, Vincentio de Gonzago, had any design upon his life he might always be master of it. Then taking his own sword by the point, he presented it to the prince who immediately received it, but was so irritated by the affront which he thought he had sustained in being foiled with all his attendants, that he instantly ran Crichton through the heart, and thus foully murdered him. The accomplishments of Chrichton were extraordinary for the age in which he lived, but he has been equalled if not surpassed in modern times.

STEWARTRY OF KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

THIS Stewartry comprehends the east and middle parts of that district of Scotland called Galloway. It varies in breadth from twenty-one to thirty-one miles. From the shore of the Solway Frith, the stewartry spreads out in a northern direction; and gradually rising in elevation, it meets at length with Ayrshire on the north-west, and Dumfries-shire on the north-east. Thus, it has not like Dumfries-shire, any extensive plain on the margin of the Solway; the whole country is hilly, to the very shore of the Frith. It only varies in the greater or less size of the hills, which are every where intermixed with valleys that form the natural drains of this moist and ridgy district. Crawfell, or Criffel, on the east, and Cairnmuir on the west, are the most noted hills in the Stewartry. The first rises 1900 feet above the level of the Solway, and the latter is much about the same height. In ancient times the chief magistrate received the appellation of Steward, instead of that of Sheriff; and the county came thus to be called a Stewartry. The Sheriff is still styled Sheriff of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, although his jurisdiction and his powers are precisely those of a sheriff.

LINCLUDEN COLLEGE.

IN the parish of Terregles, in the eastern part of the stewartry, are the ruins of the ancient college of Lincluden. They stand upon a small stream called the water of Cluden, where it falls into the river Nith about two miles above Dumfries. It was originally a Benedictine Nunnery, founded in the reign of Malcolm IV. by Uthred, father of Roland, Lord of Galloway, who is buried here. It was changed by Archibald Earl of Douglas, and Lord of Galloway, into a collegiate church for a provost and twelve beadsmen. This is said to have been on account of the scandalous lives led by the nuns; but it is more probable, that it was done from motives of policy, as it allowed the powerful Douglasses an opportunity of providing for their younger branches and dependants.

Earl Archibald died in 1400, and was buried in the vestry, over the door of which are still to be seen his arms and those of his lady, who was heiress of Bothwell, in Clydesdale. The provosts of Lincluden were generally persons of considerable eminence, and many of them appear to have filled high and important offices in the state. From what still remains of the ruins, which is part of the provost's house, the choir, and part of the south wall of the church, an idea may be formed of its former splendour. The choir is in the finest style of the decorated English, or pointed architecture. The roof was treble, in the manner of that of King's College at Cambridge, and the trusses from whence the ribbed work sprung are covered with coats of arms.

The Earls of Douglas, when in the height of their power and greatness, expended considerable sums in ornamenting it. In the church is the elegant tomb of Margaret, daughter of Robert III., wife of Archibald Earl of Douglas, first Duke of Touraine, and son of Archibald the Grim. Her effigy,

at full length, lay on the stone, her head resting on a cushion; but the figure is mutilated and broken. The tomb is in the form of a shrine, having an arch in front, every part of which is beautifully carved. On the middle of the arch is the heart, the Douglas arms, guarded by three chalices set crosswise, with a star near each. The chalices are supposed to be cups, the insignia of the office of the Douglasses, as cup-bearers of Scotland. In front of the tomb are nine shields, containing as many sorts of arms. In one are three stars, the original arms of this great house; the heart was not added till the good Sir James was employed in carrying that of Robert Bruce to the holy land. Besides these there are the arms after that event, and also their arms as lords of Annandale, Galloway, and Liddisdale.

AYRSHIRE.

THIS important county lies along the Frith of Clyde, which washes its western shore, for an extent of upwards of ninety miles from its northern extremity, at Kelly-burn, to its southern at Galloway-burn, where it enters Loch Ryan. Its breadth is in general, from twenty to twenty-five miles. It is bounded on the north and north-east, by Renfrewshire; on the east, by Lanarkshire, and Dumfries-shire; the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, on the south-east, and by Wigtonshire on the south. It contains three divisions; Carrick on the south; Coil or Kyle in the centre; and Cunninghame, which includes all the northern district. Almost the whole of its surface consists of an alternation of hill and dale. Along the shores of the Frith, there are in some places narrow plains, which, however, over-abound with sand and gravel. At some distance eastward from the shore, as the eye looks upward, nothing is perceived but hill after hill, which, however, are covered with a lively green. Yet none of the mountains rise to any extraordinary height.

AYR.

THIS ancient county town is situated on a level peninsula, formed by the rivers Ayr and Doon, which here flow into the Frith of Clyde. It is seventy-one miles distant from Glasgow by the coast road ; but only thirty-three by Kilmarnock. A village must have existed here previous to 1197, for in that year, we know that William the Lion erected a new town and castle upon the water of Ayr. A few years afterwards he granted a charter to the inhabitants, erecting the town into a royal burgh. They have received several subsequent charters from different sovereigns. During the competition wars, and the invasion of Scotland by Edward I., Ayr seems to have been considered a place of considerable importance by the English ; and here many of the early exploits of Wallace were performed. Its localities are every where associated with his name, and his deeds. Prior to the Reformation it contained two monasteries.

Ayr is now a rather handsome seaport town, and its streets present considerable appearance of enterprise and industry. The houses, in the older part, are lofty and picturesque ; while in the more modern streets they are elegant, and most of them on the plan of self-contained lodgings. Many of the shops rival those of Edinburgh or Glasgow. The public buildings, though not numerous are splendid. The county buildings, in which the courts of justice sit, and in which the public officers have apartments, present a fine specimen of Grecian architecture. The new town-house is also a fine building, surmounted by a lofty, well-proportioned spire. The academy is a neat structure, but is more worthy of notice for the fame it has long held as a place of education.



A Y R



TURNBERRY CASTLE



L A R G S

TURNBERRY CASTLE.

THE ruins of this ancient and celebrated pile, are still to be seen in the parish of Kirkoswald. They stand on the north-west point of a rocky angle of the coast, where it turns towards Girvan. This castle belonged to Alexander Earl of Carrick, who died in the Holy Land, and left an only daughter named Martha, Countess of Carrick. Having met Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale in Scotland, and Cleveland in England, hunting near her castle, she invited him thither; and they were speedily married in 1274. The grandson of this marriage was Robert Bruce, who afterwards ascended the Scottish throne. His daughter, Marjory, married Walter, the Steward of Scotland; and their son Robert Stewart, ascended the throne on the death of his uncle, David II., the son of Robert Bruce. From these marriages, therefore, sprung the family who so long ruled Scotland, and subsequently Great Britain, and from whom the present reigning family derive their right.

Turnberry Castle was in the hands of the English during the invasion of Edward I. In 1306, Robert Bruce having taken shelter in Arran, sent a person from thence to learn how his vassals in Carrick stood affected to his cause. The messenger was ordered, if he saw that affairs were favourable, to light a fire on an eminence above the Castle of Turnberry. The English were found to have the entire possession of Carrick; and Percy with a numerous garrison lay at Turnberry; none, therefore, durst espouse the party of Bruce, and many were hostile to it.

From the earliest dawn of the day appointed for the signal, Bruce kept his eyes fixed on the coast of Carrick; but it was not till noon had passed that he perceived the beacon fire. He flew instantly into a boat, and hasted over; but night came on, while he and his associates were yet at sea. Guid-

ed by the fire, however, they reached the shore. The messenger met them and reported that there was no hope of aid. "Traitor!" cried Bruce, "why did you make the signal?" "I made no signal," replied he, "but observing a fire on an eminence I feared it might deceive you, and I hasted hither to warn you from the coast."

Bruce hesitated amidst the dangers with which he was surrounded. At length, obeying the dictates of valour, he resolved to persevere. He attacked the English, carelessly cantoned in the neighbourhood of Turnberry, put them to the sword and pillaged their quarters. Percy heard the uproar from the castle, yet durst not issue forth against an unknown enemy. Bruce, with his followers, not exceeding three hundred in number, remained for some days near Turnberry; but succours having arrived to the English from neighbouring garrisons, he was obliged to seek shelter in the mountainous parts of Carrick. Some years afterwards, however, Bruce stormed and took the castle, which he almost entirely demolished. It does not appear to have been ever afterwards rebuilt or inhabited.

The situation of this castle is beautiful, having a full view of the Frith of Clyde and its shores. It overlooks on the land side, a rich plain of about six hundred acres; bounded by softly rising hills. Little more than the foundation now remains of the building. The vestiges of the ditch may still be traced, and part of the buttresses of the draw-bridge. There is a passage which leads from one of the lower apartments of the castle to the sea. The ruins, as they now lie, cover an acre of ground.

LARGS.

LARGS is one of the most fashionable and best frequented watering places on the Frith of Clyde. It is situated on a plain, which extends along the coast for about three-quarters of a mile, and is sheltered on the north and

east by surrounding hills; the air, therefore, is generally mild and genial, and the sea-breeze healthful and invigorating.

The principal street runs along the beach, having the sea in front of the houses, but, besides this, there are one or two other streets and lanes. Many of the houses are good, but they have been built with little regard to regularity, and the whole has rather a scattered look.

At this place was fought a celebrated battle in 1263, between the Scots and the Norwegians, the latter under Haco, their king, which had the beneficial effect of terminating the inroads of those invaders of Scotland, and causing them to renounce the claim they had so long maintained to the Hebrides, and the Orkney and Shetland Isles. The Norwegian accounts mention that Haco lay with his fleet in Fairley Roads, a little below Largs, without landing his troops; that on the night of the first October, 1263, a violent storm came on, in consequence of which, some of the vessels began to drag their anchors, and a transport ran foul of the king's ship. The cable of this transport was cut, and she ran on shore with a galley. Several of the rest were forced to cut away their masts, and five of them ran aground.

The Scots on shore took advantage of the Norwegians' distress. The main army had not appeared, but the parties stationed to observe the motions of the enemy, attacked the ships that had been driven on shore with missile weapons, while boats were sent by Haco with reinforcements for their relief. The Norwegians remained on shore during the night, but the Scots plundered the transport and burned it. On the morning of Wednesday, Haco landed with a numerous reinforcement. The Scottish army now appeared. It was commanded by Alexander, the Steward of Scotland, and it is said the king himself, Alexander III., was present.

Haco stationed a party on the high ground, not far from the shore. Here there were various skirmishes, and

Haco appears to have returned to his ships. In the Norwegian accounts, the Scottish army is represented as highly respectable. The cavalry alone were conjectured to be about fifteen hundred, the horses having breast-plates, and some of the Spanish steeds being clad in complete armour ; this well appointed force gave irresistible effect to a numerous army on foot, armed with bows and spears. After a fierce and doubtful conflict, the Norwegians were driven in confusion to the shore, throwing those stationed there also into confusion. These in their turn rushed to the boats, several of which, from being overloaded, were sunk, and a number of men drowned. Others pushed off the boats and refused to return for their companions. Haco of Stieni, a relation of the king, here fell. A distinguished Scottish knight also fell, named Peter de Curry. He is described as being armed and accoutered in the most magnificent manner, having a helmet plated with gold and adorned with precious stones.

There were many desperate encounters between individuals as well as divisions of the two armies ; and at length Haco, after being allowed to bury his dead, retired from the coast, and died at Kirkwall, before he reached Norway. The country around Largs contains many traces of the effects of this memorable battle ; tumuli, stone coffins with human bones, memorial stones, weapons, and other marks of warlike strife have been found upon the spot. One of the tumuli was opened sometime ago, and about thirty thousand carts of stones taken from it. This was found to cover a building of stone, in the centre of which was found the remains of a human body, and around it a number of others, supposed about thirty.

ROBERT BURNS.

AYRSHIRE can boast of various eminent characters, but the most distinguished in the list is unquestionably this humble son of the plough ; the man who has consecrated

every mountain and every stream of the district to the muses, and indeed rendered the whole territory classic ground. He was the son of William Burns, gardener to Mr Ferguson of Doonholm, and born within two miles of the town of Ayr, near the banks of the Doon, which he was afterwards to immortalize by his strains. We cannot enter into minute details respecting the character or the talents of this noble son of nature, because we have not room to do justice to either ; nor is it necessary, for these have been already illustrated by far abler hands ; and the world which looked cold upon him in life, has now done him tardy justice. The name of Burns is co-extensive with the knowledge of the English language ; his poetry being cherished alike in the poor man's cottage and in the baron's hall. Nor can we omit to mention that a few years ago, on the anniversary of his birth-day, above three hundred individuals, among whom were many of the most noble and most talented of the land, considered themselves honoured in sitting down to do homage to the memory of a lowly peasant.

Within these few years a splendid monument has been erected to him, about a quarter of a mile from the cottage where he was born, and upon the road between Ayr and Maybole. The ruins of the old kirk of Alloway, which has been hallowed by his genius, are on the opposite side of the road, and the "Brig of Doon," where Tam O'Shanter's mare so dextrously

" Brought aff her master hail,
But left behind her ain grey tail,"

is within a short distance of it. The water of Doon, whose "banks and braes" he sang so passionately, flows past the spot. To Scotsmen, at least, this district of Ayrshire, including the town and its neighbourhood, must ever afford recollections of the most exciting interest. It has been called, and truly and emphatically so, "the land of

Burns ;” for here the various delightful associations connected with his loved name, are most powerfully awakened. He was born and lived to manhood in the immediate vicinity of the town ; and the cottage still stands in which he first saw the light. Here the genius of poetry, as he himself expresses it, “ found him at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over him.” Numerous localities within the town and its neighbourhood, have received a deathless fame from the power of his genius. Yes ! it is indeed the “ land of Burns,” and all who visit it, even the dullest of mortals, feel themselves raised above their ordinary nature, and receive for a time, as it were, a portion of his inspiration. The surrounding country seems one great temple in honour of the bard, of which his monument forms the shrine, to which pilgrims from every land repair to pay their tribute of love and gratitude to his memory.

Among the numerous descriptive accounts which have been written by travellers who have visited this interesting spot, there was one published a few years ago in a Glasgow journal which, for graphic detail, has not been surpassed by any other that we have seen. It was from the pen, we believe, of an Ayrshire gentleman, who accompanied a stranger on an excursion to see the monument of the Poet—and though it also embraces a few extraneous topics, yet it is altogether so accurate in point of description, and so pleasing in the style, that we shall make no apology for quoting a portion of it here. The writer, after a short introduction, stating the motive of their journey and expressing the pleasure they felt at escaping the smoke and dust of a great city, proceeds with his narrative, and mentions, that “ having ensconced themselves in the Ayr Telegraph, on a Saturday morning, they had the pleasure, in little more than an hour, of breathing the pure unadulterated atmosphere of Drumboy Hill.” He then pronounces a panegyric on the delightful breakfasts

of Kingswell Inn, dwelling with luxurious rapture on the various good things usually presented on the landlord's hospitable board, and concluding with this characteristic remark, that "the eggs were as fresh, the ham as savoury, the rolls and butter as delicious, the tea, cream, and sugar, as exquisite, and the snow-white tablecloth as beautiful, as he had ever found them before." "Twenty minutes," continues he, "the time allowed for the morning repast, leaves one less leisure to do justice to Mr Picken's good cheer than could be desired; but we managed to put ourselves in tolerably good humour notwithstanding, and took our seats at the third blast of the horn, with a determination to be pleased not only with ourselves but with others, and, if possible to break the silence which had sealed the lips of every passenger during the morning stage. In making this arrangement, we adhered to immemorial custom, and selected the weather as a preliminary subject; but, alas, it was all in vain. No effort of ours could provoke more than a monosyllable in return, and it was not till the coach stopped at Kilmarnock, where an exchange of prisoners was effected, that we were relieved from our dumb companions *du voyage*. The stage to Ayr was happily more to our liking, for we had the company of an English gentleman, sometime resident at Kilmarnock, who was not only full of anecdote and information, but exceedingly willing to communicate it for the benefit of others.

"Arrived at Ayr, we called for a friend, to whom we had previously written respecting our excursion, but heard that he had gone at an early hour to the Water of Doon, to lure,

"From his dark haunts, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook."

Thither we hastened, and keeping the water's edge, as directed, from the low to the high bridge, than which a more delightful walk could hardly be imagined, we found him

throwing the "delusive fly" in a favourite stream without success. He readily agreed to wind up his fishing tackle, and at once accompanied us to the monument of Burns, where we had long desired to pay homage to the memory of the bard. The day was clear and serene. The birds were carolling on every tree. The bushes that overhung the river, were springing into life, and although the roses had not yet opened their crimson folds, we were almost persuaded to believe with our friend, when, half in earnest, he averred that the birds sang, and the roses bloomed more sweetly on the Banks of the Doon, than in any other place. On our way we passed

"The thorn aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel'."

And in a few minutes stood within the roofless walls of "Alloway's auld haunted Kirk," where we were almost disposed to indulge that superstitious feeling which the powerful and unrivalled imagery with which the place has been invested by Burns, is so well calculated to inspire. The ruin is surrounded by a small plot of burying-ground, and here, among others of less note, we found the grave of the Poet's father; but the stone which marked the spot, and recorded his death, has been levelled to the ground, and purloined piecemeal by the sacrilegious hands of relic hunters. We can excuse much of the extravagance of enthusiasm, but the Goths who committed this outrage, are unworthy of a stone (unless it were in ridicule) to mark where their own absurd bones may be ultimately gathered.

"We now approached the monument, which consists of a three sided rustic basement, supporting a circular peristyle of the Corinthian order, surmounted by a cupola, the decorations of which are in strict accordance with the finest specimens of Grecian art. The substructure is very massive, and forms an appropriate basement, the monument being so placed that each side is respectively opposite one of the three great divisions of Ayrshire. The interior of the basement

affords a circular chamber, upwards of eighteen feet diameter, and sixteen feet high, lighted by a cupola of stained glass. Opposite the entrance is a large semi-circular recess, supported by columns of the Grecian Doric order, the entablature of which is continued round the whole apartment. Between these columns it is proposed to place a statue, or at least a bust of the poet. A staircase, entering from the interior, leads to a gallery above, which commands an extensive prospect of varied landscape, including many of the scenes described or alluded to in the poetry of Burns. On the top of the basement, and exactly above the entrance on the one side, and above each of the niches upon the other two sides of the monument, is placed a very massive tablet, with a rich scroll ornament, in the centre of which is a representation of the mountain daisy, so beautifully apostrophised in one of the finest poems of the Bard. The superstructure is composed of nine columns, corresponding to the number of the muses, and the frieze of their entablature is richly decorated with chaplets of laurel. The principal cornice, and also the highly sculptured ornaments surrounding the dome, are of a character similar to those of the Athenian Monument of Lysicrates, which the architect fixed on as a model. He has, however, made some important deviations, such as adopting the design of the columns from that of the temple of Jupiter Stator, in the Campo Vaccini at Rome, which is by far the finest specimen of the order now extant, and which, so far as we know, has not previously been imitated in this country. An ornament of considerable magnitude, upwards of seven feet high, wholly composed of various kinds of fruit, flowers, and foliage, and supported by three dolphins, pointing to the three different angles of the base, surmounts the dome, and forms an appropriate pedestal for a richly gilt tripod, six feet high. The monument has recently been surrounded by a handsome cast-iron railing, of a triangular form, which gives breadth to, and greatly relieves, the substructure, and the whole is

enclosed by a stone wall. The grounds are tastefully laid out with gravel walks—they contain a richly sculptured sundial, the gift of a lady; and are planted with all sorts of flowers and shrubs, among the most curious of which are two scion plants of Shakspeare's famous mulberry tree, from Stratford-upon-Avon. The monument contains an excellent portrait of Burns, painted by Stevenson, an Ayrshire artist of considerable celebrity, from the original portrait, by Naysmith, in the possession of Mrs Burns. It contains also various editions of the Poet's works—some curious and richly mounted quaihs and snuff-boxes, made from the roof of Alloway Kirk, and it is furnished with a massive oaken table and chairs—all of which bear to have been presented by admirers of his genius.

“ We have been more particular in our description of this interesting building than may seem necessary to those readers who have already had the pleasure of seeing it, but we calculate upon a large indulgence when writing on such a subject, and should that be denied us, we would plead, that many of the admirers of Burns are not aware of the attractions which the monument presents to their notice. In point of architectural beauty it stands unrivalled by any other edifice of the kind in the kingdom; and the surrounding country, which has been rendered classical by the genius of the Poet, may, upon its own merits, without exaggeration, be styled the garden of Ayrshire. There, as it were, all nature harmonizes with those feelings of mingled admiration and regret, which the remembrance of the Poet inspires; and the effusions of his muse, which every Scotsman reads with increased delight in the closet, are dwelt upon amid the associations of this witching ground, with indescribable admiration. We had the pleasure of meeting, among a crowd of visitors, with Mr Hamilton of Edinburgh, the architect who planned the monument, and generously devoted the price of his labour towards its erection; also the Rev. and ingenious Mr Paul, who has proved his admiration of the bard by editing

an edition of his works. We had likewise the good fortune to meet with a musical party, among whom was Miss Tunstall, of the Edinburgh Theatre. Just as we entered the room, that accomplished vocalist was engaged with a gentleman amateur, in the appropriate and exquisite duet of ‘Ye Banks and Braes;’ and though often as we have heard and admired it, we never felt its power so intensely as at that delightful moment. At the close of this performance, several gentlemen, entering into the spirit of ‘social glee,’ which then warmed every bosom, volunteered their services in the same way. ‘It was upon a Lammas Night,’ was accordingly sung *con amore*, and led us once more back to the days of youth and hope. ‘John Anderson my jo,’ followed. It was executed with a degree of taste and feeling seldom attained by amateurs; and if the writer of this notice could have forgotten a certain passage in his own eventful life, which had just been forced on his remembrance by the simple story of ‘Ye Banks and Braes,’ fancy might easily have painted his last days like those of John Anderson—but alas! he is yet a Bachelor, and ‘Time, the thief, has stolen his locks away.’ Miss Tunstall closed the concert, by singing, ‘Cam’ ye by Athol,’ and left the whole party in equal admiration of her obliging frankness, and the power—the pathos—and brilliant execution which she displayed in her songs.

“We now took leave of this ‘charmed spot,’ resolved at some future period to renew our visit. Upon returning to Ayr, we were conducted to see some specimens of sculpture, by a young and rustic artist, of the name of Thom, who had just made his debut in that sublime art; and we were equally delighted and surprised at the extraordinary success of his efforts. Mr Thom is a native of Dalrymple, in Ayrshire. He was bred a mason, but from the commencement of his apprenticeship he shewed a great predilection for the ornamental department of his business and was frequently employed at carved work, sometimes cutting a ram’s head, or occasionally copying the distorted

visages of some sculptured fountain, for his amusement. He had, however, higher game in view, and finding that these minor efforts gave satisfaction, he proposed to Mr David Auld, of Ayr, to cut a figure of Tam O'Shanter. Mr Auld, whose love of the arts, and admiration of Burns, are well known, immediately employed Mr Thom, and, under his auspices, the statue was completed. Mr Auld, we were informed, generously intends that it shall be placed at the monument. The figure is as large as life, and is seated in an antique elbow chair, with the left hand carelessly resting on the knob of the chair-arm, while the right is in the act of carrying a horn of 'reaming swats' to his mouth, but suspended for a moment, near the lip, until the laugh, with which his countenance is lighted up, shall be over. There is in the features such a mixture of glee, humour, and shrewdness, as to produce, with admirable effect, that 'deil may care' expression which we have observed in the face of a jovial farmer in his cups, 'O'er a' the ills of life victorious; and, withal, such a degree of vivacity that the spectator is completely bewitched by the illusion, and would hardly be surprised if Tam were to give a toast at the end of his laugh. The costume is a broad bonnet—a coat and vest of the last century, with the legs encased in rig-and-fur gamasheons, all of exquisite workmanship. The proportions and symmetry of the figure are faultless, and it possesses in its attitude the ease and freedom of real life.

“In order to encourage the artist, a subscription had been entered into for a statue of Souter Johnnie, the boon companion of the celebrated Tam. The artist had already commenced, and so far as he had gone, when we had the pleasure of seeing him, he has been equally happy as in his first attempt. The head of the Souter was nearly finished. He wears a night cap of the true Kilmarnock sort, and on his broad face there rests a smile of ineffable satisfaction, as if he had just told one of his “queerist stories,” and was conscious of his power to set the table in a roar. The ori-

ginality displayed by Mr Thom, both in the conception and execution of these figures, is exceedingly striking, and merits every success. We therefore trust that the decided proofs of extraordinary talent he has already evinced for this highest department of art, will be cherished and patronised by the lovers of sculpture ; and that Ayrshire may yet be able to boast of another of her rustic sons delighting the world by the productions of unrivalled genius."

This was the first public notice of the celebrated figures of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny. They were immediately afterwards exhibited in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and London, where they drew crowds of admiring spectators. They received universal applause as unique specimens of art, and the ingenious artist realised all the success that had been anticipated for him by his friends.

BUTESHIRE.

THIS county consists of the Islands of Bute and Arran, and the small Isles of the greater and lesser Cumbrays, and Inchmarnock. Bute is situated in the Frith of Clyde, upon the coast of Cowal, from which it is separated by a long narrow channel, of about half a mile in breadth, called the Kyles of Bute. It is about eighteen miles in length, and its greatest breadth from east to west, is about five miles. It is hilly throughout, particularly on the Cowal side ; at its northern extremity it is rocky and barren, but the southern part is more fertile. In that district, very extensive tracts are under cultivation, and it is well inclosed.

A large portion of the Island forms the original patrimony of the family of Bute, and of course its welfare and improvement have been objects of great and uniform solicitude to the noble proprietors. The influence of the latter has often been very successfully exerted with Government in favour of their friends and dependants in the county, ever since their great ancestor, John, Earl of

Bute, was elevated to the office of Prime Minister, at the commencement of the reign of George the Third. Prior to that period, Bute, and all that belonged to it, exhibited nothing but poverty, wretchedness, and decay ; so much so, indeed, that a writer, while describing the town of Rothesay in 1762, states that “many of the houses then lay in ruins.” Thenceforward, however, both the Island and its inhabitants have progressively prospered, and, at this moment, there is not, perhaps, in Scotland, a spot that exhibits more unequivocal symptoms of wealth, or a more diffused enjoyment of all the substantial comforts that belong to a highly improved condition of society. It was under the auspices of the Bute family that the Herring Fishery was established at Rothesay, and a commodious harbour formed for the use of the vessels engaged in it. This was productive of great emolument to the inhabitants, in consequence of peculiar advantages enjoyed by the port—though some of them connected with the salt duties are said not to have been over favourable to the revenue. But, of late years, the prosperity of the Island is chiefly to be ascribed to steam navigation, and the cotton spinning manufacture. Agriculture, too, has formed an important pursuit, and the patronage of the present Lord Bute has contributed greatly to extend and improve it. Under the direction of his Lordship’s able and intelligent land-steward, Mr Girdwood, the most rapid improvements in farming have taken place during the last fifteen years. This gentleman conducts all his agricultural operations on the most approved principles—combining scientific knowledge with practical experience. In that respect he has been eminently useful to Bute, and we believe his services are justly appreciated by his noble employer. In the grazing of cattle, as well as in the general business of farming, Bute owes to his example a reputation that now equals that of the first agricultural

districts of Scotland. Mr Girdwood is also known as a successful contributor to various literary journals.

Arran lies to the south-west of Bute, nearer the mouth of the Frith, directly opposite to the mouth of Loch Fyne. It is from twenty-four to thirty miles in length. Its greatest breadth from east to west is about fourteen miles. The surface of the Island is every where rugged and mountainous; and it is said, that from the top of Goatfell, its highest mountain, England, Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man, can be seen at once.

It is remarkable as having been the original patrimonial property of the Crown. In 1334, it belonged entirely to Robert Stuart, great Steward of Scotland, afterwards Robert the Second. The inhabitants at that period nobly seconded their lord, and took up arms in his cause, in gratitude for which he not only remitted an annual tribute of corn which they had been long accustomed to pay, but conferred some new privileges, and presented a donation to every man who had taken the field in his favour. In 1456, the Island was ravaged by Donald, the Lord of the Isles. It was then the property of James the Second. In the next reign, however, it ceased to belong to the Crown, in consequence of the King's sister being matched to Thomas, Lord Boyd, to whom it was transferred as part of the Princess's dowry. This nobleman was soon created Earl of Arran, but afterwards fell into disgrace, when the King caused the Countess to be divorced from her luckless husband, and then bestowed both the lady and the Island on Sir James Hamilton. Accordingly, with the exception of a very few farms, it still forms part of the Hamilton family inheritance. There are many traditionary accounts of the Island having been the favourite hunting ground of "Fingal, the son of Comhal," the father of Ossian. It is full of rude antiquities having reference to the name of that hero. A less doubtful tradition, however, states it to have been the chosen shelter of Robert Bruce, during his adverse fortunes. The fidelity of

his Arran vassals was never afterwards forgotten by that monarch. Numbers of them followed him to the mainland to combat the English. Their zeal and valour merited reward, and the grateful Robert was not slow to confer it. After the battle of Bannockburn, the Fullartons, the M'Cooks, M'Kinnons, M'Brides, and M'Loues, received charters of land in the Island. All these, except the Fullartons, and a Stuart, descended from a son of Robert the Second, are now absorbed by one great family. It is curious that, notwithstanding the extent of the Island, and its conspicuous appearance in the Firth, it is unnoticed by any of the ancients. Camden, indeed, states it as the *Glota* of Antonine, but no such name occurs in the Itinerary of the latter, and, therefore, it must have been bestowed on Arran by some of his commentators.

The Islands of the greater and lesser Cumbrays are situated on the coast of Ayrshire, to the south-east of Bute; and the small Isle of Inchmarnock between that island and Cowal, which derives its name from St Marnoch. The ruins of a chapel are to be seen on it, where, in ancient times, there is said to have been a cell of monks. This little Island is computed to contain 120 acres of arable land, 40 of brushwood, about 300 of moor, and it has a vast stratum of coral and shells on its western side. Its surface is finely diversified with hill and dale.

While this county affords, perhaps, one of the best instances existing, of the progress of general improvement in Scotland, during the last half century, it also exemplifies, in a very striking manner, the degraded character of that spurious representation which is the political disgrace of the country, and which nothing but a system of fraud and villany could have so long perpetuated, in defiance of the increasing lights and intelligence of the age. In this respect Bute has acquired a sort of disgraceful immortality, for it was the only county that the Lord Advocate, Jeffrey, quoted as an example of mock representation, in his

celebrated speech on the second reading of the Scottish Reform Bill in 1831. On that occasion his Lordship certainly made an example of Bute. His illustration is equally curious and instructive, and we shall here quote it in evidence both of the fraudulent system, under which Scotsmen were so long kept out of their just political rights, and of the strong necessity that called for a regeneration of the Constitution by means of Parliamentary Reform. "In Buteshire," his Lordship said, "the voters were twenty-one, and twenty of them had no property whatever in the county. At one election there, within the memory of man, when the day of election arrived, only one person qualified to vote attended, and that person was the Sheriff. He read the writ to the meeting as Sheriff; then he constituted the meeting; then, having constituted the meeting, he called over the names on the roll; then he answered to the names himself; then he put the vote for a preses to the meeting; then he elected himself preses; then he moved that the resolutions of the meeting be confirmed; then he confirmed them himself; then, last of all, he put the representation to the vote, and being himself the whole meeting, made an unanimous return!!!" It is scarcely necessary to add that the House of Commons was convulsed with laughter on hearing this detail of the perfection of Scottish representation.

ROTHESAY.

ROTHESAY, which was once the favourite residence of kings, is now merely distinguished as a favourite watering place, affording peculiar advantages as a residence for invalids. Its situation is particularly delightful; and the prospect on entering its beautiful bay is highly interesting. Hills covered with wood, and verdant to the top, rise on either side; at one extremity of the bay, is seen a lively and bustling little town, with an ancient castle

towering in ruined grandeur amid modern buildings ; neat and well-built houses encircle the shore like a crescent ; and beyond these, in the distance, the lofty mountains of Arran lift their bare and craggy summits to the sky. There are few towns on the Clyde more frequented as a watering place. The air is peculiarly mild and salubrious ; and even during winter it is visited by valetudinarians, who find the most salutary relief from its mild and genial climate. The bay has been likened by the too partial enthusiasm of its admirers to the bay of Naples ; but it is not without reason that the salubrity of the climate has acquired for Rothesay the name of the Montpellier of Scotland.

Indeed so celebrated has it become as a resort for persons afflicted with diseases of the chest and lungs, that invalids have been ordered hither even from the southern counties of England. Of late years, too, many medical men, both in Edinburgh and Glasgow, have uniformly recommended it as a place of residence for pthysical patients, whenever medicine has happened to prove unavailing ; judiciously preferring it to any of the far famed places on the Continent, not merely for the salubrious qualities of its climate, but for the obvious advantage of keeping up the spirits of the patient, by enabling him at all times to enjoy the accustomed society of his friends, and the cheering sympathy of those he loves. Nor is it on slight grounds that this preference is awarded to Rothesay, even when climate alone is taken into the account. Several eminent Members of the Faculty, while labouring under pulmonary or chest complaints, have themselves borne testimony to the salutary effect of its mild temperature, by recording the relief they experienced, during all seasons, by living in the genial atmosphere of Bute. Among others, the late Dr Dunlop, of Glasgow, an accomplished physician, and very amiable man, used to descant with eloquent enthusiasm on the advantages derived by consumptive and asthmatic patients,

from a residence in Rothesay. He himself passed the latter years of his life there, and was so convinced, from personal observation, of the beneficial effects of the climate, that, from time to time, he gave the result of his experience to the public through the medium of the journals; at least several ingenious communications on the subject appeared in a newspaper of that period, and they were generally ascribed to his pen. He had, of course, the merit of first calling attention to it, and Bute has ever since enjoyed high reputation as possessing a climate peculiarly adapted for relieving the consumptive. Several others, however, have followed in the track of Dr Dunlop, and his original ideas have been invariably confirmed. Most of the Glasgow newspapers contain evidence of this, in various communications, but we refer more particularly to the *Scots Times*, in which the climate of Bute was long a favourite topic of discussion. In the beginning of 1830, a correspondent of that journal addresses the Editor as follows:—

“From experience, as well as observation, during several years, I agree with you in thinking that the Island of Bute possesses advantages not enjoyed by any of our other watering places. It is certain that the atmosphere is a vast deal milder, and the temperature more uniformly congenial to the human frame, in a state of debility, than any where else in Scotland. It wants, indeed, the perpetual serenity and purity of a southern sky; but on this very account it produces less of that irritation which is so injurious in a very dry atmosphere, and it more easily assimilates the constitution to its circumstances. It wants, too, that delicious fragrance, which in Madeira and the wine countries, perpetually regale our senses; but receiving, as it does, from the neighbouring shores, and emitting from its surface the sweet effluvia of the heather blossoms, and other native flowers, on the mountain heath, which, though less powerful, are more salubrious, the invalid has no oc-

casion to regret the absence of the richer perfumes of the south. I am not sufficiently versant in the subject to warrant my attempting to account for Bute's possessing advantages so peculiar ; but I shall mention a fact, and I need hardly add, that at any time one fact is worth a whole volume of hypothesis. About twenty or thirty years ago, a medical gentleman of the name of Morrison, of great landed property in Aberdeenshire, who had certain pectoral ailments from which he suffered much during the winter season, concluded from the topographical description of Bute, and a bare inspection of its situation on the map, that it would be a salutary retreat for him during the winter months. He accordingly made the experiment, and with complete success. He repeated it for a number of seasons, until he felt himself sufficiently recovered to return to his estate. This gentleman gave the preference to the interior of the island, and chose, I believe, latterly, for his residence, Stewart Hall, on the west side. I had at that time some conversation with him as to what he held to be the chief causes of the mildness and salubrity of Bute. If I recollect rightly, he said it appeared to him to enjoy, besides the advantage of being surrounded by that great equalizer of temperature, *the sea*, that of complete shelter from the east, north, and north-east winds, which were not only broken by the chain of mountains and hills intervening on the east coast, but were softened by coming frequently in contact with arms of the sea, which necessarily stript those winds of much of their asperity. He remarked also that Bute itself being of but small extent, and for the most part slightly elevated above the level of the sea, had advantages similar to those of a glen amidst a mountainous country. In this opinion, experience teaches me that Dr Morrison was correct, for I have frequently, while in walking along the east shore, exposed to the full fury of a north-east wind, in the very coldest days of winter, felt it as salu-

tary and refreshing as a southern or westerly breeze on the main-land. I think, however, that Bute also owes much to the general dryness of its substratum—and to its moderate elevation and variety of hill and dale, over which its old fashioned country roads imperceptibly lead vale-tudinary rambles, in order to enjoy fresh views of its bewitching scenery, by which they are beguiled into exercise that is at once exhilarating and salubrious.”

Thus far we have medical authority, founded on personal observation and experience. But of all the opinions which might be quoted in favour of Bute, as a residence for invalids, perhaps that of the author of *Maltese Sketches*,* published in 1828 and 1829 in the Scots Times, is the most decisive that has been given on the subject. Besides the advantage of a three years' residence in the Island, during which he carefully noted the effects of the atmosphere on his own constitution and complaint, which he knew to be consumptive, the writer of those sketches had previously tried a voyage up the Mediterranean for the recovery of his health—he had also visited Naples, Rome, Civita Vecchia, Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, Malta, and the South of France, with the same view; and, after an absence of two years, returned to find relief only in Bute. His conviction as to the superiority of its climate was thus, no doubt, derived in some measure from feeling as well as observation; but that the conclusions which he drew in its favour were not altogether arbitrary, may be seen from the following remarks, addressed by him to a literary friend, and written only a few weeks before his death:—

RESIDENCE FOR INVALIDS.

“It has been often said, that every third or fourth person we meet with might be described as in some shape or other an invalid; but I would even go a little farther, and ven-

* Mr Alexander Malcolm, of Glasgow.

ture to affirm, that if every man were closely questioned upon the true state of his health, there would scarcely be found one of a hundred who could aver, that he was altogether free from bodily infirmity. No information, therefore, can be more valuable than that which may contribute in any degree to the alleviation or cure of so much individual suffering.

“ In what I am now about to communicate to you chiefly with that view, I do not profess to give any thing either exclusively *new* or peculiarly *entertaining* ; but I think I am right when I remark, that among all the learned and able persons who have written on the subject, either recommending to invalids particular places of residence abroad, or showing that a climate, not less beneficial than any other, is to be found at home, no one has ventured to assert, that *there is such a climate in any part of Scotland*. My principal object then is to show, that *there is, in point of fact, a place of that description* ; and that the place I allude to is the Island of Bute.

“ But before proceeding to explain the reasons which have induced me to form this judgment, I shall take a brief survey of the opinions which have been promulgated respecting some of the other favourite places referred to by Dr Clark, in his judicious volume on climate. A new edition of that work was lately published, and it may be understood to contain all the latest and most valuable information to be found on the subject. England is of course the first field of the Doctor's inquiries ; and he divides the most temperate portions of it into two districts, viz. the south and the south-west coasts. According to this division, we have Hastings, Brighton, Chichester, Gosport, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight, on the south. The general character of the climate of that district is, humidity and heaviness, many parts of the plain being remarkable for febrile diseases, accompanied with agueish symptoms ; but at Hastings, Brighton, and the Isle of Wight,

the climate is said to be peculiarly mild, and consequently beneficial in many pectoral complaints—Hastings, especially, is completely sheltered from the north and north-east winds by hills; and the walks there, besides, are described by Dr Clark as admirably suited to the recreation of invalids. Yet it is a remarkable fact, that during the autumn, and even down to December, the temperature of Brighton is found to be milder, and more favourable for people who labour under a relaxed state of the system. The air of Brighton, indeed, is at all seasons elastic, dry, and bracing.—At Undercliff, again, which is situated on the south-east coast of the Isle of Wight, the air is said to be still more mild and salubrious than it is at either Hastings or Brighton. Dr Lempriere says, ‘Snow is rarely seen, and frosts are only partially known here, while it is sheltered by terraces four to six and seven feet high, from the north, north-west, and west winds. Here also the myrtle, geranium, and other exotics flourish luxuriantly, and the walks are easy and extensive.’ The climate of Southampton, on the other hand, is said to be the most variable of all; and I can testify from my own experience during a short residence there in the spring months, that it must be the most pernicious place in England for persons with weak lungs. Then on the south-west coast we have Tor Quay, Dawlish, Sidmouth, Kingsbridge, Salcombe, and Hams (the Montpelier of Huxham). Of all these places Tor Quay is said to be the best, perhaps because it is protected from the north and east winds. But not one of the situations which have yet been named seem to be comparable to Penzance—I mean for a mild and equable temperature. Here the mean annual temperature is 52.16, or 1.77 above that of London; but it is $5\frac{1}{4}$ degrees warmer in winter, 2 colder in summer, 1 warmer in spring, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ warmer in autumn. ‘This equal distribution of heat,’ says Dr Clark, ‘throughout the year at Penzance, which we have compared so advantageously with that of London, is still more striking when compared with that of the south of

Europe. Madeira is the only climate, perhaps, superior in this respect.' Penzance is only exceptionable on account of its high winds and heavy rains; for it has been ascertained, that just double the quantity of rain falls there that falls during the year in London.

"I shall now follow the Doctor to France, which he divides in the same manner as he does England, considering the climate first of the S.E., and secondly of the S.W. portion of that country. Provence, however, is the main field of his observation, and he comprehends here the different towns of Hyeres, Toulon, Marseilles, Montpellier, Aix, Nismes, and Avignon. The winter temperature of Provence is said to be $1\frac{1}{2}$ degrees above the west of England, while it is distributed very unequally. The difference of the mean of warmest and coldest is 35—in the S. W. of England 22—in the S. E. of France 30—and in Madeira only 14. Here also rain falls only 67 days, while in London the number is 178. The general characteristic, therefore, of the air in this climate is, that it is dry, hot, and irritating. We learn from some of the French writers, that in 1709 the ports of Toulon and Marseilles were frozen over; but after the experience of the winter of 1829-30, there will be no occasion to go so far back for proofs that even in the most favourable places of the South of Europe that season may occasionally exhibit all the hideous features of the severest hyperborean sky. In this part of France, besides, it appears that the range of temperature is much wider than our own, being, according to most accurate calculations, three to one for the year, and two to one for the day. On the subject of the far-famed climate of Montpellier, Dr Clark is exceedingly brief, judging wisely, no doubt, that it was useless to add any thing to the bitter account of it which has been transmitted to us by Smollett; but it is also remarkable, that M. Murat, in his medical topography for 1810, states, on the authority of Fournier, that the number of deaths at the Hotel Dieu, in 1763, was 154,

of whom 55 died of pulmonary consumption. This was more than a third. Dr Clark is equally brief in his observations on the climate of the S. W. of France. He speaks chiefly of Pau, the capital of the department of the Lower Pyrenees, and he describes the air as ‘calm, moderate, and cold.’ He adds, however, that the sun is powerful in winter, and that the rains are of short duration. The mildness of the spring and its little liability to winds, render it favourable to chronic affections of the larynx, trachia, and bronchia, or chronic affections of the mucous membranes.

“I cannot here enter minutely into a review of the valuable remarks which Dr Clark has published upon the climate of Italy and Madeira. On that of Italy, and the Mediterranean generally, I have given you the results of my own experience in former communications; and Madeira, you are aware, has been the subject of discussion in many recent publications. But to bring the whole into one view, I transcribe the following clear summary of Dr Clark’s conclusions as to the benefit likely to be derived from climate in attempting the cure of consumption:—

“ ‘When removal to a warm climate is decided on, the next subject which naturally presents itself for consideration, regards the selection of that which is most suitable to the case. The question has been often put to me—Which is the best climate? The truth is, no one climate or situation is the best in all cases. In the first part of this work I have given the character of the climate of the different places resorted to by invalids; and have endeavoured to draw a comparative view of their respective merits, and to this I beg to refer the reader. With regard to the climate of the South of France and Italy, I may here observe, that for consumptive invalids, in whom there exists much sensibility to harsh and keen winds, and more especially if the immediate vicinity of the sea is known to disagree with them—Rome or Pisa are the best

situations for a winter residence. When, on the contrary, the patient labours under a languid or oppressed circulation, with a relaxed habit, and a disposition to congestion or to hæmorrhage, rather than to inflammation, and, more especially, where the sea air is known by experience to agree with the individual—Nice deserves the preference. In cases complicated with gastric irritation, however, Nice is an improper residence, its climate being decidedly inimical to that state. The climate of Hyeres may be considered similar to that of Nice in this respect. The influence of such a morbid condition of stomach in modifying all other diseases, is sufficient to claim for it the chief consideration in deciding which climate deserves to be preferred. Judging, however, from experience, I should say, that where this state of the stomach exists, a climate which disagrees with it will do the patient little good, whatever may be the other disease under which he labours.'

" 'In conclusion,' adds Dr Clark, 'I would submit the following corollaries as a summary of my views regarding the nature and causes of consumption, and its treatment, more especially as connected with the effects of climate:—

" '1st, That tubercles in the lungs constitute the essential character and immediate cause of consumption.

" '2d, That tubercles originate in a morbid condition of the general system.

" '3d, That such a state of the system frequently has for its cause hereditary predisposition ; in other instances it is induced by various functional disorders ; while in a third class of cases, (perhaps the most numerous,) it arises from the conjoint effect of these causes.

" '4th, That consumption is to be prevented only by such means as shall counteract the hereditary predisposition (where it exists), and maintain the healthy condition of the various functions from infancy to the full development of the body.

“ ‘ 5th, That in the general disorder of the health which leads to tubercular cachexy—in tubercular cachexy itself—and even when tubercles are formed in the lungs, unattended with much constitutional irritation, a residence in a mild climate will prove beneficial ; and also in cases of chronic consumption, at any stage, when the lungs are not extensively implicated in tubercular disease, and when the system does not sympathise much with the local disorder.

“ ‘ 6th, That in cases of confirmed consumption, in which the lungs are extensively diseased, and when hectic fever, emaciation, and the other symptoms which characterise its advanced stages, are present, change of climate can be of no service, and may even accelerate the progress of the disease.

“ ‘ 7th, That climate, to be effectual in any case, requires to be continued for a considerable time, in most cases for years.’

“ Such are the conclusions at which this judicious medical author arrives, after discussing in all its various phases, the subject of climate for the consumptive.

“ Having thus brought under review the opinions which appear to be entertained of all the most remarkable places of resort for pulmonary patients, I shall recur to my original purpose, and endeavour to shew that there is at least *one place* at home which possesses, even in point of climate, all the advantages of a residence either in England or in foreign countries. I have long been of the opinion expressed by Dr Clark, that it is folly to send such invalids abroad in *any stage of their disease* ; but I am now disposed to speak still more decidedly on the subject, and to assert, that no measure can be more inexpedient or fallacious. Experience has shewn, that this disease runs a more rapid course in *hot* than in colder climates, and that in Italy particularly, the patient seldom survives four, five, or six months.

“The Island of Bute is situated nearly in the latitude of Glasgow, and the beautiful bay in which Rothesay lies is surrounded on every side, except the east, by lofty hills. Although the town itself is rather exposed, yet there are lines of houses extending along the west and south sides of the bay, for nearly a mile in each direction, which are completely sheltered from the prevailing winds. This favoured spot is seldom visited by any severe or lasting frosts, and the prevailing winds for at least nine months of the year, are the south and south-west. The east and north-east winds are only felt in Rothesay during a few weeks of spring, and even at that time the inhabitants on the south side of the bay (the situation usually recommended to valetudinarians) are finely sheltered from the severer blasts by a ridge of high hills behind. If the other side be without these advantages, there seems to be less hazard of damp there ; for the sun shines upon the houses, either behind or in front, the whole day ; and, to shew that the climate in that quarter, is not less genial on the whole, I deem it only necessary to mention, that in the garden of Mr Clark, which is guarded against the north-east blast by a common wall, the myrtle, the geranium, and several varieties of the rose, thrive in all seasons, and are never injured by any severity of the weather.

From a register which has been regularly kept by Mr Thom, of the cotton works in Rothesay, I am enabled to give the following Table of the extreme degrees of heat and cold in the Island for the last six years, taken at 9 A.M. in the open air :—

	Heat,	Cold.
1823.....	63 ...	26
1824.....	64 ...	24
1825.....	68 ...	29
1826.....	70 ...	24
1827.....	66 ...	24
1828.....	68 ...	29

And the medium temperature of every month of 1828, may be stated thus :—

January	41	July.....	60
February.....	41	August.....	60
March.....	44	September.....	57
April.....	46	October.....	51
May.....	53	November	47
June.....	58	December	46

“During 1829-30 the cold was more intense, and there was a heavier fall of snow, even in Bute, than perhaps ever were known before. The mercury was so low as 20 or 21, but the range of temperature here, as at Penzance, is not nearly so extensive as it is at any time on the main land. Bute may be to Glasgow what Penzance is to London throughout the year. I have not the means of ascertaining the precise difference in degrees at the different seasons, but I know that on one day of January last the thermometer was 6 degrees lower in Rothesay than it was at the same moment in Glasgow; and I should suppose that in summer, the temperature of Bute may be the same number of degrees colder, in consequence of the ordinary influence of sea air at that period. But what appears to me to distinguish this island so much from other places, and to enhance its value as a residence for invalids, is its almost total exemption from those heavy fogs which hang over the main land during frosty weather, excluding all sunshine, and making the air equally cold, dense, and unwholesome. In the Island of Bute, these fogs may be said to be altogether unknown, although they can be distinctly discerned on the opposite coast; arrested, apparently in their progress at the mouth of the bay, as if through the agency of some secret *Hygeian* power, for which no meteorologist has yet been able to account. Hence, also, snow has rarely been known to remain on the ground more than twenty-four hours at a time, and strangers visiting the Island in win-

ter have frequently expressed their astonishment at the singular but delightful contrast exhibited within the distance of a few miles ; a contrast which presented green fields and roses in full blow, smiling around them, after they had just quitted the bleak and dismal country of fogs and hoar frost. ‘ Here,’ said a poetical visitor, one day after his arrival, ‘ is another Arcadia, where an eternal spring seems to reign ; while there we find nothing but the emblems of winter in all their most appalling forms.’

“ With some people the Isle of Man is thought an eligible residence for invalids on account of the mildness of its climate. But it has so many disadvantages, in other respects, that it can never be judiciously recommended as a residence for the consumptive. For the sake of comparison I shall add the following general state of the weather in that Island for the year ending 31st December, 1825 ; as taken at Douglas, at 9 o’clock, A. M., the thermometer in a northern exposure, always out :—

1825.	Med. Ther.		Weather.		
Months.	A. M.	P. M.	No. of Days.		
			R.	S.	F.
January.....	46	43	11	~	20
February.....	39	40	11	2	15
March.....	44 $\frac{1}{2}$	41	7	1	23
April.....	47 $\frac{1}{2}$	45 $\frac{1}{2}$	9	~	21
May.....	53 $\frac{1}{2}$	48 $\frac{1}{2}$	10	~	21
June.....	58	54 $\frac{1}{2}$	12	~	18
July.....	64 $\frac{1}{2}$	59	2	~	29
August.....	64	59	15	~	16
September.....	63	59	16	~	14
October.....	52	52 $\frac{1}{2}$	20	1	10
November.....	42 $\frac{1}{4}$	43	19	1	10
December.....	40	38	13	2	16
Med.....	51 $\frac{1}{2}$	48 $\frac{1}{2}$	145	7	213

	A. M.	P. M.
Highest State of the Thermometer.....	72	68
Lowest.....	30	23

“Although the temperature of the Isle of Man may thus appear to be somewhat milder than that of Bute ; yet the climate there, as well as at Penzance, and other places in the south and west of England, must be always objectionable in consequence of its humidity. And I am inclined to think, that a long course of wet weather must be infinitely more injurious to invalids of almost every description than a greater degree of cold, attended by a pure atmosphere and a clear sky.

“It will not, of course, be inferred from any of the observations which I have been induced to hazard on this important subject, that the most fortunate choice of climate will ever be beneficial without due attention to *Diet* and *Exercise*.* With regard to diet, perhaps our own ex-

* “Since my return to Scotland, after a tour in pursuit of health, through some parts of Italy, and the South of France, I have resided chiefly in Bute. Shortly after my arrival at Rothesay, I was introduced to a gentleman well advanced in life, who, after hearing me explain some of the symptoms of my disease, mentioned that, about twenty years before, he himself had been affected by the same complaint ; but by steadily following out a particular course, prescribed for him by his medical adviser, he had gradually subdued all his ailments, and now enjoyed perfect health. He added, that his case had been generally regarded, at the time, as a hopeless one, and then showed the following description of it, as stated to him in writing by his physician, Dr Jas. Hamilton of Edinburgh :—‘ Sir—The opportunity which I have had of fully considering your ailment, has enabled me to the best of my judgment, to ascertain that it embraces two sorts of symptoms—the one of a pectoral nature, the other more properly stomachic. To the former, as of greatest importance, the first attention is due. They do not appear to me to involve as yet, very dangerous consequences. Hopes may therefore be entertained of their favourable termination. The symptoms to which I allude are cough, and stiffness in the breast ; hurried respiration on moving quickly or ascending an acclivity ; or on speaking or reading much ; expectoration of a thick matter in the morning, sometimes mixed with blood ; tendency to perspiration ; with weakness, loss of flesh, and irregularity of the pulse.’ Some general instructions are then given by Dr H. with regard to diet, which is required to be a due portion of both animal and vegetable food, but plain, light, and moderately nourishing, and cooked in the simplest manner ; and he con-

perience is our best physician. The diet which is found to be salutary and agreeable to one, may be very pernicious and revolting to another. We learn from Tacitus (Annals 5.), that Tiberius used to laugh at all who,

cludes by saying, that a glass or two of wine may be superadded. But what seems to have contributed mainly to the convalescence of this gentleman was, the constant use of the cold bath at all seasons, beginning of course, gradually, by sprinkling first of all the extremities, and afterwards the chest and back with vinegar and salt water, until the whole body became steeled, as it were, against the consequences of the coldest application; the great object of the general treatment being to unite firmness as opposed to relaxation or delicacy, and coolness as opposed to heat or irritability in the whole constitution.

“ This, I believe, is the entire secret of the system pursued by Dr Stewart of Erskine in all pulmonary complaints, and by means of which, though not a medical man by profession, he has acquired so much reputation. Dr Sanders of Edinburgh, I have been told, however, denies the claim of Dr Stewart to originality in this matter entirely, and states, that the theory was first broached by him (Dr S.) in an Essay which he read in a debating society at Edinburgh, thirty years ago, when all his views were opposed by Dr Stewart, so that if there be any merit in this new treatment at all, it must belong to him. But the truth is, there is no originality to contend about, for the simple position, that cold bathing must be efficacious in pulmonary complaints, is as old as Celsus. His words are, ‘*In omni tussi utilis est natatio.*’ Cardan commends bathing in fresh and cold water, and advises all who wish to live long to use it; for it agrees with all ages and complexions—‘*Frigidis æquis sæpe lavare debent; nulli ætati cum sit incongrua, calidis imprimis utilis.*’ Dr Smollett also practised it in his own case, for which, I believe, he was censured by all the eminent medical practitioners of that period, although he cites many instances of cure performed by the same treatment. In one of his letters he says, ‘ Our acquaintance, Dr C., while he actually spit up matter, and rode out every day for his life, led his horse to water at the pond in Hyde Park, one cold frosty morning, and the animal, which happened to be of a hot constitution, plunged himself and his master over head and ears into the water. The poor doctor hastened home almost dead with fear, and was put to bed in the apprehension of a new imposthume, instead of which he found himself exceedingly recruited in his spirits, and his appetite much mended. I advised him to take the hint, and go into the cold bath every morning.’ Smollett also says in the same letter, ‘ I saw one of the guides at Bath, the stoutest fellow among them, who re-

after thirty years of age, would take counsel of others about diet ; and Cicero advises, that we ought so to moderate ourselves that we have *senectutem in juventute et in senectute juventutem*. The best way undoubtedly is to feed sparingly on one or two dishes at most, or as Seneca remarks, *ventrem bene moratum* ; to choose one of many dishes and feed on that alone.

“ Of all the kinds of Exercise usually recommended to Pthysical patients, both ancient and modern physicians prescribe walking or riding on horseback, as more salutary than any other. Galen, like the late President Jefferson, seems to prefer walking or labour till the body be ready to sweat and *roused up—ad ruborem non ad sudorem*. He also commends *ludum parvæ pilæ*, or ball playing, either with the hand or racket, ‘ as it exercises every part of the body.’ This game, by the bye, is even mentioned by Homer, Herodotus and Pliny, as in great repute among the ancients. But to give any precise rule for invalids is, perhaps, impossible, as the quantum of exercise will always depend on the circumstances or situations of individuals. The use of dumb bells has been much in vogue of late years, and it may be observed that there seems to have been some such means of exercise practised even in the days of Addison. ‘ When I was seven years younger than I am at present (says that elegant writer), I used to employ a more laborious diversion which I learnt from a Latin treatise of exercises, that is written with great erudition. It is there called the fighting with a man’s own shadow ; and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and

covered from the last stage of consumption, by going into the King’s bath contrary to the express injunction of his doctor. He said if he must die, the sooner the better, as he had nothing left for his subsistence. Instead of immediate death he found instant ease, and continued mending every day until his health was entirely re-established.”

loaded with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this way of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.'

"Exercise in the open air, however, is unquestionably the most conducive to health, and walking or riding on horseback, should therefore be sedulously practised by every invalid who entertains any hope of amending his bodily condition.

"Having thus pointed out the peculiar advantages of Bute as a residence for invalids, in consequence of the salubrity of its climate, I shall briefly refer to those other advantages which result from its local position, and from the state of society in the Island. As Rothesay is situated about half way betwixt Glasgow and Inverary, there is a constant communication by means of steam vessels every day of the week, with the main land. This presents innumerable opportunities for taking cheap and healthful excursions by sea to a thousand interesting spots, lying within a range of several hundred miles of coast, along the richest portions of the West of Scotland. Accordingly, if health is to be obtained by easy and agreeable exercise in the open air, and if by diverting the mind from preying upon itself, the cure of an invalid is promoted, nowhere can there be such frequent opportunities of accomplishing these objects than at this watering place. An excursion, in fact, might be planned for every day of the year, and accomplished, too, with unequalled facility—without anxiety, without fatigue, and almost without cost. So much for the advantages that may be derived from mere locality by a residence in the Island of Bute.

“ Then with regard to society, perhaps nowhere is its thousand and one grades to be found so curiously and distinctly marked as in Rothesay. From the peer to the peasant—from the priest to the philosopher—from the lawyer to the merchant—from the man of science and letters down to the ignorant boor. In short, from the courtier to the clown, from the votary of frivolity and fashion to the followers of plain sense—every species of human character may be found in Bute. Thus, let a man’s disposition and habits be what they may, he will find their counterpart in the society of Rothesay, and if he only looks to the mansion of the Marquis of Bute on the one hand, and Kean’s celebrated cottage on the other, or contrast the solemn and exemplary gravity exhibited in the stately residence of the Rev. Mr Denoon, seated upon a hill, with that curious cabinet of gossip, and good humour, the shop of the facetious little woman, Mary M‘Corkindale, in the centre of the town, he will at once admit that it is unnecessary to go farther for some of the most striking varieties of life. Doubtless it cannot be averred that there are no *petits désagrémens* to be found in the society of Bute. But in truth, there are none which may not be said to be peculiar to every watering place in the country, from John O’Groats’ to the Land’s End. In fact it only exhibits in some of its features the same absurdities that are characteristic, I believe, of all small communities, and such as have afforded endless food for ridicule and censure, in all ages, and in all countries. Washington Irving’s account of the Society of Little Britain, is applicable, probably to nine-tenths of all the small towns in the world, and in several particulars it corresponds to that of Bute. Such are the baneful fruits of Idleness. ‘It is certain (says one of our most eloquent writers), that any wild wish or vain imagination never takes such firm possession of the mind as when it is found empty and unoccupied. The old peripatetic principle, that nature abhors a vacuum,

may be properly applied to the intellect, which will embrace any thing, however absurd or criminal, rather than be wholly without an object. Perhaps every man may date the predominance of those desires that disturb his life and contaminate his conscience from some unhappy hour when too much leisure exposed him to their incursions ; for he has lived with little observation either on himself or others who does not know that to be idle is to be vicious.' In quoting this passage, I am far from insinuating that it is generally applicable to the native inhabitants of the island. Though they certainly are not more exempt from faults than others, it must be admitted that idleness cannot be ranked among the number. On the contrary, they are an exceedingly industrious and indefatigable race ; and the Rothesay people, in particular, when prompted by the stimulus of gain, will, in the pursuit of it, defy competition, and, *ceteris paribus*, outstrip those of every other class or condition in the empire. When I allude then to the pernicious effects of idleness, it is only meant to embrace that portion of society in Bute, aptly denominated 'birds of passage'—those who are drawn thither by motives either frivolous or equivocal, and who merely seek to enjoy, upon 'slender means' a little spurious notoriety, during the summer months, in this *Ultima Thule* of fashionable life.

"If the popinjay class of persons, just now referred to, be a very pestilent race in Bute, there is also another class, by no means so conspicuous to be sure, but not a whit less offensive or ridiculous—I mean those stiff, starch, pigheaded aborigines of the island, who obstinately entertain a most preposterous jealousy of strangers, who rail with stupid malignity at the regular influx of new inhabitants as an evil, and who thus, in spite of reason and common sense, quarrel, as it were, with the very means by which they are daily and hourly enriched. Happily for Rothesay, this foolish generation of the pigheads and

dunderpates is fast wearing away, while, as a necessary consequence, the contracted spirit and ignorant prejudices of the *olden time* are beginning to disappear. In proportion as the population of the place increases, this change will be still more advantageous and complete, since intelligence and liberality will be much more widely diffused ; and, therefore, as it is now generally reputed to be the most healthful, so it is to be hoped that ere long it will also become the most social and polished summer residence on the Clyde."

Such were the characteristics of Bute and its little capital, Rothesay, in 1830, as sketched by the hand of one who was intimately acquainted with its many-coloured society. There is little required to complete the picture, or to recommend it with better effect as a residence for invalids. It may be mentioned, however, that nowhere in Scotland is there a watering-place better supplied with medical skill, or that affords superior facilities for obtaining the most prompt and efficient aid from medical science. The physicians on the spot are men of unquestionable ability, but when necessity requires it, the auxiliary advice of very eminent Members of the Faculty can, at all times, be obtained either from Greenock, Glasgow, or Edinburgh, in the course of a few hours.

Rothesay was erected into a royal burgh by charter from Robert III., dated January, 1400, which was confirmed by James VI., in a charter of Novodamus, dated February, 1584. As already observed, it is not of great extent, but since the introduction of steam navigation it has been much enlarged, and is still increasing. There are several well built streets, to which the taste displayed by the shopkeepers in their windows, gives a very cheerful and respectable appearance. An extensive cotton spinning establishment has existed here for many years ; and it is worthy of remark, that the first cotton spun by machinery in Scotland was at this Rothesay manufactory. The ingenious Mr Thom,

of Ascog, so well known for his talents in practical hydraulics, is now a principal partner in the concern, and has long been its chief manager.

ROTHESAY CASTLE.

THIS fine relique of the olden time is situated in the centre of the town. It consists of two portions of very different appearance, and obviously erected in very distant ages. The most ancient portion consists of a circular court, one hundred and thirty-eight feet in diameter, surrounded by a wall eight feet thick and seventeen feet high, with battlements at top. This wall is flanked by four round towers, placed at nearly equal distances ; and the whole has at one time been surrounded by a wet ditch of considerable breadth, and about fifteen feet deep. The newer portion, which was built by Robert II., consists of an oblong keep three stories in height, in front of the ancient gateway, and projecting into the ditch. The entrance to this building was in the north front, and it appears to have been approached by a drawbridge. In this keep are the royal apartments where Robert II. and Robert III. occasionally resided. The situation of the hall can be still pointed out, though much of the building has fallen down ; and the room or rather closet in which Robert III. died, is shown in the south-east corner of the building. This was the good but too gentle tempered monarch, so graphically portrayed in Sir Walter Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth."

In the circular court yard stands the chapel, which is in the pointed style of architecture ; and the font and basin for holy water, still remain. Traces of other buildings have been discovered in the court yard ; one of which seems to have been the armourer's workshop ; the others were probably a guard-room and barracks for the garrison. It is not known when the older portion was erected ; but it could not be earlier than the twelfth century.



ROTHSAY CASTLE



INVERARY CASTLE



DUNSTAFFNAGE

This castle is first mentioned in history in 1228, when it was besieged by Husbac, or Uspac, whom Haco, king of Norway, had made regulus of the Hebrides. It was taken, and a Steward of Scotland is said to have been killed in its defence. It was again taken by the Norwegians in their expedition against Scotland, in 1263, which ended in the battle of Largs. During the reign of John Baliol, it appears to have been in the possession of the English, but when Bruce took Perth, the terror of the example, caused it as well as several others to be surrendered.

Edward Baliol took possession of it in 1334, and strengthened its fortifications ; he appointed Allan de Lile governor, whom he had previously made Sheriff of Bute. The inhabitants, however, hearing of the success of the young Steward, afterwards Robert II., in taking Dunoon Castle, rose upon the English, killed the governor, de Lile, whose head they presented to the Steward. John Gilbert, who was deputy governor, being taken prisoner, changed sides, and caused the castle to surrender.

The castle was inhabited up to 1685, and was often the residence of the ancestors of the Marquis of Bute, who had been made hereditary keepers. In that year, however, during the ineffectual descent on England by the Duke of Monmouth, and on Scotland by the Duke of Argyle, it was taken possession of by the latter. After spending considerable time in Bute to little purpose, he plundered the town of Rothesay, and the castle, of which he also destroyed the doors and windows. It was afterwards burned by his brother, and ever since it has been allowed to fall into ruins. A good antiquarian account of it was published a few years ago, by Mr Mackinlay, of the Customs, at Rothesay.

MOUNT STUART.

AMONG the objects of interest or curiosity which the Island of Bute presents to a stranger, the patrimonial

seat of the noble Bute family is certainly by far the most deserving of attention. It is not indeed either a very splendid or very ancient structure, nor even, in point of convenience, can it be deemed by any means worthy to have been once the abode of a Prime Minister of Britain. Nevertheless, there are various circumstances connected with it, which must ever render it a delightful resort both for the tasteful and the curious ; and on this account are we induced to quote the narrative of an excursion to it in 1828, by an invalid, then resident in Rothesay, who, under the apt title of "*A Day in Bute*," thus describes his visit in a letter to a friend:—"My Dear ****—You know something of the indolent but invigorating pleasures of sea-bathing quarters. The morning's listless loitering on the beach till the hour of nine ring us in to breakfast, sometimes varied in the instance of the more robust and hardy by a dip in the briny deep—the perfect idle seriousness and delight with which the excursion for the day is projected at the breakfast table—the noon day's walk—the evening's stroll—the gossiping visit—all are and must be familiar to you as to me. Why then prate about them, you may ask ? Why, just to tell you that on an evening of last week it was 'in deep divan determined' that on the following day our family party should visit Mount Stuart, the seat of the Marquis of Bute, and thus to introduce our trip to your most sapient and august notice. The morning shone auspiciously for our purpose, and as it had been previously fixed that we should proceed by water, we were soon on board, skirting the shore of the Island. In a very short time, also, with spirits light and tempers gay, we were threading the woods of Mount Stuart.

"The baronial house of Mount Stuart has no great antiquity to boast of ; nor are there any of those associations connected with its history, which frequently render spots deeply interesting that would otherwise remain un-

known. Its extent alone distinguishes it; for no architectural beauty is to be found in its unadorned walls. It appears to be not older than the beginning of the last century. Placed in a lawn studded with noble trees, and gently sloping to the sea, it has an air of sweet and settled serenity, combined with a certain degree of magnificence, which cannot fail to please the eye of taste. The lofty and wide spreading beeches and plane trees which surround it, while they add grandeur to the park, give a sylvan character to the whole scene, covering from the view the house itself, except seaward, in their umbrageous richness, among which it appears “bosomed high in tufted trees.” The ocean also seems as it were to skirt the lawn with liquid silver; thus combining the various features of the soft, the rich, the grand in landscape, and conferring on Mount Stuart a charm not often found in natural scenery. Indeed this seat possesses many beauties peculiar to itself, and the whole may be pronounced truly *picturesque*. By the bye, the phrase here applied, I suspect, is far more frequently used than understood, and I need hardly remind you that our great lexicographer has omitted it. It has, however, been explained most satisfactorily by an elegant English writer, to mean ‘such scenery as a spectator would *wish* to be perpetuated by painting.’ Amidst the luxuriance of the park scenery of Mount Stuart, to contemplate the ocean, that highway of commerce, with its varied vehicles, affording a never-ending source of interest, is to the student of nature, a treat of the most delightful kind. In its changing aspects of repose and turbulence, the sea, indeed, is an object at once beautiful and sublime; for, whether beheld in the mirror-like stillness of a summer’s noon, when it conveys refreshing coolness to the scene, or viewed in the wild magnificence of a winter’s storm, when the angry waves, beating on the rocks which oppose a barrier to their inroads, keep dire harmony with the howlings of

the wind, it is still an object pregnant with interest to every eye which looks abroad on nature awake to all her charms.

“ But I must hasten to the interior of the Mansion, and to the purpose of this letter, which was to bring under your notice one or two of the pictures in the Marquis’s collection. The house is not properly a *shew-house*, nor do I notice it as such; indeed when I visited it on this occasion with our friends, I had no intention of giving any account of our inspection; but as I am anxious to introduce to your observation one picture of great excellence, I have been led to trespass on your indulgence. I speak entirely from the recollections and impressions made at the time of my visit, and not from notes taken on the spot, which will account for my passing over several of the pictures in the house, as well as for the meagreness of my details. The house indeed, which can only be looked on as a marine residence, is not of that class which leads a visitor to expect to find in it any pictures of great excellence or of high value. But as we know that the noble Marquis has at least one good collection in England—I mean at his seat of Luton in Bedfordshire—a collection which has to boast of a splendid specimen from the hands of the severe and sublime Salvator Rosa, we must not complain if we do not meet with many specimens of his taste or magnificence at Bute. The picture thus referred to is one of the few splendid productions in this country of the great master I have named;—it is known under the name of the *Wounded Soldier*.

“ Though the Mount Stuart collection consists entirely of portraits, it must be admitted that they are, with few exceptions, respectable specimens of art. There are none to offend the eye, as in some of the houses of our nobility, where many miserable daubs, miscalled portraits are to be found, with faces staring out of the canvas as if it were in mockery of humanity. They are chiefly of

ancestors and connections of the noble family of Bute—a set of most grave and respectable personages, some cased in mail, and others clothed in ermine. Among the rest there is a very singular portrait of Lady Jane Douglas, dressed in a riding suit. This portrait is curious on many accounts, but particularly so from the mysterious circumstances connected with the history of the lady herself, which are to be found scattered over the proceedings in the famous law-suit, so well known under the name of the *Douglas Cause*—a cause which interested persons of every degree at the time it was in dependence, and which finally agitated even the political parties of the state, when it was decided by the supreme tribunal of the land. Her life was, for the last five years of it, full of romantic circumstances, and connected with events as wonderful in their variety and character, as, I believe, they were to her pregnant with suffering and sorrow. Sympathy for her peculiar situation and that of her offspring, (whether real or suppositious) formed, I have always thought, a large ingredient in procuring the ultimate decision. To many, the case was left as it had been found, at its commencement, a matter of doubt and *difficulty*, and it will ever remain so. Of John Earl of Bute, the unpopular minister of the young King George III., there is a full length picture by Ramsay, son of the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*—an artist who, without attaining to the highest excellence of his art, accumulated by his professional labours a very handsome fortune, not less, it is said, than £40,000—a circumstance very uncommon in the last century, in the history of the painters of this country. This Earl is one of those Statesmen who have obtained an unenvied immortality, in the pages of the eloquent and unsparing *Junius*. It is not possible to look on his figure, standing forth in the glaring colouring of Ramsay, increased in this instance by the robes with which it is clothed, where elegant feebleness is finely

pourtrayed, without feeling how little rank or station avails, when brought into contact with the power of genius—and remembering that though these should clothe their possessor as with triple mail, they resist not the onset of truth or of satire—and when unsupported by political honesty, are helpless as the paper helmet of childhood. This statesman became connected with the accomplished Lady Mary Wortley Montague, by marrying her only daughter, and, accordingly, in what is called the Marchioness' room, there hangs a portrait of that lively and charming woman, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, when she was in the full blaze of her beauty, and an object of extreme interest in the Court of George the First, by her powers of wit and conversation, as well as by the celebrity she had acquired in her travels. Were there nothing else to be seen at Mount Stuart, this picture is sufficient of itself to hallow the spot, and to elevate the apartment which contains so rare a gem to the rank of a temple dedicated to wit and genius. No painter ever gave greater truth to the loveliness of female beauty, or was more happy than Kneller, in transferring to his canvass, those attractive charms with which the *world is witchèd*. In this instance he was most fortunate in his subject, and has displayed even more than his usual skill. The worthy knight, I suspect, must have found the *study* an agreeable one, and painted Lady Mary *con amore*. The accuracy of outline, the gracefulness of attitude, and the fine adjustment of drapery, for which Kneller was so celebrated, are in this delightful picture most happily displayed. Indeed, the taste and fancy of this elegant woman may be said to beam from her countenance as it is here represented by the magic pencil of Sir Godfrey. It was in consequence, I believe, of a request made to her by Pope, that Lady Mary was induced to sit for this portrait, which as a work of art is excellent, and as the faithful portrait of one, the repeated perusal of whose works prove her to have been pre-eminent in wit as she was in

beauty, is of a very high value. To the fickle Poet's devoted admiration of her Ladyship we owe this picture. At the time it was painted, Lady Mary resided at Twickenham, in the immediate neighbourhood of Pope's celebrated villa. He seems to have been delighted with this work of art; for after viewing it, he gave vent to his admiration in the following extemporaneous couplets, which he immediately wrote down and delivered to Lady Mary herself:—

“ The playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,
 That happy air of majesty and truth,
 So would I draw, (but oh! 'tis vain to try;
 My narrow genius does the power deny.)
 The equal lustre of the heavenly mind,
 Where every grace with every virtue's join'd;
 Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe,
 With greatness easy, and with wit sincere,
 With just description show the soul divine,
 And the whole princess in my work should shine.”

How the Poet afterwards conducted himself to this Lady is a matter of history now well known. There is only one other picture which I can notice—it is a portrait of Rubens' by himself, and hangs in the dining-room. This was a *subject* which the painter seems to have been fond of, as there are many portraits of this artist painted by himself, known in different parts of the world. Possessed of a handsome face with a remarkably expressive eye, and a fine figure, he multiplied his likeness on canvas so frequently that Rubens' figure is better known than that of any other painter of his own or any other age. In this picture the peculiar excellencies of the master are very apparent—the brilliancy of colouring—the truth and vitality of the flesh, and the great command of light and shade, which give such effect to his pictures, and a prominence approaching to real life. It is an admirable picture, and an enthusiast in the art would go miles to have a peep at it.

“ Other pictures of very considerable excellence might be enumerated, but the impressions received from them have

now worn away, or were absorbed in those made on me at the time by Kneller's Lady Mary, and Rubens's portrait. Before we had reached the Gothic gate and lodge, lately erected by the noble Marquis, pieces of architecture in excellent taste, and had paid our tribute of admiration to them, as well as to the elegant proportions and details of the iron gates, my mind had lost all trace of the pictures, save those I have noticed.

“ You may say to *****, that the library is a snug and comfortable apartment, containing a respectable collection of English literature, with a few classics, and some French and Italian works. We found nothing, however, that could lead us to suppose that the Marquis belonged to either the Roxburghe or Bannatyne Clubs, for we detected no *fifteeners*, no *black-letter boys*, no *large papers*; nor did we find any traces by which we could discover that the illustrious nobleman ever was afflicted by a disease which sits heavily on some of your friends. But a truce to prosing, I must bring this lengthy epistle to a close. It is likely, however, that another breakfast party may produce a visit to more of the lions of this Island, and if so, you may again hear from,—Yours, &c.”

B.

When we look to the good taste and just discrimination manifested by this ingenious letter writer, it is much to be regretted that on one particular topic he has been brief to a fault. We refer to his notice of Lady Jane Douglas's portrait. The notoriety which that lady acquired in consequence of the celebrated *Douglas Cause*, has in some measure stamped her a public character in the history of the Scottish Aristocracy, and if he had been here writing for the press, he would, doubtless, have dwelt at greater length on the particulars of her life. Perhaps it may not be deemed impertinent in us to supply the hiatus we complain of, and to subjoin, for the benefit of some classes of readers, the following facts, with a portraiture, drawn by the hand of

one who was not only intimately acquainted with Lady Jane, but who joined to his knowledge of her character, all the judgment and discrimination necessary to appreciate the various accomplishments, both of mind and person, by which she seems to have been distinguished :—

“Lady Jane Douglas, descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, was the only daughter of James, second Marquis of Douglas, and Lady Mary Ker, daughter of the first Marquis of Lothian, and was born at Douglas, the 17th of March, 1698. Her brother Archibald, succeeded his father in 1700, and was created Duke of Douglas, by patent, in 1703, with limitation to the heirs male of his body. This nobleman dying without issue in 1761, Lady Jane was of course sister to the only *Duke* that has existed by the name and title of *Douglas*. In August, 1746, when bordering on forty-nine years of age, Lady Jane was married to Colonel Stewart, afterwards Sir John Stewart of Grandtully, in the County of Perth, Baronet. On the 10th of July, 1748, while resident at Paris, her Ladyship had two sons at a birth—first, Archibald James Edward Stewart, late Lord Douglas of Douglas, and second, Sholto Thomas Stewart, who died at Edinburgh in his fifth year. The fact of this accouchement, unexpected from her Ladyship’s advanced age, and extraordinary from many other circumstances, formed afterwards the subject matter, as the lawyers call it, of the *Douglas Cause*, the issue of which in the supreme Court of Scotland, it is well known, was adverse to Lord Douglas, though the judgment was ultimately overturned by the House of Peers. The action was instituted at the instance of the young Duke of Hamilton, with concurrence of his guardians, in December 1762, he being nearest male heir to Lady Jane’s brother, the Duke of Douglas, and after a most voluminous proof, taken both in Britain and France, it was finally determined in 1771. The people of Scotland were so interested in the result, that mobs were called into action on both sides, and in Edin-

burgh, when the news of the Peers' decision arrived, the respective partizans assembled, and broke one another's windows with heedless and ridiculous fury. Lady Jane was grandmother to the present Lord Douglas—her character is graphically and elegantly drawn by the Chevalier Johnstone in his amusing *Memoirs of the Rebellion of 1745*, as follows:—

“ ‘ This worthy and virtuous lady, who was idolised by her country, possessed every good and amiable quality that could adorn her sex. She was beloved, respected, and adored, by all those who had the advantage of knowing her, as well as by the public in general, who only knew her through the high character and reputation she possessed. She had been very beautiful in her youth, and was still beautiful at the age of forty-five; appearing at least fifteen years younger than she really was, from the uniform, temperate, regular, frugal, and simple way of living she had always observed. She was virtuous, pious, devout, and charitable, without ostentation; her devoutness was neither affected nor oppressive to others. Her affability, easy and engaging manners, and goodness of heart, soon set at their ease those who paid court to her, whom her graceful and majestic air might at first have rendered timid. Her mind was highly cultivated. She had a decided taste for literature; she had a great memory, much good sense and intelligence, with sound judgment, and a quick discernment. She possessed great elevation of soul, and was even haughty and proud on proper occasions, supporting her illustrious birth with dignity, without arrogance, and without vanity, but in a manner truly noble. If ever virtue seemed to be unceasingly persecuted by Providence, it was in the person of Lady Jane Douglas, the most amiable of her sex, eminent for every noble quality, and the most perfect model for imitation. In what I have here said to her praise, I have not been guilty of exaggeration. All those who had the good fortune to know her, and who now lament her

death, will say a thousand times more in her praise, without being able to do justice to the merits of this adorable lady, who was as illustrious as she was unfortunate.'”

ARGYLESHIRE.

THIS extensive county is situated on the south-western coast of the Highlands ; but besides the portion which may be termed continental, there are a great number of islands united to it. It contains twenty-seven parishes, and so much is it intersected by arms of the sea, that only one of these can be called inland ; all the others being on the sea-coast. Like the rest of the west Highlands, this county is very mountainous, and is intersected by deep vallies, in many of which are fresh water lakes, possessing varied and picturesque beauties.

Independent of its islands, Argyleshire possesses six-hundred miles of sea-coast, if we follow the various windings and indentations of its shores. Its greatest length from the Mull of Kintyre to the point of Ardnamurchan, is a hundred and fifteen miles, and its greatest breadth sixty-eight miles. Altogether, it is said to contain a surface of two thousand seven hundred and thirty-five square miles. The island portion contains nearly eleven hundred square miles ; so that in whole the county presents a surface of three thousand eight hundred square miles.

The climate of the lower and more southern parts differs very much from that of the higher and more northern parts. In the first, every where surrounded by the sea, the atmosphere is mild and temperate, frost seldom continuing long, and snow rarely lying above two or three days at a time. But the other portion, elevated far above the level of the sea, and bordering on the Grampians, is subject to a severer atmosphere. These lofty mountains are generally covered with snow for a great part of the winter, by which the air is chilled to a considerable distance. The valleys,

however, are not, even in that inclement season, so cold or uncomfortable as might be supposed, from the general aspect of the country. Most of them are low and winding, and derive a great degree of shelter from the surrounding mountains.

INVERARY CASTLE.

THIS splendid mansion is one of the seats of his Grace the Duke of Argyle. It stands on the shores of Loch Fyne, an arm of the sea, which runs from the Frith of Clyde far into Argyleshire. The royal burgh of Inverary is in the immediate vicinity of the castle; and is seen in the distance in the engraving.—(*See Plate.*) The view of the town, the castle, its surrounding pleasure-grounds, and the beautifully wooded hill of Duniquaich, is exceedingly striking. The grounds are admirably laid out; the roads through them are numerous, while numbers of romantic walks intersect and ornament the enclosures. The artificial embellishments of this place have all been executed since the period of the rebellion in 1745, shortly after which event, the foundation of the present castle was laid. This edifice is a large handsome structure; but it may appear diminutive in the eyes of many, from being placed in so low a situation, and in the immediate vicinity of the lofty Duniquaich. It is built of a dark blue pot stone, which appropriately assimilates with the sombre complexion of the thickly wooded scenery which surrounds it. There is little genius displayed in the architecture, for it is simply a square castellated building; having round towers at each corner, and a large one rising in the centre. The inside which is splendidly fitted up, and furnished, contains many spacious apartments, among which the saloon is particularly remarkable. It is said that since the year 1745, about £350,000 Sterling have been laid out in ornamenting this castle and the surrounding grounds; the late Duke alone, having ex-

pended £3000 yearly, for that purpose. The timber in the pleasure grounds, has been estimated as being now worth £200,000.

DUNSTAFFNAGE CASTLE.

THE ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle, form an object of peculiar interest. They stand on a promontory which projects into Loch Etive, in the northern part of the district of Lorn. Tradition affirms it to have been built by Ewin, a Pictish monarch, contemporary with Julius Cæsar, who called it after himself Evenium. Whether this is to be believed or not it is undoubtedly a place of high antiquity, and one of the early residences of the Pictish and Scottish monarchs. Here, was for a long time preserved, the famous stone seat or chair, the palladium of Scotland. It was removed by Kenneth II., to Scone, and continued to be used as the Coronation Chair of the Scottish monarchs, till it was taken to Westminster Abbey, where we believe it still remains.

The tradition with regard to this ancient relique is said to have been “*Ubi palladium, ubi Scotiæ imperium;*” that where the palladium should be, there should be the seat of the Scottish government; and this has been long ago fulfilled by the succession of James VI. of Scotland to the Crown of England. We are further told that this stone was originally brought from Spain where it was first used as a seat of justice by Gatholus, who was contemporary with Moses; such were the tales invented in former ages, to render more sacred in common eyes this ancient relique, for very ancient it undoubtedly is. Some portions of the regalia of Scotland were preserved in this castle till the last century, when the keeper’s servants, during his infirm years, stole them for the sake of the silver ornaments. There still remains, however, a battle axe of beautiful workmanship, ornamented with silver.

The castle is a large square building, now in a very dilapidated state. At three of the corners it is flanked by round towers ; the present entrance is from the sea shore, by a ruinous staircase ; and the whole has a dreary and desolate appearance. Nothing now remains but the outer walls ; a mansion has been erected within them for the residence of the proprietor. It is still considered a royal castle, and the Duke of Argyle is hereditary keeper ; but it is nevertheless occupied as the absolute unrestricted property of a private gentleman.

In 1307, it was possessed by Alexander M'Dougal, Lord of Argyle, but was reduced that year by Robert Bruce. About 1445, it appears to have been the residence of the Lords of the Isles ; for James, the last Earl of Douglas, fled hither, after his defeat in Annandale, to Donald, the Regulus of the time, and persuaded him to take up arms and carry on a plundering war against his monarch, James II.

EMINENT MEN IN ARGYLESHIRE.

INNUMERABLE Celtic traditions point to this county as the birth place of Ossian, as well as of several heroes of the race of Fingal. The Irish antiquarians, however, controvert the claim of our Western Highlands to that honour, and assert that the claim of the "Green Isle" is far better founded, since their traditions are much more uniform and consistent. It is not our business to discuss the controversy here, but taking it for granted, that one *tradition* is just as good as another, we shall presume that the Gael have the preferable right to claim kindred with this ancient poet, and, in that belief, we may now state that the celebrated valley of Glencoe is generally reputed to have been the place of his birth. Whether this be fact or merely tradition, it were useless to debate, but we may remark that the belief of the Highlanders in its truth, certainly derives some confirmation from the circumstance of Ossian making numerous allu-

sions to the scenery of the valley in his poems. The latter takes its name from the Coe, a stream which runs through it; and hence also, the more euphonious and poetical name of Cona given to it by the Bard :—" Their sound was like a thousand streams that meet in Cona's vale, when after a stormy night they turn their dark eddies beneath the pale light of the morning."—FINGAL. " The gloomy ranks of Lochlin fell, like the bank of the roaring Cona. If he overcomes, I will rush in my strength like the roaring stream of Cona."—CARTHON. " The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona, the first among a thousand bards: but age is now on my tongue, and my soul has failed."—SONGS OF SELMA. Such are the characteristic allusions perpetually made to this spot by the silver-tongued bard of Cona. Nor is it to be wondered at—for whether they speak the feelings of a real or fictitious Ossian, they do no more than justice to Glencoe. This valley is perhaps the most romantic and singularly picturesque piece of Highland scenery that is to be found in Scotland. On every side the rude rocks shoot up into a thousand fantastic forms of grandeur or of beauty. At the bottom of these again, are to be seen vast fragments which have been thrown down by a thousand storms; while deep furrows, worn by the wintry torrents, indent the sides of the heights like the wrinkles of Atlas, and mark with impressive truth the terrible ravages of time. No where, in short, does nature afford finer exhibitions of the rugged picturesque than in the valley of Glencoe; and no where will the sensibilities of the passing traveller be more readily awakened, if he recollects that here was once the abode of the soft, the tender, the melancholy Ossian. Independent of the honour which it derives from having given birth to this Bard of the olden time, Argyleshire can lay claim to almost as many eminent men as there are clans; every head of a sept being unquestionably a great man. To enumerate even a tithe of those would, however, obviously exceed the limits

of a work like this, and, therefore, we shall confine ourselves to a brief notice of the more conspicuous members of one remarkable family, distinguished alike by its vast possessions, its devoted patriotism, and its ancient power—we mean the illustrious House of Argyle. Archibald, Earl and Marquis of Argyle, born in 1598, was a zealous Covenanter. Charles I. created him a Marquis, notwithstanding his opposition to the fanatic schemes of that monarch, for effecting a conformity between the Churches of England and Scotland. It was by his persuasion that Charles II. visited Scotland, and was crowned at Scone in 1651. Nevertheless he was, at the Restoration, committed to the Tower, and after lying there five months was sent to Scotland, where, being brought to trial for high treason, he was condemned and beheaded in 1661. Pennant gives a character of this nobleman, which, though somewhat overcharged, is not destitute of truth:—"He was a man of craft and subtilty, and in his heart no friend to the royal cause, but temporising according to the complexion of the times; concurring heartily, but secretly, with the disaffected powers, and extending a faint and timid aid to the shackled royalty of Charles the Second, when, in the year 1650, he entrusted himself to his northern subjects. He was at all times providing pleas of merit with both parties, but was apparently sincere with the usurpers only. With them he took an active part during their plenitude of power; yet at first only claimed protection, freedom, and payment of his debts due from the English Parliament. His own interest seems to have been constantly in view. While Charles was in his hands, he received from that penetrating prince a promissory note for great honours and emoluments. He is charged with encouraging his people in various acts of murder and cruelty; but the provocations he had received from the horrible ravages of Montrose, may perhaps extenuate retaliation on those of his neighbours, who, for any thing that appears, partook of the excesses. He is charged also with possessing himself of the estates of those who were put

to death by his authority ; a charge which his fine defence on his trial does not repel. His generosity in declining to take an open part in the prosecution of his arch-enemy, Montrose, would have done him great honour, had he not meanly placed himself at a window to see the fallen hero pass in a cart to receive judgment. On the Restoration, he fell a victim to his *manes*. It was intended that he should undergo the same ignominious death, which was afterwards changed to that of beheading. ‘ I could,’ said he, ‘ die like a Roman, but I choose rather to die like a Christian.’ He fell with heroism—in his last moments, with truth, exculpating himself from having any concern in the murder of his royal master ; and calming his conscience with the opinion that his criminal compliances were but the epidemic disease and fault of his times. His guilt of treason is indisputable ; but the acts of grace in 1641 and 1651, ought certainly to have secured him from capital punishment.”

Archibald, Earl of Argyle, the son of this Marquis, possessed far more integrity, but was not more fortunate than his father. He was uniformly steady and virtuous, and, during all the misfortunes of Charles the Second, he was firm to the trust which that monarch reposed in him. In every respect he acted a moderate and patriotic part ; for though strictly devoted to the interests of Charles, when the Restoration took place, he honestly refused to acquiesce in the unprincipled and tyrannical measures which the Ministers of that Prince adopted in Scotland. One of these measures was the framing of an Oath, or Test, which they required all persons to take without any reservation or qualification whatever ; but Argyle, acting conscientiously, thought it necessary to make an explanation of the oath. The result was, that under the same Prince, to whom he had steadily adhered in his utmost adversity, he was brought to trial and condemned without a crime ; and the infamous sentence would have been executed, if he had not escaped from his enemies. In 1685, this Earl shared in the unfortunate at-

tempt made by the Duke of Monmouth to restore the liberties and preserve the established religion, then invaded by James the Second. Having been taken prisoner, he was put to death on his former sentence, in defiance of every principle both of law and equity. No man ever met his fate with greater resignation. On the day of his execution, he eat his dinner cheerfully, took a profound sleep after it, and was then led to the scaffold, where he fell with a calmness suitable to the integrity of his life. The celebrated Charles James Fox, in his History of the Reign of James the Second, has dwelt on this judicial murder with a feeling of indignation corresponding to its atrocity, and worthy of his own generous nature. There is yet another eminent member of the family of Argyle—we mean John, the second Duke of the name, and also Duke of Greenwich. He was bred to arms, served under the Duke of Marlborough, and was Brigadier-General at the battle of Ramilies. He also distinguished himself as a statesman, and was a promoter of the Union, for which he incurred considerable odium in his own country. He commanded at the battles of Oudenarde and Malplaquet with honour, and also assisted at the sieges of Lisle and Ghent. For these services he was made a Knight of the Garter in 1710, and the year following was sent Ambassador to Spain, where he was also appointed Commander-in-Chief of the English forces. In 1712, he had the military command in Scotland, of which post he was soon after deprived, for opposing the Court measures; but on the accession of George I. he was restored, and received additional honours. In 1715, he engaged the Earl of Mar's army at Dunblane, and forced the Pretender to quit the kingdom. In 1718, he was created an English Peer, by the title of Duke of Greenwich. He filled successively several high offices, of which he was deprived for his opposition to Sir Robert Walpole, but on the removal of that Minister, he was replaced. He died in 1743, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where there is a noble monu-

ment to his memory. It is this Duke who figures as Mac-callummore in Sir Walter Scott's admirable tale of the "Heart of Midlothian."

LANARKSHIRE.

THIS county is very generally denominated Clydesdale, from the river Clyde, which, rising at the upper extremity of the district, traverses it in a winding course for an extent of sixty-two miles, dividing it longitudinally, and afterwards expanding into a noble frith which wafts the trade of Glasgow to the ocean. It is divided into three inferior divisions, called the Upper, Middle, and Lower Wards, which are under the jurisdiction of separate Sheriff-substitutes, appointed by the Sheriff-depute, whose power extends over the whole.

The upper ward, which forms nearly two-thirds of the county, is mostly mountainous, or at least hilly and moorish; and from its great elevation, and the nature of its soil, not favourable to agriculture. At the commencement of the middle ward, the territory has lost much of its elevation, and continues to decline towards the north-west. It is everywhere diversified by inequalities, however, and there is scarce a plain of any extent intervening, except in some places on the banks of the Clyde. The soil is mostly of a clayey nature, but has everywhere received the highest improvements and ameliorations from skilful agriculturists. The lower ward is a very limited district, but it is the most important of the whole, for it contains Glasgow, with the populous suburban villages around it. The soil here has been greatly improved, and brought into high cultivation from the overflowings of an extensive commerce. This division of the county is also richly ornamented with villas and country seats, belonging to the merchants and manufacturers of that prosperous city.

GLASGOW.

THIS flourishing commercial emporium is situated on the banks of the river Clyde, near the lower extremity of Lanarkshire. It is said, with its various suburbs, to cover about seven hundred acres of ground. In the reign of William the Lion, it received a charter, erecting it into a Royal Burgh, and granting liberty to hold a fair for eight days, annually. In 1176, it received farther privileges, and, since that period, various other charters and immunities have been conferred upon it by the Crown.

It is entirely since the Union, however, that Glasgow has risen to that importance which she has now attained; and it is doubtless to the invention of the Spinning Jenny, by Arkwright, and the improvement of the steam engine by Watt, with the boundless supply of fuel, afforded by the great coal field with which she is surrounded, that her present prosperity must chiefly be ascribed. The cotton manufacture may be said to be the grand staple of the place. In 1818, her manufacturers could boast of fifty-four mills for spinning cotton, containing 600,000 spindles, and this number has since been greatly increased. It is understood that they now employ about 800,000 spindles. In 1825 there were fifty-four power loom factories, for the weaving of various kinds of cotton goods. In 1818, the hand looms employed by her manufacturers were calculated at 32,000.

Cotton goods, however, are not the only manufacture of Glasgow. The construction of steam engines is extensively carried on; there are also a number of iron and brass founderies; with large works in which cotton, flax, and woollen machinery are constructed. Chemical works too, are numerous and extensive, and it possesses one of the best type founderies in the world—that of Messrs



VIEW OF GLASGOW



VIEW OF CATHEDRAL &c



CATHCART CASTLE

Wilson and Sons, which has existed for more than a century. In a word, the manufactures of Glasgow are as various as those of any city in the empire, and, in many instances, have been productive of enormous wealth. The commerce of this city is likewise on a very extended scale; but to detail the particulars of her exports or imports, or the different countries with which she holds communication, would be to give a list of all that contributes to the convenience or the luxury of man, and to name the shore of almost every continent and island on the globe.

The streets of Glasgow are broad and admirably well paved, the houses lofty, and presenting many of the graces of architecture. The principal street, which assumes, in different parts, the names of Trongate and Argyle Streets, is worthy of particular notice. It extends from east to west upwards of a mile; the average breadth is about seventy feet, and the houses are all four or five stories in height. Here is presented the principal scene of that ceaseless industry which has raised the city to its present eminence. From morn till night crowds of human beings, each intent on his own objects and plans, are to be seen moving rapidly along; carriages of every description contribute to swell the bustle, and add greatly to the interest of the scene, whilst the gay and splendid appearance of the shops and warehouses with which the streets are lined, at once delight the eye and indicate the luxury which so generally prevails.

The public buildings are numerous, and many of them present very fine specimens of the different orders of architecture. The Churches, the University, the New Exchange, the Assembly Rooms, the Lunatic Asylum, the Royal Infirmary, the Trades' Hall, the Jail, and a variety of others, are all deserving of particular notice; but our limits do not allow us even to give a list of the public buildings of this splendid city. In the year 1818, Glas-

gow, with its suburbs, contained a population of about 150,000 souls; it has since rapidly increased, and, according to the census of 1831, the number of inhabitants was ascertained to be 202,426. These have been classified by that able and laborious statist, Dr Cleland, as follows:—Males, 93,724; Females, 108,702. Of whom, Householders, 41,965; viz. Married men, 30,032 Widowers, 1,790; Bachelors, 1,437; Widows, 6,824; Spinners, 1,882. Of whom, Scotch, 163,600; English, 2919; Irish, 35,554; Foreigners, 353. Religion—Establishment, 104,162; Dissenters, 70,380; Episcopalians, 8,551; Roman Catholics, 19,333. There are, in the aggregate population, 5006 paupers, at a cost of £3 9s. 0½d. each per annum, or £17,281 18s. 0½d. for the whole!

Though the renown of Glasgow rests chiefly on its commerce and manufactures, it also holds no mean rank in the list of cities distinguished for science and letters. When we examine its history, we find it associated with the names of many learned, ingenious, and talented men, either natives of the place, or connected with its University. Indeed, this establishment was at one time the glory of Glasgow, especially about thirty years ago, when Reid, Millar, Richardson, Young, Anderson, Finlay, Jardine, and Cleghorn, shone like constellations in the literary firmament of the north. But, alas, those days are long gone by; and we fear much that it will also be long “ere we look upon their like again.” Let us not be misunderstood, however—we mean no reflection against the Professors of the present day, who, though they do not form a galaxy of fixed stars like those to whom we have just referred, yet possess talents quite worthy of their station, and at least equal to those of the Professors of any other academical institution in the land. Anciently the College of Glasgow had several remarkable peculiarities in its constitution, and it conferred some important privileges on its members. Previous to

the Reformation, the whole University formed, like a royal borough, a general corporation, while, at the same time, it was divided into separate faculties, which, like the different classes of tradesmen in a borough, were distinct inferior corporations, enjoying peculiar immunities, property, and bye-laws. The whole incorporated members of this University, whether students or teachers, assembled annually in full congregation, on the day after St Crispin's day. They were divided into four classes, called *nations*, according to the place of their nativity. Under the heads of Clydesdale, Teviotdale, Albany, and Rothesay, all Scotland was included. Each class, or nation, elected representatives, who acted as assistants to the Rector on weighty occasions. The congregation of the University was often called, and usually elected representatives to act in their stead. Each of the Faculties of theology, law, and arts, or general literature, had its own assemblies and representatives, by whom it was governed. As the whole University had a Rector elected by all the members, so each faculty had its own separate dean, or rector, and assistants elected by its members. At the dissolution of the Catholic hierarchy, however, this system was overturned—and various changes were effected, from time to time, till the constitution of the University assumed its present form. It is now governed by a Chancellor, Rector, Dean of Faculties, Principal, and Professors. The office of Chancellor is usually filled by some nobleman or other gentleman of rank in the country. He is chosen by the Rector, Dean of Faculty, Principal, and Professors ; and being head of the University, he presides in all its councils. In his name, too, are all academical degrees conferred. The office of Rector, however, may in one respect be called the most important in this University—and it is simply, because the person appointed to it is chosen upon the popular principle of the whole members of the College having a voice in

the election. He is chosen annually in the *Comitia*; that is, in a court in which all the students, on this particular occasion, are entitled to vote, as well as the other members of the University. His duties are important, and might be of signal use in practice, if strictly attended to, but it has been too much the custom to neglect them. With the advice of his assessors, who are nominated by himself, he judges in all disputes among the students, and betwixt them and the citizens. He also summons and presides in the meetings of the University called for the election of his successor, or for preparing addresses to the King, electing a member to the general assembly, &c. The popular character of this officer's election, has always given a high degree of interest to it, and when candidates of opposite political principles are started, which is generally the case, a keen contest takes place, in which not merely the professors and students, but citizens of every class, engage with all the zeal and enthusiasm peculiar to political partizanship. There have been several remarkable contests of this kind of late years, and the choice of the students has, in every instance, done no less honour to the University than to their own discrimination. We need only state, in evidence of this truth, that they have successively filled the chair of the Rector with such men as Brougham, Lansdowne, M'Intosh, Campbell, Jeffrey, and Cockburn; thus associating not only their *Alma Mater*, but the city and its inhabitants, with the most distinguished characters of the age. It is not to be forgotten also, that in carrying these elections, the students uniformly accomplished the triumph of liberal political principle—a triumph the more glorious—that Glasgow and its University had long been remarkable for Tory bigotry, and a species of political servility, as unworthy of the dignity of letters as of commercial independence. Did our limits permit, we should here give a character of each of these *Dii Majores* among

our modern Lord Rectors, but we have already exceeded the space allotted to biography, and shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a brief notice of the present Lord Chancellor, and the charming "Poet of Hope." On the character of Mr Jeffrey, we have dwelt at some length elsewhere.

LORD CHANCELLOR BROUGHAM.

THIS remarkable man, whose elevation to his present rank was the result of thirty years' public exertion, during which he devoted himself, with fearless energy, to the correction of every species of abuse in our political system, was born at Edinburgh in 1779. His father was a gentleman of ancient family, but small fortune, in Westmoreland, who took up his residence in Scotland, in consequence of marrying the sister of Dr Robertson, the historian, with whose mother he was boarded, while pursuing his studies at the Edinburgh University. The issue of this marriage was four sons, of whom Lord Brougham is the eldest. He acquired the rudiments of his education in that excellent seminary, the High School, and afterwards completed his studies in England. Being intended for the Scotch Bar, he also attended the usual prelections of the Professors of Civil and Criminal Law in his native city. Having passed Advocate in 1800, he practised for a short time before the Court of Session, and went the periodical circuits with the Justiciary Judges. Even at that early period his talents attracted considerable attention, and he was looked upon as an aspirant of no ordinary promise.

In 1803, he betook himself to the English Bar, where his forensic powers soon brought him into notice, and procured him, not merely professional distinction, but a seat in Parliament. He was first representative for Camelford, then for Winchelsea, afterwards for Knaresborough, and finally for Yorkshire. His election for the last was alone honour-

able to him, for it was conferred purely on account of his transcendant public merits, and was, besides, a spontaneous unsolicited compliment, prompted by the conviction of the electors, that by such a choice they would at once serve the interests of their country, and afford a triumph to liberal opinions. The election of Mr Hume, for Middlesex, took place upon the same principle, and nearly about the same time. They may well be said to constitute the era of just political thinking in England. In like manner, it may be truly remarked, that nothing affords a more instructive commentary on the past working of the English system of representation, than the fact, that up till the period of these two elections, Henry Brougham, one of the most enlightened orators and statesmen that ever addressed a British Senate, was indebted for his seat in the House of Commons, to the patronage of a borough-holding Peer.

The Parliamentary career of Lord Brougham is too well known to require illustration here. It is only necessary to state that, during its whole course, he has been distinguished alike for his matchless industry and his almost unrivalled oratorical powers. In the art of Rhetoric he is indeed a master of the first order; and, at this moment, forms the most important link in the chain that connects our living orators with the school of Burke. It is no easy task to convey, by mere words, a just idea of the characteristic manner of so remarkable a speaker, and, therefore, although we have heard him for hours together, we shall not attempt it. To gratify the reader, however, we shall transcribe a description of it, which was given by the correspondent of an Irish journal in 1830, just a few months before his Lordship was raised to the Woolsack. He was at that time plain Henry Brougham, distinguished only by his addition of Esq. and M. P. Of course it is in the character of an orator in the House of Commons that he is described, and as we have seen him in it often, we can

answer for the truth and pictorial character of the writer's details:—

“ Mr Brougham generally takes his seat in the centre, or near the upper end of the principal opposition bench, on the other side of the table, from the Ministers; he commonly wears shabby black clothes, and being without his wig and gown, looks many years older than he does when they are on; he appears to me to have a peculiarly dark, serious, and even sullen look, as he sits with his arms folded and his hat pulled over his face, as if to keep his eyes in the shade, listening to what is said, but never (in all the many times that I have observed him,) taking down any note of it.

“ It is difficult to describe by written words the effect upon the House, when he gets upon his legs—there is a *black* determined earnestness in his manner, which seems to say, I have got a work to do, and with the blessing of God I *will* do it, before I sit down. When uncovered, his iron-grey hair appears, lying in the flattest and least ornamented style upon his forehead—his arms are extremely long, and his first motion is to stretch out one of them to its utmost length across the table, and there to deposit his hat in a fixed position, as if he would say, there you shall lie for some time to come. He then commences, in a manner in which ease is curiously combined with great earnestness, and frequently in a tone, that for absolute loudness, does not much exceed a whisper; he goes on, enunciating his words with a clearness of utterance which he possesses in a very remarkable degree, insomuch, that in every part of the House, he is quite distinctly heard. His accent is, as far as I know, quite peculiar to himself; it is neither English nor Scotch; and whether it be that of Berwick-upon-Tweed, I cannot pretend to say. I have heard many Englishmen ridicule it as Scotch; but they knew nothing about the matter—some call it disagreeable; those who think with me, do not. As he proceeds, he becomes more warm and

loud, but his words are still clear, and dispose themselves into sentences with admirable precision, even when uttered with the most tempestuous fury. Now it is that his eyes flash ; he strikes the table with his hand, and pours out his soul in a torrent of bitter words, which exceedingly affect the gallery ; but the ‘ gentlemen of England,’ are rather an imperturbable race, and do not, like the Irish, catch the contagion of excitement.

“ The first time I was ever in the House of Commons, was a few months before the awful end of the late Lord Londonderry. It was a beautiful evening in summer ; there were few persons in the House, and I was amusing myself looking through the windows at the gay boats with their white awnings, gliding swiftly along the Thames, when my attention was called to two persons walking into the House almost together, yet keeping as far apart as the breadth of the passage up to the table would permit—they were Lord Londonderry and Mr Brougham—two men, who, except that they measured about the same number of inches from head to heel, were in all respects as opposed to one another in mein, mind, and manners, as they were in politics. Lord L. was eminently handsome, and possessed in his noble bearing and appearance, that happy combination of mildness, elegance and dignity, which may, perhaps, be expressed at once, by the word gracefulness. Mr Brougham has scarcely the least pretension to any of the three. They took their seats on either side of the table, exactly opposite to each other, and the member for Winchelsea, happening to be in one of his furious moods, was not long in breaking forth. Some ale-house man had sent him a complaint of his license having been discontinued, in consequence of his taking in a particular newspaper, which the angry Senator, holding up in one hand, clenched the other, and shaking it at the Minister opposite, thundered out an invective, which in the old Irish House of Commons, would have set a whole host of orators in a blaze during the night, and some charges of gunpowder

a flashing in the morning. But the mildness of Lord Londonderry's countenance was not, for a moment, disturbed—it was his manner to affect a contempt for Mr Brougham, when he was furious, and he sat, now smelling to a bouquet of flowers, which he carried in his button-hole, and now regaling his nose with the touch of his cambric pocket handkerchief, while the storm of anger raged at the other side of the table. I was surprised to see that Mr Brougham's fiery eloquence did not produce the least reply—it fell like a thunderbolt upon an ice-berg, glanced along, hissed, and was extinguished.

“Mr Canning's warm, and (until he became Prime Minister,) joyous temperament, did not admit of his treating this formidable antagonist with the composure of affected scorn. I shall not allude to the remarkable personal altercation between these eminent statesmen, because it is a painful subject, and sufficiently known already,—but in general, Mr Canning used his wit with the happiest effect against Mr Brougham's fierce invective. Who has not heard of ‘Mr Brougham's thunder,’ at which the House laughed for a night, and the public for a week, or of the Minister's courteous expressions of regret, that Mr Brougham should have thrown away so much ‘excellent indignation’ upon a matter where it was altogether superfluous? They say that the fierce Member for Winchelsea became at last afraid of the witty Minister, and, even when he was bursting with a redundant storm of rage, used to wait for the departure of Mr Canning from the House, ere he ventured to open the safety valve and let it blow off.

“As the House of Commons is at present filled, I have little hesitation in saying that Mr Brougham stands completely without a rival. It is impossible to imagine any such thing as a struggle for the superiority, between him and any of the present Ministers, who, whatever may be thought of their ability in other respects, certainly do not hold any very lofty place as public speakers. Mr Peel is no more

than a fluent debater, who never utters a striking sentence, or even by accident, hits upon an original expression—for such a man as Brougham to exert his oratorical powers against Mr Peel, would be like hurling his arrows against a wool pack; they would neither rebound nor pass through, but would fall ineffectual, by reason of the softness of the body against which they were directed. Yet it is to be remarked that Mr Brougham is by no means perfect as an orator. In the power and even fierceness of his energy, he is scarcely to be surpassed; in sarcasm he strikes with harsh, but irresistible violence, and he uniformly grasps the most sonorous and expressive terms, with the facility of a perfect master of his language; but there is scarcely a touch of tender feeling, of simple pathos, or of the perception of *goodness*, in all that he has ever spoken. The lofty excellence of knowledge, the stern nobleness of virtue, the majesty of freedom, and the glory of resistance to oppression, have all been set forth by him with matchless eloquence and force; but for all that he has ever said, there might be no such thing as the power of affection, the solicitude of love, the sympathies of charity, or the tenderness of feeling, which subdues the heart by softening it. To those who have studied the best models of eloquence, who know that there is a something in almost the worst of human breasts, which responds to well directed appeals to the feelings, and these appeals may be delicately wrought up with the most energetic exposition of wrong, or demonstrations of right, it will not be necessary to say, that the orator who relies upon force and energy alone, uses but a part of the armoury which his art affords. Mr Plunket, whose oratorical powers were similar in many respects, and equal in all, to those of Mr Brougham, possessed also a feeling in his eloquence, of which the latter gentleman seems utterly destitute. It is with no slight sentiment of national pride, that I thus refer to my Lord Plunket, in speaking of the eloquence of the House of Commons, of which he was so long the bright-

est ornament, even when it boasted the presence of men, of whom, alas! we are doomed to see no adequate successors. While he felt and used the gentler, but not less effective instruments of oratory, he governed his energy with more prudence and discretion than belonged to Mr Brougham, but those who have heard or read his speeches in the Irish House of Commons, and recollect how he lashed, as with a scourge of fire, the manager of the Government business in that House, will scarcely doubt that the will, and not the power, was wanting, to put forth speeches of even more appalling force than those with which Mr Brougham almost terrified the members of the English Legislature.

“There was a calm consciousness of strength about Mr Plunket, on important occasions, where some courageous step seemed necessary, that was very admirable. Upon one of the occasions just referred to he undertook what perhaps no other man in the House (except under the influence of personal feeling, which overleaps all thought of consequences,) would have ventured to attempt. He coolly, but peremptorily, interrupted the fiery orator, and in the very tempest and whirlwind of his passion, stopped him by an appeal to order. Mr Brougham glared at him with a blaze of fury and astonishment streaming from his eyes, as a tiger may be supposed to do upon a lion, when the forest monarch comes between him and the prey upon which he is about to spring. There was a taunting bitterness of expression, which loudness could not reach, in the low conversational tone in which he said, that the Right Honourable Gentleman seemed to have forgotten where he was—that perhaps he might have been accustomed to such interruptions in the *Irish* House of Commons, but in *that* House he should recollect that gentlemen were not to be interrupted. Who is there that can imagine how this bitterness of speech, and the sneering allusion to the scene of his

youthful prowess, coming together, roused the indignation of Mr Plunket, and stirred, as with a sword, all the slumbering fire of his youth?

“ ‘——— *Utque leo, specula cum vidit ab alta
Stare procul campis meditantem prælia taurum.*’

He started up to battle with his adversary, but the Speaker, fearing, as he well might fear, the consequences that were likely to ensue, interposed, and the belligerents were pacified.”

Such was the character of Lord Brougham, as a parliamentary orator, during the long period of fifteen years that he acted as leader of Opposition in the House of Commons. His powers, in that particular line in which he is known to excell, have had fewer opportunities for display since he was raised to the Woolsack, but whenever the occasion calls for it, he still exercises them with all his wonted skill, and with relentless severity. More than one Noble Lord has received lessons from him in this way, that will not soon be forgotten. But it is not merely as an orator that this extraordinary man has distinguished himself through life. His name is identified with every thing that is liberal and enlightened, both in politics and letters. He has been the uniform and consistent exposé of public abuses of every description, and as his talents are only equalled by his industry, he has done more, perhaps, than was ever done by any single individual to purify and amend the civil, political, and religious institutions of his country. In short, as he himself once truly and happily said, his whole life has been regulated by an unquenchable hatred of tyranny, whether in Church or State—in England or in her colonies—in the Old World or in the New—in France, in Spain, in Portugal, in Greece, in Italy. He has lent his eloquence to the support of liberal opinions wherever they appeared. He has marched with the spirit of his age, for the

enlightened purpose of ameliorating the condition of mankind, and it is to be hoped that his reward will be to see his principles not merely influencing the destinies of his country, and conducting it to unrivalled prosperity, but establishing a new era in politics, and laying the foundation of a happier rule for the human race.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

THERE are few things more delightful than to trace successful genius to its birth, to pursue it in its course, and to dwell on its results ; in other words, to ascertain the origin, mark the career, and appreciate the labours of an ingenious or celebrated man. With unfeigned pleasure, therefore, do we proceed to give the following sketch of the admired author of “ Gertrude of Wyoming ” and “ The Pleasures of Hope .”

This elegant and perhaps most classical of modern poets, is a native of Glasgow. He was born in 1777, and, at a very early age, passed through the *curriculum* of education usually allotted to the youth of that city, with distinguished success. Mr Allison, a very eminent teacher of the Latin language, was his first instructor in grammar and the classics, and it is to the honour of both, that the grateful pupil still speaks of the excellent qualities which characterised his earliest preceptor and friend. He had scarcely completed his twelfth year, when the prescribed course of tuition at the Grammar School expired, and, according to Scottish custom, he was immediately transferred, at that premature age, to the University. Here, however, under the auspices of Richardson, Young, Jardine, and other eminent Professors of that period, the precocity of his talents soon enabled him to outstrip competitors who were by far his seniors. He was the successful candidate in a keen competition for a bursary ; and, in poetical exercises particularly, he bore away every prize. His translations from the Greek tragic poets, written at

this period, still live to attest the early existence in his mind of that rich poetic ore which his more ripened genius afterwards fashioned into various forms of almost unrivalled elegance and beauty. Campbell's poetical vein, premature and beautiful as it was, did not however constitute his sole title to distinction while at College. His classical attainments were remarkable for his years, while, in extent and variety, they far exceeded those of his youthful contemporaries. Every one knows who has experienced any thing of the rivalry which exists among the young candidates for fame at an University, how much regard and applause is allotted to him who exhibits the real fruits of studious application, in the richness and multiplicity of his academical acquirements. Our young poet panted for this species of reputation—he toiled for it incessantly, and soon reaped the well-earned reward. It was thus that, at the age of sixteen, his claims to literary honours were so willingly allowed; and that within the circle of his college he had, as it were, a foretaste of that renown which was afterwards so liberally awarded him by the world.

His academical career, we believe, was finished when he had scarcely reached nineteen. It has never been stated that he was intended for any of the learned professions, or that the bent of his mind lay either towards law, physic, or the church. Of course we must presume that, from his first entrance into life, his pursuits were meant to be altogether literary. In 1821 he went to Edinburgh, chiefly with a view to the publication of his "Pleasures of Hope," a sketch or nucleus of which had been produced while he was at College, though it only assumed its more perfect and matured form after he had made numerous additions and alterations, written by slow degrees, and at various intervals of time.

To those unacquainted with literary history, it will now seem wonderful that any difficulty should have been

experienced in the first attempt to publish this exquisite poem ; yet nothing can be better authenticated than the fact of its having been offered in vain to every respectable bookseller, both of Glasgow and Edinburgh. In the former city, to be sure, the gentlemen of the trade at that period rarely published any thing beyond a six-penny song book on their own account : but it may well excite surprise that in the Scottish metropolis, famed for its literary society, as well as for the enterprise and skill of its booksellers, not a single publisher could be found who would venture to give a price for “ The Pleasures of Hope.” Nay more, not one of them could be prevailed upon to risk even paper and print upon the chance of its success ; and at last it was only with considerable reluctance that Messrs Mundell and Son, the printers to the University, undertook its publication, with the *liberal* condition—that the author should be allowed fifty copies at the trade price, and in the event of its reaching a second edition, a further gratuity of £10 ! Shade of Archibald Constable ! quondam prince of literary speculators, thy spirit had not yet burst upon the Scottish metropolis ; and unfortunately, our young poet had to contend with the sordid views of narrow-minded men, mere pedlers in their profession, who were as little disposed to estimate the value of his poem in money as they were capable of appreciating its merit as a work of genius. There can be no doubt that the treatment which he received on this occasion, sunk deep into his mind ; and we believe that, to the present hour, his prejudices against booksellers and publishers are scarcely eradicated. An anecdote is told of him which proves how strong the feeling of resentment at the injustice he experienced had taken possession of his mind. Several years afterwards, on being asked one day, at a large dinner party, to give a toast, he, without hesitation, to the astonishment of every one present, proposed the health of

“Buonaparte,” who was then running that fearful career of spoliation and victory which threatened to overwhelm every Government in Europe, and ours among the rest. The exclamation of Oh ! Oh ! resounded, of course, from every side of the table, when the indignant feelings of the company were instantly mollified by the poet exclaiming, “Yes, Gentlemen, here is Buonaparte, in his character of *executioner* of booksellers !” It happened that only a few days previous, there had arrived in London the news of the judicial murder of Palm, a bookseller of Germany, who had been shot by an express order of the French Emperor, for contravening one of his tyrannical decrees respecting the Press of that country.

If “The Pleasures of Hope” thus failed to make an adequate pecuniary return to its young and sanguine author, there can be no question that, to an ardent and aspiring mind like his, it brought what was perhaps of far more consequence—a rich and abundant harvest of fame ; affording at once a strong stimulus to his ambition, and a motive for future exertion in a career that has long since enrolled his name among the brightest literary ornaments of his country. In the world of letters there was but one opinion as to the merit of this delightful poem—that nothing so beautiful had been produced since the days of Goldsmith—and nothing so perfect since the age of Pope. This was indeed high praise, but it was not more than was due to the unquestionable genius which every line of it displayed. It were an insult to the understanding of our readers, to offer, at this time of day, any thing like a criticism on a poem so universally admired ; we shall therefore simply express our conviction that it would be difficult to point out any single piece, either ancient or modern, that has better claims to the title of a perfect composition—to find one that so uniformly and eloquently speaks both to the understanding and the heart ; or, that in point of sentiment,

imagery, and expression, exhibits so large a portion of what constitutes the soul, and, if we may so express it, the life-blood of poetry. For pathos, tenderness, and beauty, there is nothing to excel many of its passages, even in Tibullus. Its lofty appeals to patriotism and the spirit of liberty, are scarcely rivalled by the famed fragments of Tyrtaeus ; nor has Homer, himself, a nobler passage than the following apostrophe, which closes the poem, and which for majesty, both of thought and expression, has justly been said to have no parallel in modern times :—

“ Eternal Hope ! When yonder spheres sublime,
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decay'd,
When wrapt in fire, the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below ;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.”

After remaining three years in Edinburgh, alike the favourite of the grave, the gay, and the fair, and where were lavished on him all those courtesies of hospitality which the people of that city so well know how to apply whenever it suits their vanity or their interest, our young poet proceeded to the Continent, and took up his residence in Hamburgh. The immediate object of this excursion we have never seen explained ; and, although he visited various places in Germany, during a tour of thirteen months, the purpose of his journey does not seem to have extended beyond the gratification of that ardent curiosity which is natural to youth when first launched into the world. The events of this tour, however, must have been interesting in the highest degree to a mind so enthusiastic and sensitive as Campbell's. We know that it was performed during the hottest period of a furious war, and that his route lay frequently through those districts which were most exposed

to the ravages of the soldiery. In one instance, he was exposed to great personal risk at Ratisbon, which was only saved from bombardment, while he happened to reside in it, by the sudden and unexpected conclusion of a French and Austrian treaty. On another occasion, he had the sublime satisfaction, if we may so speak, of witnessing, from the walls of a convent, a furious conflict between the hostile armies of those two powers. This was the battle of Hohenlinden, the memory of which he has embalmed, as every reader must remember, in verses that deserve to live for ever. So close was he to the scene of action, that, after it was over, he saw the French soldiers ride up the streets, wiping the blood from their yet reeking swords with the manes of their horses. Scenes of this kind, though on a less important scale, were of frequent occurrence in the districts through which he passed, and they did not fail to make a lasting impression on his imagination and feelings. His memory is still richly stored with anecdotes of what he saw and heard during that eventful period—and he tells them (for he is the most delightful of story-tellers,) with a grace peculiarly his own—giving a fine dramatic effect to their details, which renders them doubly interesting, and which those only can appreciate who have had the good fortune to hear them. The beautiful ballad of “The Exile of Erin,” had its origin in circumstances which attended this journey. Hamburgh then swarmed with Irish Emigrants, expatriated on account of their politics. Some of them were men of amiable characters though of mistaken views; and the poet being frequently in their society, naturally caught the contagion of their thoughts, and perhaps a deep tinge of their opinions. He has, accordingly, portrayed with generous sympathy, the feelings which reigned among the Irish patriots of that day, in strains as touching and melancholy as were their fortunes. Should Campbell ever favour the world with his autobiography, we may well

suppose that this German tour will form not the least interesting portion of the work.

In 1802 the Poet returned to England, and for the first time in his life visited London. His fame and his literary character had however gone thither before him, and he was not only welcomed in the literary circles of that vast mart of genius, but he also became a prodigious favourite with those *disinterested* gentlemen, the book-sellers. His talents were, of course, in immediate requisition, but if we look to the nature of the employment he received, we may guess at what a cost of time, of patience, and of toil, to a sanguine temperament like his, at the age of twenty-four. The precious discrimination of those trading Mæcenases at once tasked the "genius of poesy," which dreamt of nothing but Hope and its thousand aerial visions, with three thick volumes of compilation from modern gazettes. This was the continuation of Hume and Smollett's Histories of England—a species of literary drudgery obviously ill suited to the taste and pursuits of a youth whose whole soul was wrapt in aspirations of the lyre. His execution of the work however was not without ability. It had at least the merit of making money for its publishers. Meanwhile his muse was by no means idle; and, at intervals, the public hailed with delight several of those beautiful lyrics which have long since placed him first in the first rank of those who have distinguished themselves in the composition of our National Songs. Among his pieces of this description, it is scarcely necessary to remind the reader of "The Battle of the Baltic," and "Ye Mariners of England," both of them identified with every thing that is elevated and ennobling in British patriotic feeling, while for boldness of imagery, dignity of thought, and harmony of numbers, they rival every composition of a similar kind in our own or any other language.

The year 1803 formed an era in the life of the poet, for in that year he was married. The lady was Miss Sin-

clair of Greenock—and we have heard that the match on either side was one of pure love.

In 1809 was published his “Gertrude of Wyoming,” by far the most imaginative, though not the most popular of his poems. It is, indeed, richly intellectual, and may justly be ranked among those pieces which indisputably belong to the very highest order of poetry. Sweetness and pathos are its prevailing characteristics ; but it contains many lofty passages, and though the Arcadian scenery described in it is said to have had no existence except in the warm imagination of its author, the truth of the moral delineations are unquestionable, because they at once carry conviction to the mind and the heart of every ingenuous reader. Never, for instance, was there a more accurate, and at the same time, a more poetical picture, than is given of the aboriginal American Indian :—

“ As monumental bronze unchanged his look .
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook ;
Train'd, from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods,—a man without a tear !”

The success of this beautiful poem, is said to have exceeded even his own expectations, though these were no doubt great, since it had not only cost him much time, but more than his customary quantum of the *limæ labor* in preparing it for the press. Of his fastidious care and anxiety in this last particular, the clear expression of the thoughts, and nice elaboration of the language, are sufficient evidence. But, indeed, this is the distinctive character of all the poetical compositions of Campbell—the clearness of the sense is only equalled by the exquisite polish of the style—and hence their permanent claim to be ranked as standards in modern poetry. An anecdote is told which humorously illustrates how zealously he exercises the file in polishing his writings, and how difficult he finds it to please his own exquisite taste in composition. While en-

gaged on his poem of "Gertrude," he resided at Sydenham with his family; the writing and re-writing of stanzas occupied, of course, almost all his time, and morning, noon, and night, saw clouds of torn and chipped paper proceeding from the window of his study. A neighbour, residing next door to the poet, and who happened to have a passion for horticulture, complained loudly of this species of snow shower, which spread itself far and wide over his garden, and which, he swore, had the effect to spoil all the charm of his cabbages and cauliflowers, by making them look like so many Lord Chancellor's well powdered periwigs !

What emolument Mr Campbell derived from the publication of his "Gertrude," we have never seen stated, but it certainly brought him an accession of fame that could not be without some influence on his fortunes. He was subsequently appointed a Professor in the British Institution, where he delivered a series of Lectures on Poetry, which were fine specimens of taste, skill, and acumen, in the art of criticism. About the same time he undertook, for the booksellers, "Selections from the British Poets," a task which he executed with much discrimination. His estimate of the character and genius of Burns, in that work, was alike worthy of the subject and of his own powers.

About this time he paid a second visit to Germany, where he remained till 1820. His excursion being undertaken in a season of peace, it was not associated with such striking events as those which occurred when he first became acquainted with that country; but it was nevertheless rendered interesting by the renewal of former friendships, as well as by the opportunities it afforded of examining foreign manners with a more matured judgment, and with all the advantages of sixteen years additional experience of the world. Much of his time was spent in the society of the celebrated Schlegel. In 1820 he returned to England, and undertook the Editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, the merit of which was so conspicuous that, for years it took the lead in English

periodical literature, and, we believe, it only lost that distinction when the aid of his talents and the charm of his name was withdrawn from it.

In 1824 Mr Campbell published his "Theodoric," which, though like all his other poems, beautiful in point of imagery and language, was yet unsuccessful. The cause of its failure must be ascribed to the want of dramatic interest in the story. In other respects it is not unworthy of the genius of its author.

During the last few years Mr Campbell's efforts in poetry have been limited to occasional pieces in the Magazines. The reason is well known. These sparkling gems bring a higher price than the solid ore of poetry of a more lofty and imposing kind—a circumstance no doubt of considerable importance to the man, but certainly not very favourable to the fame of the poet. As Byron said of Moore, however, before he published his "Loves of the Angels,"—"This is mere trifling with his genius." He should undertake something really worthy of his powers and of the reputation he has already acquired. In short, we should like to see Campbell still exclaiming in the language of Virgil, *Paullo majora canamus* !

If Mr Campbell has of late done little in poetry, it cannot be said that he has been altogether idle. His Lectures on the Greek Poets, is a work equally solid and ingenious. It is valuable alike for the extensive knowledge which the author displays of his subject, and for the exquisite acumen which characterises his critical strictures. Henceforth it will doubtless rank as a classic in that peculiar department of literature to which it belongs; and among scholars it must always be looked upon as a monument of the poet's merit, not merely as a critic but as a master in prose composition.

In 1831 Mr Campbell was announced as the Editor of a new Magazine, entitled "The Metropolitan;" and about the same time he published a small volume of his lighter

poetical pieces. The former is not unworthy of the reputation he acquired as conductor of the "New Monthly." It is a periodical of sterling merit. The latter are like all the lighter pieces of Campbell—literally "Gems of purest ray serene."

In the brief sketch which we have thus given of Mr Campbell's literary career, it will be obvious that we have done little more than chronicle his works. Let it not be supposed, however, from the meagreness of our details, that the life of this ingenious man and most accomplished poet, has been that of a recluse. We believe, on the contrary, that there is scarcely a public character alive who has taken a greater interest in passing events, during the last thirty years; and with two or three splendid exceptions, such as Byron, Brougham, and Scott, there is perhaps no individual whose genius and writings have had a greater influence on public opinion, or shed a brighter lustre on the age. It would be going too far, certainly, to ascribe this to the mere charm of his poetry, or to suppose it the effect of those literary productions which are emblazoned with his name. The influence to which we refer is of another but not less powerful kind—it is that which he has long silently exercised in his character of a journalist—as the Editor of a talented and popular Magazine. This is a species of influence, to be sure, not very palpable to the uninitiated, and which can only be rightly understood by those who enjoy it; but that it exists is indisputable, and in this country there can be no doubt that its sway is now very considerable, both in politics and letters. Jeffrey, Wilson, and Lockhart, know well how far it extends, and also how much it may sometimes be abused; but in so far as regards Mr Campbell, we believe that the power has never been otherwise than legitimately exercised. He has been uniformly the advocate of popular rights—the friend of liberal institutions—and the reader may remember that, in one

memorable instance, his editorial advocacy led to results which promise to be not less beneficial to his country than honourable to his own judgment and patriotism—we mean the founding of the London University. Though others received for a time the credit of that grand Metropolitan undertaking, the merit of suggesting it belonged unquestionably to Mr Campbell. The plan was originally drawn up by him, and by him alone. He afterwards pressed it upon the attention of the public in a series of admirable papers in the *New Monthly Magazine*, nor did he for a moment intermit his exertions until he saw his project realized, and all its details triumphantly carried into effect. That a rival University was soon after founded, which had its origin in the true spirit of party politics, so characteristic of John Bull, is no disparagement to the plan which was first adopted, and certainly not the less honourable to Mr Campbell. It was a natural, though unexpected consequence, flowing from some intolerant objections to the absence of certain religious features which were thought indispensable to such a seminary by the High Church party in the State. But it must nevertheless be admitted that the double result of two Universities, instead of one, only enhanced the importance of the original idea which gave rise to them.

While thus in possession of a power, which in one sense may be called the lever of opinion, Mr Campbell has seldom found it necessary to thrust himself on the attention of the public, except by his writings; nor can it be said of him, that he has ever courted the flattering but spurious applause which too often results from mob popularity. It so happens, however, that one of the most gratifying events of his life was produced by the exercise of pure uncontrolled popular suffrage—a circumstance which must have rendered it doubly gratifying to a man of his liberal political opinions. This was his election, on three different occasions, to the high office of Lord Rector in the University of his native city.

It rarely happens, indeed, that so distinguished an honour as the Lord Rectorship is conferred on any one individual, for more than two successive years, but various circumstances, equally honourable to Mr Campbell and the electors, concurred to make him the object of their choice a third time. A distinction so marked and uncommon, decisively established the claim of the poet of Hope to be considered, not merely the idol of his *Alma Mater*, but, *par excellence*, the poet of the people. Never were the suffrages of the latter more judiciously bestowed than in this election. It was the homage of right feeling to talent and integrity ; the result was justly hailed as the joint triumph of honesty and genius.

The fame of Campbell, popular as it has ever been, rests not, however, on the mere breath of the million. His poems speak a language that will never die. It is the language of truth, nature, feeling, tenderness, and love. As faithful transcripts of the best passions of the heart—as rich emanations of real genius—chaste, beautiful, and harmonious, often sublime—they will go down to posterity monuments of the just taste and admirable talent of the age in which they were penned. Yes, through latest ages will the heaven-born spark, that originally lighted up the flame of poetry in his breast, burn in the glowing inspirations of his muse ; and, when he himself shall haply render up his mortal coil (far distant be the day), it will only be to realise the lofty and touching conception of his own imperishable strain :—

“ What hallows ground where heroes sleep ?
’Tis not the sculptured piles you heap !
In dews that heavens far distant weep,
Their turf may bloom ;
But strew his ashes to the wind,
Whose sword or voice has saved mankind—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high ?
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.”

THE CATHEDRAL OF GLASGOW.

THE Cathedral of Glasgow is the most perfect specimen of the numerous edifices dedicated to the religion of our forefathers which now remain. When others of equal or superior splendour were torn down and mingled in the dust at the Reformation, it was protected from violation by the spirit of the citizens, and it still towers in hoary grandeur, at once a monument of their civic virtue and of the architectural taste of the times long gone by. It is built in the early English style, and in the form of a cross ; but the original design has never been completed, as the transepts hardly extend beyond the body of the church. That it had been intended to complete it by enlarging them is obvious, for the foundation of the south transept still remains as it was left at the Reformation, forming a crypt or vault in which the clergymen of the city are interred.

At the intersection of the transepts, there is a tower and spire of chaste and beautiful design. The great western door is now shut, but it appears to have been one of much richness and beauty. The south and north fronts each display two tiers of long, narrow-pointed, early English windows, in some instances trefoiled, in others cinquefoiled at the top. Above the first range of windows the wall is terminated by a battlement or parapet, from which springs the lower roof to meet the upper wall, which is erected on pillars forming the north and south ailes in the interior. This wall rises high enough to afford room for the upper range of windows, which are similar to and separated by buttresses like those below. The upper wall is likewise terminated by a battlement which supports the main roof of the building.

The early English style of architecture, derives its principal effect from the extent and grandeur of the general

design rather than from the delicacy or beauty of the details. Its lanceted arches, long and narrow windows, without either mullions or featherings, high and deep projecting buttresses, and plain unornamented walls and battlements, are in themselves objects possessing little either of beauty or grandeur. But the impressions conveyed by this Cathedral, and by other buildings in the same style, show how limited is the effect of ornamental detail, when compared with the sublimity arising from the size and extent of a building, or the magnificence of its general design. Within, however, it is not altogether destitute of ornament, but even here the principal effect is produced by the height of the roof and the pillars, and the long withdrawing ailes, along which the eye wanders, while the mind is filled with awe.

The episcopate was founded in 1116 by Earl David, afterwards King David I., and his tutor, John Achaius, received the appointment of bishop. He is said to have first begun the present church about the year 1136. Under various subsequent bishops numerous additions and alterations were made to it; but the Reformation, which deprived the church of its revenues prevented the original design ever being completed. The first bishop was followed by twenty-five successors, when in the person of Bishop Blackader it was erected into an archbishoprick. There were in succession four Catholic archbishops, and after the Reformation there were ten Protestant ones. The episcopal religion was then abolished, and the presbyterian religion securely established. Since then the church has been divided, and now forms places of worship for two distinct congregations.

CATHCART CASTLE.

THIS castle stands on the water of Cart, about two miles distant from the city of Glasgow. It has long been

a total ruin ; but its position upon a lofty bank above the river is striking and picturesque, and in former times it must have been a place of some strength. It originally belonged, with the adjoining barony, to the noble family of Cathcart ; but it was alienated by Alan, the third Earl, about 1546, since which time, till lately, the family have had no lands in this part of the country. The present Earl, however, purchased the ancient castle some years ago, with an adjoining farm, on which there is a handsome villa, which is now a favourite residence of the family.

HAMILTON PALACE.

THIS magnificent building, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, consists of two parts, an old portion, which is not seen in the engraving, and a new part, of which the principal front is seen, and which has just been completed externally. The latter was begun in the year 1824, under the direction of David Hamilton, Esq., architect, Glasgow, who finished the design. The principal front, which looks towards the north, is two hundred and sixty three feet in length, and sixty feet in height. It is divided into three stories or floors ; a rustic or basement story, the principal floor, and a chamber floor above. The elevation of this front displays an exceedingly grand specimen of the Corinthian order. There is a magnificent portico in front, under which is the principal entrance, and to which we ascend by a splendid stair, which enters it from the right and from the left. The portico stands boldly out from the building, raising aloft its magnificent columns, crowned with rich Corinthian capitals, and supporting an enriched entablature and pediment. It consists of a double row of six pillars, one behind the other, by which the depth and grandeur of effect is much increased. The pillars are thirty feet six inches in height,



HAMILTON PALACE



BOTHWELL CASTLE



FALL OF STONEBYRES

and three feet two inches in diameter, each formed of an entire stone. In the centre of the pediment the family arms are carved in bas-relief. Altogether, the front of this building is truly magnificent, and full of grandeur; and it is not too much to say that it is unequalled as a private residence in Scotland.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

This noble monument of antiquity, and indeed one of the most magnificent ruins in Scotland, stands on the northern bank of the Clyde, near the village of Bothwell, and about six miles from Glasgow. The scenery which surrounds it has a corresponding aspect of grandeur. The river here takes a fine sweep around the ruins; its breadth is considerable, and it spreads over a rocky bottom; the banks are high and covered with wood. On the south side are seen the ruins of the Priory of Blantyre; on the north the castle rears aloft its still majestic though ruined towers. The castle appears to have been very extensive, and what remains is above two hundred and forty three feet in length, and ninety nine in breadth over the walls. The roofs of the apartments are lofty, and what appears to have been a chamber of state, had large windows towards the south. The chapel still remains at the east end of the court yard. It has at various periods belonged to different noble families, but has occasionally reverted to the Crown. It is now the property of Lord Douglas, whose family mansion is in its immediate neighbourhood.

FALL OF STONEBYRES.

THIS is the lowest fall upon the river Clyde, and is about two miles distant from Lanark. There are three falls upon the river within a few miles of each other.

The upper fall, called Bonnington Linn, is about two miles and a half from Lanark ; and here from an elevated point above, the whole body of the river is seen precipitating itself with a dreadful noise into the chasm below, over the edge of a perpendicular rock. The height of the fall, including a small one immediately above, is thirty feet. Cora Linn, the second fall, is about a mile farther down the river, and nearer Lanark. At this place the water does not fall perpendicularly over, as at Bonnington ; but is dashed from one shelving rock to another, so as to form three different though almost imperceptible leaps. Nothing can surpass the striking and stupendous appearance of this fall, situated as it is amidst the most magnificent natural scenery of woods and rocks ; and when viewed from almost any spot, it can scarcely fail to strike with astonishment the unaccustomed observer. On a rock immediately above the fall is the ancient Castle of Cora ; and on a lower ledge, is seen a corn mill driven by the stream, where the miller plies his peaceful occupation, unmindful of the deafening noise and furious turmoil of the waters with which he is surrounded. This fall is eighty four feet in height.

Stonebyres Fall, which is that shown in the engraving, is about three miles below Cora Linn. Like it, the latter consists of three distinct falls succeeding one another, and forming altogether a fall of about seventy feet in height. This is equally romantic with the upper falls ; wild rugged rocks hang over the roaring waters, and throw their dark shades over the abyss beneath. The rocks are finely fringed with wood, but the trees are not so tall and stately as we find at Bonnington and Cora, for here they consist chiefly of natural wood and copse.

The Falls of Clyde have long been celebrated as the resort of travellers from all quarters of the world. Of course they have often been described by Tourists, but perhaps the most graphic of any of these descriptions is

the following impromptu, which was entered several years ago in a book kept in the inn at Lanark, and in which all who visited them entered their names:—

What fools are mankind,
And how strangely inclined,
To come from all places
With horses and chaises,
By day and by dark
To the falls of Lanark ;
For, good people, after all,
What is a waterfall?
It comes roaring and grumbling,
And leaping and tumbling,
And hopping and skipping,
And foaming and dripping,
And struggling and toiling,
And bubbling and boiling,
And beating and jumping,
And bellowing and thumping.
I have much more to say upon
Both Cora Linn and Bonnington,
But the trunks are tied on
And I must be gone.

EMINENT MEN IN LANARKSHIRE.

THIS county has given birth to Ramsay, Grahame, Finlay, and Campbell, the Poets; William and John Hunter, the Anatomists; Professor Young, one of the first Greek scholars of the age; Dr Moore, the Novelist and Traveller; his son, Sir John Moore, who was killed at the battle of Corruna; the patriotic Lord Archibald Hamilton, and various others of note, both in politics and letters.

RENFREWSHIRE.

THIS is but a small county, yet it contains a very considerable population, which is chiefly owing to its being

the seat of many important branches of manufacture. It formed originally part of the county of Lanark, at which time it was a barony, belonging to the Stewarts. Over it they had a jurisdiction, which was exercised by their baron bailie. It remained a part of the shire of Lanark, at the accession of Robert, the Steward of Scotland, to the Scottish throne in 1371, and for more than thirty years afterwards. A portion of this district is rendered peculiarly interesting from its being the first territory possessed in Scotland by the ancestors of the royal line of Stewart, from which the present Royal Family of Great Britain derive their right to the throne of the united kingdoms.

ABBAY OF PAISLEY.

THIS Monastery was founded by Walter the son of Alan, the first of the Stewart family who settled in Scotland. About the year 1160, he brought a prior and thirteen Cluniac monks from Wenloc, in Shropshire, his native county; and for them he erected a monastery and a church, the ruins of a part of which is seen in the engraving. They stand upon the eastern bank of the Cart, and are now surrounded by a portion of the town of Paisley. Previous to the Reformation this had become the most considerable, and most opulent religious establishment in the west of Scotland.

The Abbey of Paisley was the family burying place of the Stewarts before their accession to the throne; and even after that epoch, Euphemia, the queen of Robert II., who died in 1387, and Robert III., who died at Rothesay, in 1406, were buried there. In Catholic times it was celebrated as the resort of those pious devotees of the church who were admirers of St. Mirran, the patron saint of the place, and many a weary pilgrim travelled thither to worship at his shrine.

The abbey church, which was exceedingly magnificent, appears to have been built in the reign of James I. and



PAISLEY ABBEY



CROCKSTON CASTLE



GREENOCK

James II. It was a cross church, with a lofty steeple at the intersection of the transepts with the body of the building. From what is still in existence, it appears to have been very highly decorated both internally and externally ; and the transepts were ornamented with each a magnificent window, the ruins of one of which is seen in the engraving. The choir, which must have been the most splendid portion of the whole has entirely disappeared, and even its foundations can hardly be traced. The steeple too, has long since fallen down. All that remains of the transepts is that part which appears in the engraving. The western portion of the nave, however, is still in good preservation, and it is now used as one of the parish churches in Paisley. Two rows of splendid pillars separate the north and south ailes from the centre of the nave, which receives the light on both sides by a double row of windows. The great western entrance, and a magnificent window above it, are still in fine preservation.

CRUICKSTON CASTLE.

THE ruins only of this castle remain, and they are situated in the parish of Paisley, on a rising ground immediately above the river Cart. It has been a noble edifice ; and was originally the principal messuage or manor-house of the regality of Crockston, which included the lordship of Darnley and Inchinan, in this county, and the lordship of Tarbolton in the shire of Ayr. The most ancient proprietors of both the castle and barony, were a family of the name of Croc or Croix of that Ilk. Robert de Croc is a witness to the charter of foundation of the Abbey of Paisley, in 1160. This ancient barony afterwards came by marriage, with Marion de Croc, heiress of the property, to a younger son of the illustrious family of Stewart, from whom were descended that branch of the family designed of Crockston and Darnley, afterwards Earls and then Dukes of Lennox. From the

Duke of Lennox this property was purchased in 1710 by the Duke of Montrose, and by him subsequently sold to the Maxwells of Pollock. It is now the property of Sir John Maxwell of Pollock.

It is the current tradition of the country, that here the unfortunate Mary Stewart and her husband, Henry Darnley, resided a short time after their marriage, and the root of an ancient yew tree, now cut down, used to be pointed out as the spot where, under the shade of its spreading branches, they often used to recline. There is no good foundation, however, for this statement, as Mary does not appear to have visited Cruickston, either previous to, or after her marriage.

GREENOCK.

THIS thriving town is pleasantly situated on the southwestern margin of a beautiful bay of the Frith of Clyde. About a hundred and thirty years ago it was merely a small fishing village, but in the course of the last century it acquired some shipping, and engaged in foreign as well as the coasting trade; though for a long time it possessed only its natural haven without any pier. At the epoch of the Union, however, the inhabitants not only built a quay and wharf, but constructed a capacious harbour, containing an area of upwards of ten Scotch acres. In consequence of this, the trade of the town began progressively to increase, and at the beginning of the present century, the shipping of Greenock far exceeded that of any other town in Scotland. The harbour and docks have since been greatly improved, and when we look to their extent, they strikingly evince the commercial importance of the town. The manufactures of Greenock are chiefly those in connection with shipping and commerce. In 1823 the population was 24,000; but it has since considerably increased.

The appearance of Greenock, when approached from the water, is very fine. In front are the harbours and shipping; beyond that, the town itself, while the back ground is formed by a ridge of high hills, which rise very abruptly at a short distance from the sea, leaving but a narrow strip of level ground, on which the town has been erected. The hills are richly ornamented with villas, and elegant houses, belonging chiefly to the merchants of the place. The streets are well paved, and the newer portion of the houses are handsomely built; the shops are generally respectable in their appearance; and altogether, the town indicates that it is inhabited by a wealthy, and an industrious population. The view which is given in the plate, is taken from the hills behind, looking down upon the town, with its quays, harbours and shipping. In the middle distance is seen the Frith of Clyde, crowded with ships, and in the back ground the opposite shores of Dunbartonshire, and the entrance to the Gare Loch.

The enterprising spirit of the merchants of this town, has given birth to one of the most splendid efforts of science and art that is to be found perhaps in Britain. We mean the Shaw's Water Works. By a singular combination of ingenuity and skill, a small stream of water is made to travel along the faces of mountains or across several ravines in a very curious manner, for the space of six miles and a half, from a grand reservoir, till it reaches the brow of a hill, about a mile above the town, at the elevation of 512 feet above the level of the sea. Here it is husbanded in a small reservoir, and managed in such a manner as to produce, by means of this stupendous fall, a power equal to that of 2000 horses, greater, it is estimated, than that produced by all the steam engines in the city of Glasgow, the great emporium of the West of Scotland. By the inventions of Mr Thom, of Rothesay, the ingenious contriver of this splendid scheme, and under whose personal superintendence it was carried on from its beginning to its completion, this immense

power is rendered more secure and certain than that of steam, insomuch that any doubt of a full supply of water, at all times, and at all seasons, to an extent commensurate with the power, is altogether out of the question. To strangers, a more interesting visit could not be proposed than one to the Shaw's Water Works. There is a level footpath from its source to its termination ; and during the walk, the beautiful scenery of the Clyde is almost always in view.

EMINENT MEN IN RENFREWSHIRE.

THIS county is distinguished above all others in Scotland, not only as comprehending the original patrimonial estates of royalty, but as being the birth-place of the immortal Wallace, who was the younger son of Wallace of Elderslie, a place in the neighbourhood of Paisley. This illustrious man, whose name is associated with the earliest recollections of Scotsmen of every rank, is not more to be admired for his brave and inflexible opposition to the most powerful, and talented enemy his country ever encountered, than for his disinterested conduct when in power, and while exposed to every temptation that could have rendered virtue irresolute. It is probably to this latter quality, and the moral dignity of his character, more than to his bravery in the field, that his memory has remained even until now, so affectionately enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen ; for with regard to Wallace, it is obviously something beyond the mere admiration of his courage and skill as a warrior, that has connected his name with numerous objects of nature, in almost every district of the country. No monument of stone or brass has been erected to him, but every stream and every rock is associated with some portion of his history, or has some tradition connected with it, which keeps the name of Wallace fresh in the recollection of an admiring posterity. Renfrewshire has also given birth to several

men of historical and literary eminence ; among the latter may be mentioned Alexander Wilson and Robert Tannahill, both poets of no ordinary merit, and otherwise remarkable, as having distinguished themselves from the common herd, purely by their genius. Tannahill ultimately became a martyr to ill health and despondency. Wilson expatriated himself, and afterwards associated his name with the science of the New World, by a splendid and interesting Work on American Ornithology. There is another and a living Wilson however, who, in letters at least, may be considered the glory of Renfrewshire. We mean the celebrated Professor of Morals in the University of Edinburgh, and the reputed Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

JOHN WILSON, ESQ.,

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF EDINBURGH.

WHILE sketching the biography of this remarkable man, we believe we shall but follow in the track of several others who have preceded us, if, instead of describing the grave self-denying dignified philosopher, we paint a modern Alcibiades, versed in all the arts of modish life, and deeply initiated in the wild ways of a luxurious world. It will doubtless seem singular to many, that such a man should ever have sought or obtained an Academical Chair ; but it ought to be remembered that in this chequered existence the views and habits of individuals are often either changed by accident or squared by necessity ; and thus we not unfrequently find, that he who, born to affluence, hath, in the hot season of youth, run the usual fashionable career of frivolity and pleasure, meets in his riper years with so many bitter disappointments, that he is fain at length to rein in the passions, and seek for solace or enjoyment in calmer and more rational pursuits. That this has been the fate of the famed Editor of Blackwood, will

be pretty clearly exemplified in the following brief memoir of his life. The season of youth, the hey-day of hope and ambition, was with him a wild and very reckless period. A better day accidentally dawned—he was forced by circumstances to alter his course—and happily a reign of dissipation and pleasure was at length succeeded by one of reflection and philosophy.

Professor Wilson is the eldest son of a wealthy and respectable manufacturer in Paisley, and was born there in 1784. He was reared and educated with almost aristocratical indulgence—a circumstance that may be accounted for by the amount of his patrimonial inheritance, which has been variously estimated at thirty, forty, and fifty thousand pounds. He acquired the first rudiments of knowledge under the best teachers. In classical learning Mr Peddie* of Paisley was his earliest instructor; and from the school of that excellent man he was transferred, at the close of the usual course, to the University of Glasgow. Here, like the generality of our Scottish youth, he was entered by far too early, being little more than thirteen years of age; but he inherited from nature a robust constitution, was athletic and manly beyond his years, and possessed withall an irrepressible buoyancy of

* In February, 1831, a public dinner was given at Paisley by the pupils and friends of this gentleman, as a token of their respect for his private worth, and for his zealous and successful exertions as a teacher, during the long period of fifty years. Professor Wilson was in the chair, supported on the right by Mr Peddie, and on the left by the Rev. Dr M'Latchie, of Mearns. The croupiers were John Orr, Esq., William Sharp, Esq., and Alexander Campbell, Esq. The Reverend Dr Burns officiated as chaplain. On proposing the health of his venerable preceptor, the Professor delivered a brilliant oration—not the least curious part of which was the account of his own erratic progress in his boyish days. “Sometimes,” said he, “I sat as dux—sometimes in the middle of the class—and, I am obliged to confess, that on some unfortunate occasions I was absolutely *dolt*!” This honest confession of course elicited loud laughter from the meeting.

spirit. It is almost unnecessary to add that at this period he was distinguished rather by the vigour of his physical constitution than by the precocity of his intellect.

The studies of young Wilson, while at Glasgow, were of course those of the mere boy, and though he was rarely behind his fellows, yet it does not appear that he was very remarkably distinguished either as a hard student or by superiority of talent. It was not till he had entered a very different arena that his intellectual powers fairly began to unfold themselves. In 1803 he was transferred to the University of Oxford, and here first dawned the sun of that brilliant genius which has since shone so luminously on the world of letters. The occasion was one in which merit alone could be triumphant, and therefore was it the more signally honourable. He contended in the annual competition for a prize of fifty guineas, allotted to the best fifty lines of English verse, and though the contest was open to not less than two thousand co-rivals, he succeeded in triumphantly bearing away the palm from every competitor.

At Oxford, as at Glasgow, however, the physical powers of Mr Wilson were still more conspicuously developed than those of his mind. He was long distinguished rather by the qualities which usually designate the man of fortune and fashion than the laborious student. In fact the course of life which he led, was marked by all the levities and follies peculiar to the high-spirited and independent youth who resort to that celebrated seminary of learning. At the same time it is said to have been so singularly mixed up with the ordinary tastes and pursuits of literary men, that it became difficult to determine to what class of the academical crowd he belonged. With all he was equally a favourite, and not less an object of admiration. A fellow Oxonian who knew him well, and afterwards lived on the most familiar terms with him, has graphically described his career at that period in a letter written to a

friend in America. After stating the luxurious aristocratical system and wide latitude of indulgence enjoyed at the Oxford Colleges, he proceeds nearly as follows:—“Of these advantages Mr Wilson availed himself to the utmost extent. Instead of going to *Baliol* College, he entered himself at *Magdalen*, in the class of what are called ‘Gentlemen Commoners.’ All of us, you know, in Oxford and Cambridge wear an academic dress, which tells at once our academic rank, with all its modifications. And the term ‘*Gentleman Commoner*,’ implies that he has a more splendid costume, and more in number;—that he is expected to spend a good deal more money;—that he enjoys a few trifling immunities;—and that he has, in particular instances, something like a King’s right of pre-emption, as in the choice of rooms, &c. Once launched in this orbit, Mr Wilson continued to blaze away for the four successive years, 1804-5-6-7, I believe, without any intermission. Possibly I myself was the one sole gownsman who had not then found my attention fixed by his most heterogeneous reputation. In a similar case, Cicero tells a man that ignorance so unaccountable of another man’s pretensions, argued himself to be a *homo ignorabilis*; or, in the language of the Miltonic Satan, ‘Not to know me, argues thyself unknown.’ And *that* is true: a *homo ignorabilis* most certainly I was. But even with that admission, it is still difficult to account for the extent and the duration of my ignorance. The fact is, that the case well expresses *both* our positions: that he should be so conspicuous as to challenge knowledge from the most sequestered of anchorites, expresses *his* life; that I should have right to absolute ignorance of him, who was as familiar as daylight to all the rest of Oxford, expresses mine. Never indeed before, to judge from what I have since heard upon enquiry, did a man, by variety of talents and variety of humours, contrive to place himself as the connecting link between orders of men so es-

entially repulsive of each other, as Mr Wilson in this instance.

Omnis Aristippum decuit color et status, et res:

From the learned president of his college, Dr Routh, the Editor of parts of Plato, and of some Theological Selections, with whom Wilson enjoyed unlimited favour, down to the humblest student. In fact from this learned academic doctor, and many others of the same class, ascending and descending, he possessed an infinite gamut of friends and associates, running through every key; and the diapason closing full in groom, cobbler, stable-boy, barber's apprentice, with every shade and hue of black-guard and ruffian. In particular, amongst this latter kind of worshipful society, there was no man who had any talents—real or fancied—for thumping, or being thumped, but had experienced some *taste* of his merits from Mr Wilson. All other pretensions in the gymnastic arts he took a pride in humbling or in honouring, but chiefly did his examinations fall upon pugilism; and not a man who could either 'give' or 'take,' but boasted to have punished, or to have been punished by Wilson of *Mallens* (corruption of Magdalen)."

Such was our celebrated Professor of Morals during the four years of his youth passed at Oxford. If the discipline and restraints of his College permitted so very wide a latitude in the course which he then pursued, it is not to be wondered at that, when fairly launched on the ocean of life, he should for several years have run an equally reckless career. Rich to be sure it was in enjoyment—intellectually as well as physically—but wild to a degree of extravagance rarely ever surpassed, either in the variety of its tastes or in the singularity of its details.

At the period of his emancipation from College, if an Oxonian can ever be said with propriety to be emancipated, since he is there so seldom subject to restraint, Mr Wilson

was in the full vigour of youth, rich, healthy, and of unrivalled intellectual activity. One of his earliest acts was of course such as might be expected in a young man thus singularly gifted. He purchased a beautiful estate in that Eden of English scenery, the banks of Windermere, and gave himself up to the full enjoyment of every pleasure that imagination could suggest, or that his fortune could command. The name of this property was Elleray, and it is described as possessing all the finest features of picturesque beauty that belong to British landscape. To give some idea of the manner in which it was enjoyed, we shall again quote from the same early friend of the Professor, who has so well painted his character as an Oxonian :—

“ This beautiful estate was ornamented by no suitable dwelling house at the time when it was purchased by Mr Wilson. There was, indeed, a rustic cottage, most picturesquely situated, which, with the addition of a drawing-room thrown out at one end, was made for the present (and as it turned out for many a year to come,) capable of meeting the hospitable system of life adopted by its owner. But, with a view to more ample and luxurious accommodation, even at that early period of his possession (1808), Mr Wilson began to build a mansion of larger and more elegant proportions. The shell, and perhaps the greater part of the internal work, was soon finished ; but for some reasons I never remember to have inquired into, it was not rendered thoroughly habitable (and consequently not inhabited,) till the year 1825. I think it worth while to mention this house particularly, because it has always appeared to me a silent commentary on its master's state of mind, and an exemplification of his character, both as it was and as it appeared. At first sight there was an air of adventurousness, or even of extravagance about the plan and situation of the building ; and yet upon a considerate examination, and latterly upon

a practical trial of it, I cannot see that within the same dimensions it would have been possible to have contrived a more judicious or commodious house. Thus, for instance, the house is planted upon the boldest and most exposed point of ground that can be found on the whole estate, consequently upon that which might have been presumed (and I believe was really reputed,) to be the very stormiest: Yet, whether from counteracting screens of wood that have been planted in fortunate situations, or from what other cause I know not, but undoubtedly at this day no practical inconvenience is suffered; though it is true, I believe, that in the earlier years of its history, the house bore witness occasionally, by dismal wrecks of roof and windows, to the strength and fury of the wind on one particular quarter.— Again, in the internal arrangements, one room was constructed of such ample proportions, with a view to dancing, that the length, as I remember, was about seventy feet; the other dimensions I have forgotten. Now, in this instance, most people saw an evidence of nothing but youthful extravagance, and a most disproportionate attention directed to one single purpose, which upon that scale could not probably be of very frequent occurrence in *any* family. This, by the way, was at any rate a sensible extravagance in my judgment; for our English mode of building tends violently to the opposite and most unwholesome extravagance of giving to the very principal rooms of a house the beggarly proportions of closets. However the sequel shewed that, in providing for one end, Mr Wilson had not lost sight of others; for the seventy feet room was so divided by strong folding doors, or temporary partitions, as in its customary state to exhibit three rooms of ordinary proportions, and unfolded its full extent only by special and extraordinary mechanism. Other instances I might give in which the plan seemed to be extravagant or inconsiderate, and yet really turned out to have been calculated with the coolest judgment and the nicest foresight of domestic needs. It is

sufficient to say that I do not know a house apparently more commodiously arranged than this, which was planned and built with the utmost precipitation, and in the very hey-day of a most tempestuous youth. In one thing only, upon a retrospect at this day of the whole case, there may appear to have been some imprudence, viz. that timber being then at a most unprecedented high price, it is probable that the building cost seven or eight hundred pounds more than it would have done a few years later. Allowing for this one oversight, the principal house in the Elleray estate, which at the time was looked upon as an evidence of Mr Wilson's flightiness of mind, remains at this day a lasting monument of his good sense and judgment."

In this extract we have at once the description of an eccentric undertaking, and an apology for its extravagance.—The one is sufficiently characteristic—the other we fear will be deemed equivocal at the best. There are, doubtless, many allowances to be made for the wild vagaries of youth, especially if associated with a sanguine disposition, high health, and an ample fortune; but neither the purchase of the Elleray estate, nor the scale of its projected mansion-house, were at all to be justified. Large as Mr Wilson's pecuniary means then were, they did not correspond to his way of life, nor the extent of his projected improvements, and the best commentary on the folly of the latter is to be found in the fact that they were not completed till some years after they were begun. Hence it is easy to account for the charge of flightiness of mind originally ascribed to the design of the mansion—and, on the same ground, we may now well doubt the soundness of the dictum which pronounces that design a monument of "good sense and judgment."

There is this much, however, to be said for young Wilson's plan of a mansion—it was in fine *keeping* with his plan of life, which at that period, at least, exhibited the most varied and conflicting features—combining the grave, the

solid, and the gay, with the wild, the ludicrous, and the absurd, in a higher degree than perhaps ever marked the conduct of a human being. On the banks of Windermere he in fact pursued precisely the same wild career that had distinguished him while at Oxford. And in evidence of this, we need only once more appeal to the narrative of his early friend, the letter-writer, from whom we have already so liberally quoted. After mentioning the circumstances which brought him acquainted with Mr Wilson, he goes on to describe their first interview, and the latter's mode of life, as follows:—

“ My introduction to him—setting apart the introducee himself—was memorable from one circumstance, viz. the person of the introducer. *William Wordsworth* it was, who in the Vale of Grasmere, if it can interest you to know the place, and in the latter end of 1808, if you can be supposed to care about the time, did me the favour of making me known to John Wilson, or as I might say (upon the Scottish fashion of designating men from their territorial pretensions,) to Elleray. I remember the whole scene as circumstantially as if it belonged to but yesterday. In the Vale of Grasmere—that peerless little vale which you and Gray, the poet, and so many others have joined in admiring as the very Eden of English beauty, peace, and pastoral solitude—you may possibly recall, even from that flying glimpse you had of it, a modern house called Allan Bank, standing under a low screen of woody rocks, which descend from the hill of Silver Horn, on the western side of the lake. This house had been recently built by a wealthy merchant of Liverpool; but for some reason, of no importance to you and me, not being immediately wanted for the family of the owner, had been let for a term of three years to Mr Wordsworth. At the time I speak of, both Mr Coleridge and myself were on a visit to Mr Wordsworth, and one room on the ground floor, designed for a breakfasting room, which commands a sublime view of the three mountains, Fairfield, Arthur's

Chair, and Seat Sandal, was then occupied by Mr Coleridge as a study. On this particular day, the sun having only just risen, it naturally happened that Mr Coleridge—whose nightly vigils were long—had not yet come down to breakfast; meantime, and until the epoch of the Coleridgean breakfast should arrive, his study was lawfully disposable to profaner uses. Here, therefore, it was, that, opening the door hastily in quest of a book, I found seated, and in earnest conversation, two gentlemen—one of them my host, Mr Wordsworth, at that time about thirty-eight years old; the other was a younger man, by at least sixteen or seventeen years, in a sailor's dress, manifestly in robust health—*fervidus juvenis*, and wearing upon his countenance a powerful expression of ardour and animated intelligence, mixed with much good nature. *Mr Wilson of Elleray*—delivered, as the formula of introduction, in the deep tones of Mr Wordsworth—at once banished the momentary surprise I felt on finding an unknown stranger where I had expected nobody, and substituted a surprise of another kind: I now well understood who it was that I saw; and there was no wonder in his being at Allan Bank, as Elleray stood within nine miles; but (as usually happens in such cases,) I felt a shock of surprise on seeing a person so little corresponding to the one I had half unconsciously prefigured to myself."

In point of personal appearance the Professor, even from his boyish days, exhibited a very manly specimen of the human form. The writer's subsequent description represents him then as a tall man, about six feet high, within half an inch or so, built with tolerable appearance of strength, but wearing of course, for the predominant character of his person, lightness and agility, as he was at that period in the very spring-tide and blossom of youth. "Viewed," continues he, "by an eye learned in gymnastic proportions, Mr Wilson presented a somewhat striking figure; and by some people

he was pronounced with emphasis a fine looking young man ; but others, who less understood, or less valued these advantages, spoke of him as nothing extraordinary. Still greater division of voices I have heard on his pretensions to be thought handsome. In my opinion, and most certainly in his own, these pretensions were but slender. His complexion was too florid ; hair of a hue quite unsuited to that complexion ; eyes not good, having no apparent depth, but seeming mere surfaces ; and in fact, no one feature that could be called fine, except the lower region of his face, mouth, chin, and the parts adjacent, which were then (and perhaps are now,) truly elegant and Ciceronian. Taken as a whole, though not handsome (as I have already said,) when viewed in a quiescent state, the head and countenance are massy, dignified, and expressive of tranquil sagacity.

“ Such, in personal appearance, was the young man upon whom my eyes suddenly rested, for the first time, upwards of twenty years ago, in the study of S. T. Coleridge—looking, as I said before, light as a Mercury to eyes familiar with the British build ; but with reference to the lengthy model of your Yankies, who spindle up so tall and narrow, already rather bulky and columnar. Note, however, that of this array of personal features, as I have here described them, I then saw nothing at all, my attention being altogether occupied with Mr Wilson’s conversation and demeanour, which were in the highest degree agreeable ; the points which chiefly struck me being the humility and gravity with which he spoke of himself, his large expansion of heart, and a certain air of noble frankness which overspread every thing he said ; he seemed to have an intense enjoyment of life ; indeed, being young, rich, healthy, and full of intellectual activity, it could not be very wonderful that he should feel happy and pleased with himself and others ; but it was somewhat unusual to find that so rare an assemblage of

endowments as he was known to possess, had communicated no tinge of arrogance to his manner, or at all disturbed the general temperance of his mind."

Turn we now suddenly and without preparation—simply by way of illustrating the versatile humour of the man—from this grave and philosophic scene, to another first introduction, under most different circumstances, to the same Mr Wilson:—"Represent to yourself the earliest dawn of a fine, summer morning, time about half-past two o'clock. A young man anxious for an introduction to Mr Wilson, and as yet pretty nearly a stranger to the country, has taken up his abode in Grasmere, and has strolled out at this early hour to that rocky and moorish common, called the White Moss, which overhangs the Vale of Rydal, dividing it from Grasmere. Looking southward in the direction of Rydal, suddenly he becomes aware of a huge beast advancing at a long trot, with the heavy and thundering tread of a hippopotamus along the public road. The creature is soon arrived within half-a-mile of his station; and by the grey light of morning is at length made out to be a bull, apparently flying from some unseen enemy in his rear. As yet, however, all is mystery; but suddenly three horsemen double a turn in the road, and come flying into sight with the speed of a hurricane, manifestly in pursuit of the fugitive bull. The animal manages to navigate his huge bulk to the moor, which he reaches, and then pauses, panting and blowing out clouds of smoke from his nostrils, to look back from his station amongst rocks and slippery crags upon his pursuers. If he had conceived that the rockiness of the ground had secured his repose, the foolish bull is soon undeceived: the horsemen, scarcely relaxing their speed, charge up the hill, and soon gaining the rear of the bull, drive him at a gallop over the worst part of that impracticable ground down into the level below. At this point of time, the

stranger perceives by the increasing light of the morning, that the hunters are armed with immense spears fourteen feet long. With these the bull is soon dislodged, and scouring down to the plain below, he, and the hunters at his tail, take to the head of the lake, and all, in the madness of the chase, are soon half engulfed in the swamps of the morass. After plunging together for ten or fifteen minutes, all suddenly regain the *terra firma*, and the bull again makes for the rocks. Up to this moment there had been the silence of ghosts ; and the stranger had doubted whether the spectacle was not a pageant of aerial spectres, ghostly huntsmen, ghostly lances, and a ghostly bull.—But, just at this crisis—a voice (it was that of Mr Wilson,) shouted aloud, “ Turn the villain ; turn that villain ; or he will take to Cumberland.” The young stranger did the service required of him ; the villain was turned, and fled southwards ; while the hunters, lance in rest, rushed after him. All bowed their thanks as they fled past the youth ; the fleet cavalcade again took the high road ; they doubled the cape which shut them out of sight ; and in a moment all had disappeared, and left the quiet valley to its original silence, whilst the young stranger and two grave Westmorland statesmen, (who by this time had come into sight upon some accident or other,) stood wondering in silence, and saying to themselves, perhaps—as well they might—

“ The earth hath bubbles as the water hath ;
And these are of them ! ”

But these were no bubbles. The bull was a substantial bull ; and took no harm at all from being turned out occasionally at midnight for a chase of fifteen or eighteen miles. The bull, no doubt, used to wonder at this nightly visitation ; and its owner must sometimes have pondered a little on the draggled state in which the swamps would now and then leave his beast ; but no

other harm came of it. And so it happened, and in the very hurly burly of such an unheard of chase, that my friend was fortunate enough, by a little service, to recommend himself to the notice of Mr Wilson. And thus passed the scene of his *first introduction*."

Having quoted so choice a specimen of the eccentricities which marked the earlier period of the Professor's career, we might here dismiss the subject with the trite and convenient *ex uno disce omnes* ; but the portraiture would not be complete unless we were to exhibit him in a different field, not so ludicrous perhaps, but infinitely more imprudent—a field in which he rioted to excess, and displayed the most reckless profusion. We shall, of course, continue our narrative from the same graphic authority.

"A sailing club had been established in Windermere, by whom I never heard," says the letter-writer, "but very probably by Mr Wilson himself. At all events he was the leader and soul of the confederation ; and he applied annually nothing less than a little fortune to the maintenance of the many expenses which arose out of it. Amongst the members of the club there were more than one who had far larger fortunes than Mr Wilson could ever have possessed ; but he would permit no one to outshine him on this arena. The number of his boats was so great as to comprise a little fleet ; and some of them, of unusually large dimensions for this lake, had been built, at an enormous expense, by regular builders brought over expressly from the port of Whitehaven (distant from Elleray about forty-five miles,) and kept during the whole progress of their labour at a most expensive Laker's hotel. One of these boats in particular, a ten-oared barge, which you will find specially introduced by name in the Professor's Tale of *The Forresters*, (vide page 215,) was generally believed at the time to have cost him at the least five hundred pounds. And as the number of sailors which it required to man these boats

was necessarily very great, at particular seasons, and as the majority of these sailors lived, during the period of their services, with little or no restraint upon their expenses, at the most costly inn in the neighbourhood—it may be supposed, very readily, that about this time Mr Wilson's lavish expenditure, added to the demands of architects and builders, seriously injured his patrimonial property. In fact, he had never less than three establishments going on concurrently for some years; one at the town or village of Bowness (the little port of the Lake of Windermere), for his boatmen; one at the Ambleside Hotel, about five miles distant, for himself; and a third at Elleray, for his servants, and his own occasional resort with his friends. It is the opinion of some persons that about this time, and during the succeeding two years, Mr Wilson dissipated the main bulk of his patrimony in profuse expenditure. But more considerate people can see no ground for that opinion. His expenses, though great, were never adequate to the dilapidation of so large an estate as he was reputed to have inherited; and the prevailing opinion is, that some great loss of £20,000 at a blow, by the failure of some trustee or other, was the true cause of that diminution of his property which, within a year or two of this time, he is generally supposed to have suffered. However, as Mr Wilson himself has always maintained an obstinate silence on the subject, and as the mere fact of the loss (however probable,) is not more accurately known to me than its extent, or its particular mode, or its cause, I shall not allow myself to make any conjectural speculations on the subject. It can be interesting to you and me only from one of its consequences, viz. its leading him afterwards to seek a Professorship; for most certain it is that, if the splendour of Mr Wilson's youthful condition, as to pecuniary matters, had not been in some remarkable degree overcast, and suffered some signal eclipse, he would never have surrendered any part of that perfect liberty which was so dear to him, for all the

honours and rewards that could have been offered by the foremost Universities in Europe."

Such was Professor Wilson in his youth, and such were the causes which ultimately led to an entire change of his views in life; converting at once the scapegrace of fortune, and the votary of pleasure, into a teacher of Morals, and a Professor of Philosophy. Whether the decay of his means was owing to waste and extravagance, or to the bankruptcy of a trustee, as conjectured by his friends, we shall not stop to enquire. It is enough that the result proved eminently useful to the literature of his country, and perhaps not less so to himself; for of Mr Wilson, as of the ancient Grecian, it may almost be said, that "if he had not been ruined, he would certainly have been undone." A few years more of the life which he led during the earlier portion of his career must inevitably have sent him to drink the waters of Acheron. As things are, he finds himself, after a long editorial reign, the "observed of all observers" in the world of letters, and by universal consent one of the most eminent men of his time.

When Mr Wilson was in the hey-day of fortune, his ardent temperament led him to form various schemes for the occupation of his future life—very different indeed from that which necessity afterwards imposed upon him. Among others, he projected an extensive plan of foreign travel. His first design was to penetrate into central Africa, for the purpose of visiting Timbuctoo, and solving the problem of the course of the Niger. The second was a joint plan concerted with two friends, and which was nearly as follows:—From Falmouth, by one of the regular packets, they were to have sailed to the Tagus; and, landing wherever accident should allow them, to purchase mules—hire Spanish servants—and travel extensively in Spain and Portugal for eight or nine months; then, by such of the islands in the Mediterranean as particularly interested them, they were gradually to have passed into Greece, and thence to Con-

stantinople. Finally, they were to have visited the Troad, Syria, Egypt, and perhaps Nubia! Wild as it may now appear, this extensive scheme was *seriously* resolved upon, and but for the sudden occupation of Spain and Portugal by the French, would certainly have been carried into execution. Another event however, occurred in Mr Wilson's life about that time, which rendered it still more necessary for him to dismiss all such projects from his mind.—This was his union with a young English lady, of great beauty and accomplishments, and who, it has been said, brought him a portion of £10,000. The marriage took place in 1810. Two sons and three daughters were the fruits of it—and from all accounts the connection proved to be the happiest event in the Professor's life.

It was in 1820 that Mr Wilson became candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy which he now fills. He had a competitor opposed to him*, who, independent of his high literary merit, had the voice of the public in his favour. This necessarily gave rise to a fierce exhibition of party spirit during the whole time that the nomination remained undecided. Mr Wilson of course suffered severely—but whether justly or unjustly we shall not pretend to determine. A friend of his own, while writing on the subject, acknowledges that he had made himself enemies; “whether,” says he, “by any unjustifiable violences, and wanton provocations on his own part, I have no means of knowing. In whatever way created, however, these enemies now used the advantages of the occasion with rancorous malignity, and persecuted him at every step with unrelenting fury. Very different was the treatment he met with from his competitor in the contest. In that one circumstance of the case, the person of his competitor, he had reason to think himself equally fortunate and unfortunate—fortunate, that he should be met by the opposition

* Sir William Hamilton.

of a man whose opposition was honour—a man of birth, talents, and high breeding, a good scholar, and for extensive reading and universal knowledge of books, the Magliabecchi of Scotland: unfortunate, on the other hand, that this accomplished opponent, adorned by so many brilliant gifts that recommended him to the contested office, should happen to be his own early and highly valued friend. The particular progress of the contest, and its circumstances, I am not able to state. In general I have heard in Edinburgh that, from political influences which governed the course of the election, the conduct of the partisans on both sides was intemperate, personal, and unjust; whilst that of the principals, and their immediate friends, was full of forbearance and generosity. The issue was, that Mr Wilson carried the Professorship. Any little coolness which must naturally have succeeded to so warm a contest, has long since passed away; and the two rival candidates have been for many years restored to their early feelings of mutual esteem and regard.”

The history of Mr Wilson’s life, since his appointment to the Chair of Philosophy, is familiar to all who are in the least acquainted with literary affairs. Indeed, it is almost identical with the history of letters and criticism in this country during the last thirteen years. This necessarily arises from his connection with Blackwood’s Magazine, at once a critical journal and the principal organ of a powerful political party in the state. Though not openly avowed, his Editorship has never been openly contradicted. He is entitled of course to both the merit and the odium which its exercise implies. How the duties of the office have been discharged is known to all the world. We shall therefore offer no comment on them here. It is sufficient to observe, that if the Professor unhappily sports political doctrines at variance with the spirit of the times, and deals too largely in personal satire, he amply atones for these defects by having established a new era in periodical

writing. The Magazine has long held the most distinguished rank in that class of publications, and in point of literary talent it has from first to last supported a character that stamps it the most acute and classical journal of the age.

It only remains to notice Mr Wilson's character as an author, in which, curiously enough, he is far less admired than as an Editor. Though his "Isle of Palms" and "City of the Plague" are admitted by the critics to be admirable emanations of real genius, they are by no means popular. The same may be said perhaps of his works of fiction in prose—his "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," and "The Trials of Margaret Lindsay"—but it is difficult to assign a reason for this, since they unquestionably appeal to the best feelings of our nature, and powerfully awaken all the finer sympathies of the heart. It has been attempted to be explained by one of his own friends—Mr Lockhart we believe—who seems to think that he has tried his powers on too many subjects to have been able to make a decided hit in any one field. His opinion is, that if Mr Wilson had devoted his powers to a single literary effort, corresponding to the grasp of his mind and the variety of his attainments, he would have been infinitely more successful as an author, and that he has only failed because he has not sufficiently concentrated the various talents with which he is so richly gifted. In this way, it is also remarked, that his very facility has been injurious—not so much to his fame indeed, as to the popularity of his works. Qualified to handle every subject, and handling many well, he knows that he may touch all or any that may strike his fancy without proving absolutely dull; but that very circumstance has rendered him careless in his choice of a field on which to display all the energies of his mind. It is to be hoped, however, that this will not always be said of him, and that hereafter, as Mr Lockhart further remarks, "the works which he has already published may be referred to rather as curiosities, or as dis-

playing the early richness and variety of his capacities, than as expressing the full vigour of that 'imagination all compact,' which shall then have found more perfect and more admirable vehicles in the more comprehensive thoughtfulness of matured genius and judgment."

DUMBARTONSHIRE.

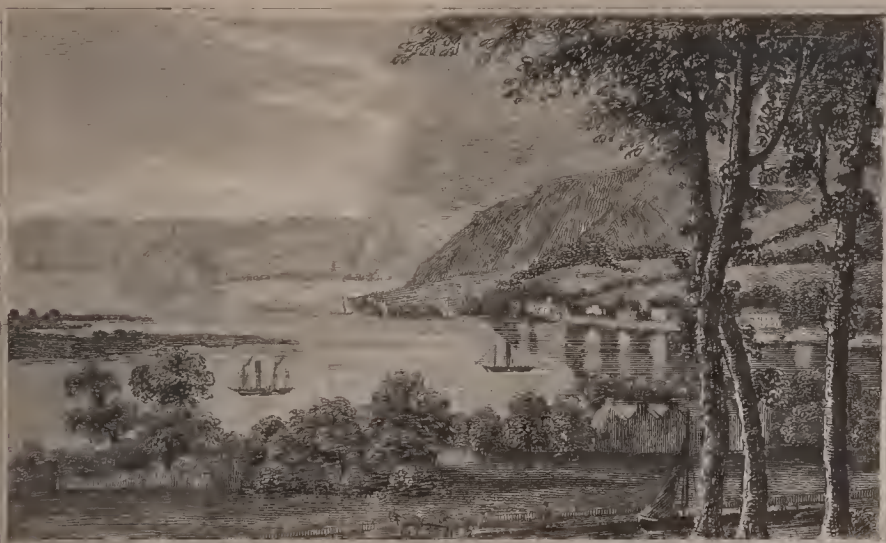
THIS county may be said to consist almost entirely of ranges of mountains, with the vallies which lie between them. The precipitous and rugged summits of some of the former, are more than 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and, for several months in the year, they are covered with snow. The vallies, however, afford excellent pasture for sheep, and in some districts the arable land is excellent, yielding wheat crops equal to those of the carse lands of the Lothians.

DUMBARTON CASTLE.

THE rock of Dumbarton, crowned with the embattled walls of its ancient fortress, forms certainly the most picturesque and most interesting object on the Clyde. It is situated on a point of land at the confluence of the Leven with the Clyde, the waters of which wash its base on the south and west sides, and is distant from Glasgow, about fifteen miles. The surrounding country, presents a perfectly level plain of some miles in extent, from which this singular and insulated rock rises to a height of 650 feet above the sea. It is of a conical shape, but the top is separated into two parts by a deep ravine, which crosses it from south to north. The entrance to the castle, is at the south-east base of the rock, near the water ; and stairs have been constructed in the ravine we have mentioned, by which the summit can be reached. Batteries are placed at various heights ; and on a small level piece of ground between the two summits,



DUMBARTON CASTLE &c



VIEW ON CLYDE



LOCH LOMOND

barracks have been erected for the garrison, and magazines for arms and ammunition. The view from the top is exceedingly grand, commanding an extensive tract of country on the Clyde, as well as the beautiful vale of the Leven, with its pure stream meandering through it. Also the town of Dumbarton; and in the distance Benlomond, with the surrounding hills and mountains.

Dumbarton has been a place of considerable importance in very early times. Under the name of Alcluith, it was the capital of the Strath Clyde Britons; and here likewise stood the ancient Theodosia, a naval station of the Romans, when they had possessions in this country. It is obvious also, that it is the Balclutha of Ossian's poems. "I have seen the walls of Balclutha," says Fingal, in the poem of Carthon, "but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people was heard no more. The stream of the Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook here its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows: the rank grass of the walls waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Morna, silence is in the house of her fathers." In 726, this town was attacked by Egbert, king of Northumberland, and Oangus, king of the Picts, and the Britons were obliged to submit to terms. From the annals of Ulster, it appears that it was burnt in 779; and in 869, it was again destroyed by the Daci or Norwegians, and Danes from Ireland. In later times, we find the castle a principal stronghold of the Earls of Lennox; but in 1238, it was resigned into the hands of Alexander II. by Baldwin, third Earl of Lennox, after which it became a royal fortress. It was the last spot in Scotland, which held out for Queen Mary after her dethronement, and her flight into England.

During the war with France, under Napoleon, this castle was fixed upon as an appropriate place of confinement for one of the French Generals, taken prisoner after having

broke his parole. His name was Simon, and he was esteemed by the French Emperor as a very able officer.

VIEW ON CLYDE.

THIS beautiful view is taken from Dalnotar Hill, a rising ground near the village of Kilpatrick, about eight miles below Glasgow. The river is here of considerable breadth, its shores are highly cultivated, and a little way inland the ground rises into ranges of mountains. On a point of land which stretches from the right into the middle of the picture is seen the old Castle of Dunglas, now a total ruin; while the grey rock of Dumbarton Castle towers magnificently in the distance. Deep bays, and jutting promontories give variety to the shores; and towns, villages, and country seats of noblemen and gentlemen add interest and beauty to the scene. This is justly considered one of the most picturesque views in Scotland.

LOCH-LOMOND.

THIS lake, one of the most picturesque in the world, is distant about twenty miles from Glasgow and six from Dumbarton. It lies principally in Dumbartonshire, but the county of Stirling bounds a portion of its eastern shore. It is nearly thirty miles long, and at its southern end eight or ten miles broad; at the middle, however, and towards the northern extremity its breadth is in some places less than a mile. At the south end it seldom exceeds sixty feet in depth, but north of Luss it increases to two hundred or three hundred and sixty feet. Thirty islands of different sizes are scattered over its surface, some of which rise to a considerable height, and most of the larger ones are finely wooded. Of these Inch Murrin, upwards of a mile and a half long, is used as a deer park by the Duke of Montrose; and Inch Lonaig, about

one mile long, is used for the same purpose by Sir James Colquhoun of Luss.

The waters of Loch-Lomond are said to have increased considerably during the lapse of ages ; and in Camstradden bay, more than a hundred yards from the shore, the ruins of houses are alleged still to be visible beneath the water. At one time this lake was famed for three wonders—" waves without wind, fish without fins, and a floating island." These wonders, however, like many others of a more superstitious kind have now disappeared. Ben-Lomond, the highest mountain in this district, is three thousand two hundred and forty feet in height above the level of the sea.

EMINENT MEN IN DUMBARTONSHIRE.

ST. PATRICK, the patron Saint of Ireland, and Dr Tobias Smollett, the celebrated Novellist, Poet, and Historian, are the most distinguished worthies of Dumbartonshire. The former is said to have been born in the parish of Kilpatrick ; so named from that circumstance. By one account, his father is described as a presbyter, and his grandfather as a deacon, but he being carried captive to Ireland, was there sold to one of the petty princes of the country, who employed him for some time as a swine herd. A different account of his emigration is given, however, in the fabulous traditions of the monkish period. The devil being provoked by his sanctity and success in preaching the gospel, sent a band of witches to annoy the Saint : accordingly these faithful auxiliaries of satan fell upon him so furiously, that he was forced to seek safety in flight. Finding a little boat upon the Clyde he leapt into it, and set off with all speed for Ireland. The witches are said, in their rage at his escape, to have torn an enormous rock, from a neighbouring mountain, which they hurled after him with deadly purpose. They missed their aim however ; the ponderous mass fell harmless, and it stands

to this hour a monument of their wrath and the Saint's good luck, in the shape of Dumbarton Castle !!

Dr Tobias Smollet, whose works will go down to the latest posterity, was born in the house of Dalquhurn, an old high mansion, the ruins of which stood till within these few years at Renton, on the banks of the Leven, nearly midway between Loch-Lomond and Dumbarton. He was the grandson of Sir James Smollet of Bonhill, Baronet, a gentleman of considerable property in this county, a member of the last Scottish Parliament, and a commissioner in framing the Union. A monument to the memory of Dr Smollet has been erected near the village of Renton, on the banks of his native stream. It is a lofty pillar of the Tuscan order, on which there is an elegant and nervous inscription, the joint production of Professor George Stuart, of Edinburgh, John Ramsay, Esq., of Ochtertyre, and the celebrated Dr Samuel Johnson.

STIRLINGSHIRE.

THE greatest length of this county from east to west is forty-nine miles, its greatest breadth twenty-three. It occupies the centre of the country between the Friths of Forth and Clyde, and therefore descends north and south towards those streams, being highest in proportion to its distance from each

STIRLING CASTLE.

THIS castle, like that of Edinburgh, surmounts the western extremity of a lofty ridge of rock, which is there abruptly precipitous. The town of Stirling, like a portion of the old town of Edinburgh, stands on the ridge where it slopes down from the castle towards the river Forth. There is no tradition as to when the town or castle was originally built, but in every age of our national records, the latter



STIRLING



LINLITHGOW PALACE



LOCHLEVEN CASTLE

has been a place of the utmost importance. From the castle-hill may be seen, at different distances, the scenes of the most sanguinary contests which have occurred in Scottish history. About the middle of the twelfth century, it would appear to have been the abode of royalty. David I. kept his court here ; and it long continued to be the favourite residence of the Scottish monarchs. It still contains many remains of royal magnificence. The palace is of course the principal object of attraction, though now converted into a barracks : its inside is without any form or regularity, but externally it is very richly and curiously ornamented with grotesque figures upon pillars or pedestals, each of which, again, is supported by a figure lying on its breast. The unfortunate James III. was very fond of this palace, and made it the chief place of his residence. He built a large hall for the assembling of his nobles, and the meetings of parliament, which is still called the parliament house. It was a hundred and twenty feet long, had a gallery, and was richly ornamented with carved work ; but it has been stripped to the bare walls and converted into an armoury. In the reign of Queen Anne the castle was repaired, enlarged, and a flanking battery called Queen Anne's battery, was erected on the south side ; but since that period little has been done to it.

EMINENT MEN IN STIRLINGSHIRE.

AMONG the worthies of this county, the most conspicuously eminent are George Buchanan, the celebrated Poet and Historian, and John Napier of Merchiston, the inventor of the Logarithms. The former was born at a place called the Moss, on the banks of the Blaine, in the parish of Killearn. The house was taken down only a few years ago, and there is a handsome monument to his memory at the village of Killearn, about two miles from the place of his birth. Napier was born near the Pot of Gartness, in the south-western part

of the county, where the remains of the old family mansion are still standing. Here he passed much of his time in the prosecution of those mathematical studies which led to the discoveries that have since so much benefited mankind. The great Kepler dedicated his *Ephemerides* to Napier, and, in the scientific world at least, the latter was justly thought to be the greatest man of his age.

LINLITHGOWSHIRE.

THE county of Linlithgow, or West Lothian, is of no great extent; its medium breadth from south to north being little more than seven miles, and its length only about sixteen. It has in general a northern or north-eastern exposure, towards the Forth, from which it rises gradually to the south and south-west, till it overlooks the vale of Clyde. The surface of this county has a waving and irregular aspect, but exhibits in every quarter a variety of rich and pleasing scenery.

LINLITHGOW.

THIS royal burgh is about sixteen miles distant from Edinburgh, on the road to Glasgow by Falkirk. It consists of one irregular street, running from east to west about three-fourths of a mile in length, with several lanes and a row of gardens on the north and south sides of the town. Many of the buildings bear marks of great antiquity, and are now hastening to decay. Opposite to the Town-house there is a spacious piece of ground, where the Cross once stood, and where the principal well or fountain still stands. This is a curious relic of antiquity worthy of preservation. Its appearance is singular and fantastical, the water being made to pour at different heights, out of the mouths of various figures of animals carved in stone.

Having been at one time a favourite residence of the Scottish kings, Linlithgow was formerly a place of considerable trade, opulence, and splendour; but since the union of the crowns, and especially since the junction of the kingdoms, it has miserably declined. It had an exclusive right of trade from the water of Crammond to the mouth of the Avon; and Blackness was specially assigned as its port. Vessels with foreign commodities frequently arrived here, and from thence they exported the productions of the town and surrounding country. Tanning of leather and making of shoes are now the principal employments in Linlithgow; but linen-printing, brewing, distilling, and bleaching are carried on in the vicinity.

LINLITHGOW PALACE.

THIS ancient abode of royalty is now the most remarkable object to be seen in the town. It stands on a rising ground running into a small lake on the south side of the burgh: a situation which could scarcely fail to be pleasing. When viewed from the north, the ground on which it stands has the appearance of an amphitheatre, having a descent on three sides and terrace walks on the west. On the site of the present ruin, Edward I. of England erected a fort or castle where he resided a whole winter. After the accession of the Stewart family to the throne, it became a fixed royal residence, and various queens of Scotland had it settled on them as a jointure house. The original palace of Edward I. was burnt in 1424; but by whom it was rebuilt is not known. It was a favourite residence of James IV.; and he, as well as James V. and VI., ornamented it greatly. It is at present a magnificent ruin, most of it five stories high and covering nearly an acre of ground. Within the palace there is a handsome square, one side of which is more modern than the rest, having been built by James VI. The building was kept in good repair till the year 1766, when

being used as a barracks by the king's troops it was accidentally set on fire by them. In one of the other sides of the square there is a room ninety feet long, thirty feet six inches wide, and thirty-three feet in height; at one end of which is a gallery with three arches, most probably intended for musicians. In this palace Queen Mary was born on the 8th December, 1542.

KINROSS-SHIRE.

KINROSS is a small inland county lying in the middle of the extensive peninsula which is formed by the Friths of Forth and Tay. It is of nearly a circular form; its length from east to west is about eleven miles and a quarter; its breadth from north to south about ten miles. Excepting where the Leven issues from the loch of that name, it is entirely bounded by hills which descend towards the centre of the county, forming what is called the vale of Kinross.

LOCH-LEVEN CASTLE.

THIS castle, which is now in ruins, stands on an island, of about two English acres in extent, in the middle of the loch from which it receives its name. It is of great but unknown antiquity, although report says it was founded by Congal son of Dongart, king of the Picts. It consists of a square tower or keep, which stands at the north-west corner of the outer wall; and a lesser round tower at the south-east. The whole is surrounded by a stone wall, forming nearly a square enclosure or court. In the lower part of the great tower is a dungeon with a well in it, and above this is a vaulted room which seems to have been the kitchen. Over this there were formerly three stories containing the baronial hall and sleeping apartments.

It was in this castle that the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots was confined after her separation from Bothwell at

Carberry Hill. She had surrendered herself a prisoner there, and was immediately consigned to the custody of the wife of Douglass of Loch-Leven. Under this woman, who was the mother of Murray, the natural son of James V., and afterwards Regent, she suffered all the hardships of a rigorous confinement. She was compelled to sign an instrument, resigning the crown in favour of her infant son, and appointing Murray regent. After languishing in this secluded fortress for months, she made her escape through the aid of George Douglas, the brother of her keeper, a youth of eighteen, who it is said had been captivated by her great beauty. On a Sunday evening, while Douglas the keeper was at supper, and the rest of the family at their devotions, one of the accomplices of the young Douglas stole the keys of the castle, and opening the gates, the queen and one of her attendants, under the protection of her youthful lover, went into a boat and soon reached the opposite shore. They locked the gates of the castle behind them, and threw the keys into the lake, to prevent pursuit. The queen was received at the shore of the lake by Lord Seaton, Sir James Hamilton, and a few attendants. She instantly mounted on horseback and rode full speed towards Niddrie, the seat of Lord Seaton in East Lothian, where she rested three days, and then set out for Hamilton, where she was soon surrounded by many friends and adherents. The battle of Langside, which was fought immediately afterwards, for ever threw a shade over the brief period of hope which her escape had created to herself and her friends.

FIFE.

THIS county lies on the eastern coast of Scotland ; and forms a peninsula, having the Frith of Forth on the south. and the Frith of Tay on the north. Its climate is in general temperate and friendly to vegetation, and the extent of its surface is considerable. The extreme length of the

county from the parish of Saline to Fifeness, is upwards of sixty miles ; and from Kinghorn to Newburgh, it is upwards of thirty miles in breadth.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. ANDREW'S.

THIS ancient ruin stands near the town of St. Andrew's, immediately above the rocky beach, which protects the east coast of Fife from the billows of the German Ocean. It was begun by Bishop Arnold, in 1161. He died the same year, and the work seems to have proceeded very slowly, as it was not completed till the year 1318, under Bishop Lamberton. It was long the metropolitan church of all Scotland. Its figure was that of a cross church ; its length from east to west being three hundred and seventy feet ; the transepts which crossed it, three hundred and twenty-two feet. Of this magnificent structure nothing now remains above ground but fragments of the east and west ends ; the south wall of the choir, measuring a hundred and eighty feet in length, and thirty feet in height ; and a wall at right angles to the choir, which most probably formed part of the south transept. With the exception of these remains, the cathedral was demolished in June 1559 by a mob, whom the eloquence of the reformer John Knox had excited to the pious or enthusiastic labour of demolishing the retreats of idolatry and popish superstition.

DUNFERMLINE AND ABBEY.

THE royal burgh of Dunfermline stands three miles from the shore of the Frith of Forth, and is sixteen miles distant from Edinburgh. It is a town of considerable manufactures ; and has long been remarkable for the weaving of diaper or table-linen, in which the workmen excel. Here table cloths are made of almost any length,



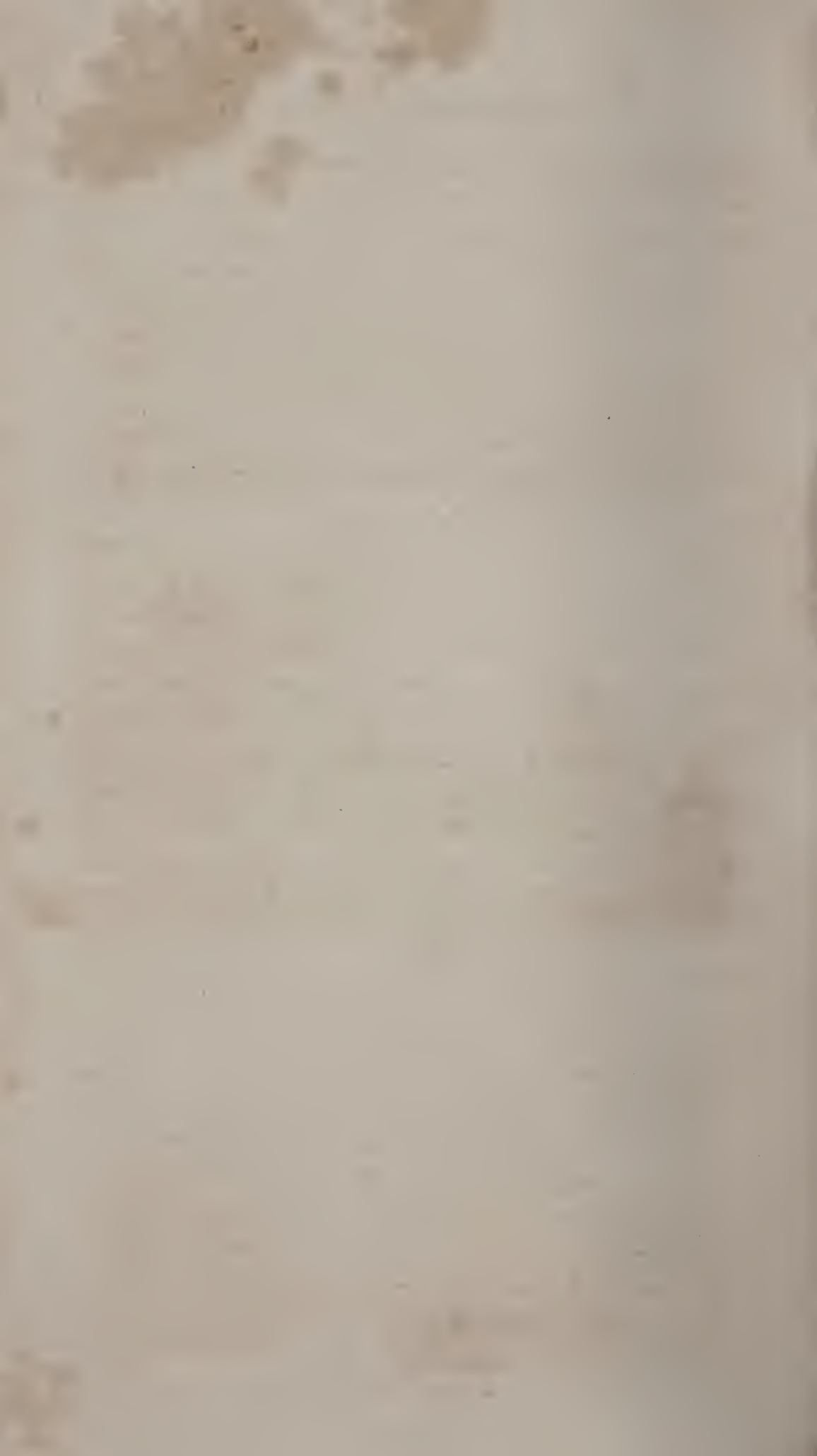
ST ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL



DUNFERMLINE



CASTLE CAMPBELL



breadth, and fineness ; and any motto, device, or coat of arms which may be wished is wrought into them. The incorporation preserves, as a specimen of native ingenuity, a man's shirt wrought in the loom, about a hundred years ago, by a weaver in Dunfermline, called Inglis. The shirt has no seam ; and every thing was completed without aid from the needle, excepting a button for the neck.

The Abbey of Dunfermline, was a monastery of Benedictine monks. It was begun by Malcolm Canmore, and finished by Alexander the Fierce. It was famous for being at one time the burial place of royalty, and among other Scottish kings interred here, was the celebrated patriotic monarch, Robert Bruce. After the Reformation, this circumstance was only known by tradition ; for although a splendid monument had been erected over his grave, no vestige of it remained. In 1818, however, when workmen were digging amid the ruins of the choir, for the foundation of a new parish church about to be built, they came upon a stone erection, which was obviously the tomb of some person of consequence. On opening it the coffin appeared to be entirely decayed, but a skeleton was found enveloped in lead. A circlet of lead in form of a crown, was placed around the head, and from the shreds remaining, it was obvious that the body had been originally wrapped in cloth of gold. The situation of the grave, which was immediately in front of where the high altar had at one time stood, led at once to the supposition that the resting-place of the Bruce had been discovered ; and this was confirmed by a small plate being afterwards discovered among the rubbish with the inscription upon it of ROBERTUS SCOTORUM REX. This had been no doubt the plate on the top of the coffin. The grave was immediately shut up, and notice sent to the Barons of Exchequer ; a day was afterwards fixed when it was again opened in their presence, and that of many individuals of

eminence in science and literature. The skeleton having been examined and measured, drawings and casts were taken of it. The breast bone was found sawn through, an operation necessary to have been performed in taking out the heart, which was sent with the good Sir James Douglas to the Holy Land. No doubt remained in the mind of any one, that after a lapse of nearly five hundred years the grave of Bruce had been found, and that the bones of the patriot lay before them. They were now placed in a new coffin which was filled with melted pitch; and the whole being again laid in the earth, a strong building of brick was erected over them.

EMINENT MEN IN FIFE.

SIR DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount, Lord Lyon King at Arms in the reign of James V., resided near Cupar. His early efforts in favour of the doctrines of the Reformation are well known, and his plays and poems, coarse as they now seem, must have had a powerful effect in bringing the catholic clergy into ridicule with the people. Michael Scott, the Friar Bacon of Scotland, was born in Kirkaldy. He lived in the thirteenth century, and by his attainments in science, contributed to break the deep gloom which overshadowed that benighted age. He pursued with success the study of languages, belles lettres, and mathematics at Rome, and afterwards travelled into France where he resided several years. From France he went to Germany, and lived some time at the court of the Emperor Frederick II. In Kirkaldy was also born Dr Adam Smith, the enlightened author of the Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations, and of the Theory of Moral Sentiments—a man equally estimable for his virtues and his talents—and not the least brilliant star in that galaxy of genius which adorned Scotland at the close of the last century.

CLACKMANNANSHIRE.

THIS small county is bounded on the south-west by the river Forth, which divides it from Stirlingshire; on the north-east by Fife; and in the other quarters by Perthshire. It is of very limited extent, containing altogether only about thirty thousand seven hundred and twenty English acres.

CASTLE CAMPBELL.

THESE ruins are situated above the village of Dollar, within a recess of the Ochil mountains. Their situation is wild and inaccessible. The rock or mount on which they stand, is insulated partly by nature, and partly by art. On either hand are deep ravines with steep banks sloping down from the moss-grown walls; and in the bottom of the glens flow rivulets which form beautiful cascades, and unite immediately after they pass the castle. On one side only is the mount connected with the adjoining grounds, and here there is a deep moat over which at one time there was no doubt a draw-bridge. The early history of the castle or the period of its construction are unknown. It was originally called the Castle of Gloom; but having become the property of the noble family of Argyll so far back as 1465, the name was changed to Castle Campbell. It was the usual residence of Archibald Earl of Argyll at the period of the Reformation; and here John Knox found a refuge, and was allowed to preach. In 1644 it was burned by Montrose, since which time it has never been inhabited. The great tower is still tolerably entire, but the rest of the works are hastening fast to decay.

PERTHSHIRE.

THIS county is divided into a number of different districts in popular language, though unknown in law ; but it is naturally divided into the two districts of Highland and Lowland. The vast chain of Grampian mountains runs along the northern and north-western part of the county, and they occupy a large portion of its area. The northern part of these mountains forms the southern boundary of the Highlands of Scotland ; and the territory to the south-east of this is considered as belonging to the Lowlands. Eighteen parishes of the county are Highland, and fifty-eight Lowland ; but those in the Highlands are of great extent, and some of them cover a tract of country equal to eight or ten parishes in the lower and more fertile districts.

PERTH.

PERTH, the shire town and a royal burgh, is situated in a peculiarly beautiful spot, on the west banks of the river Tay. It is one of the handsomest towns in Scotland, and is built on a regular plan. The river is navigable for sloops and small craft, but in spring-tides vessels of considerable burden sometimes come up to the town. Over the Tay there is a handsome bridge which cost £25,000. The new town contains some fine streets, the houses in which are built with great neatness and elegance.

Perth was anciently a place of great importance, and at one time reckoned the capital of the Scottish kingdom. Agricola, at a much earlier period, led his army into this district ; and it is said that when the Roman soldiers first saw the Tay, and the plain on which Perth is now situated





LOCH CATHERINE



PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE



DUNKELD

they cried, “ Ecce Tiber ! Ecce Campus Martius ;” behold the Tiber, behold the field of Mars, comparing what they saw to their own river, and the great plain in the neighbourhood of Rome.

LOCH KATRINE.

THIS much frequented lake lies in the Highland district of the county, about ten miles west from Callender, and forty-eight north-west from Glasgow. It is impossible to conceive a succession of more sublime or imposing scenery than is here displayed. Nature seems to have assumed her wildest and most romantic aspect. Mountains and lofty rocks appear to have been thrown around in the rudest form ; while trees and shrubs, which adorn some of them to their very summits, give variety, grace, and even beauty, to portions of the scenery.

The Trosachs, which are situated at the east end of the lake, form the chief point of attraction to strangers. This portion of the scenery, says Dr Graham, “beggars all description. Such an assemblage is there of wildness and rude grandeur, as fills the mind with the most sublime conceptions. It seems as if a whole mountain had been torn in pieces and frittered down by a convulsion of the earth ; and the huge fragments of rocks, woods, and hills, scattered in confusion for two miles into the east end and the sides of Loch Katrine.”

This district has been exceedingly attractive of late years, in consequence of its forming the scenery of Sir Walter Scott’s beautiful poem of *The Lady of the Lake* ; in which it is described with all the graphic truth and elegance so characteristic of the poet’s muse—

“ So wond’rous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.”

PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

THIS celebrated pass is situated among the Grampians in the north-eastern part of Perthshire. Lofty mountains impend over it; and the river Yarry rushes below in a dark, deep and rocky channel, overhung with trees growing out of the cliffs of the rock. The river is mostly invisible to the traveller, who hears only its deafening roar; and where it is seen, the waters appear pouring over a precipice into a deep pool covered with foam, and forming a scene of dreadful magnificence.

Even so late as the last century this was a pass of great difficulty and danger; a narrow footpath hanging over a tremendous precipice threatened destruction to the traveller from the least false step. The Hessian soldiers, who formed part of the royal army that was defeated here by Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, in 1674, refused it is said, to advance through the pass, conceiving they were going beyond the limits of the civilized world. There is now a fine road, formed by the military, which gives an easy access to this part of the Highlands; and at the extremity of the defile, the opposite sides of the river are united by a handsome bridge.

DUNKELD.

THIS town stands on the north bank of the Tay, about fifteen miles from Perth, and at the entrance to the Highlands. It is a burgh of barony, and is governed by a baron-bailie, appointed by the Duke of Athol. In the scenery with which it is surrounded, the finest objects for the landscape painter are combined; and the improvements of the Duke of Athol, conducted on an extensive scale





ABERBROTHOCK ABBEY



DUNNOTAR CASTLE



PERTH

and with great taste, have given an additional ornament to nature.

Dunkeld is a place of great antiquity ; it was at one time the capital of ancient Caledonia ; and about the dawn of Christianity, a Pictish king made it the seat of religion by erecting there a monastery of Culdees, which David I., in 1130, converted into a bishopric, and ranked as the first in Scotland. The ruins of the ancient cathedral form the most important object in the town. It has once been a splendid building, though now much dilapidated. The choir has been converted into a parish church, but the nave and aisles are in ruins. The central tower is still standing.

FORFARSHIRE.

FORFARSHIRE, or Angus, lies upon the east coast of Scotland to the north of the Frith of Tay. The extent of the whole county, from the eastern coast to the Grampians, is about forty-eight miles ; and from Mount Petie, on the borders of Perthshire, to the mouth of the North Esk river, about forty-two miles.

ABBEY OF ABERBROTHOCK.

THIS Abbey, now a venerable ruin, stands near the town of Aberbrothock, or Arbroath, near the mouth of the river Brothock, where it falls into the German Ocean. It was founded by William the Lion, and dedicated to the memory of Thomas à Becket, the celebrated Archbishop of Canterbury. Here the founder was interred, but there are no remains of his tomb. This monastery was one of the richest in the Island, and its abbots often the first churchmen in the kingdom. The monks were of the Tyronensian order, and were brought from Kelso. The Abbey of Arbroath enjoyed great and uncommon

privileges ; and there is a charter still extant from King John of England, under the Great Seal of that kingdom, by which the monastery and citizens of this place are exempted from taxes in every part of England, except London and Oxford.

Here the parliament was held under Robert Bruce, in which the celebrated manifesto was addressed to the Pope, remonstrating against the hardships Scotland suffered from lying under the anathemas of his holiness, and from the invasions of Edward I. ; a manifesto unequalled, considering the time in which it was written, for its determined spirit, its sentiments in favour of liberty, and the just principles of international law which it maintains.

The ruins of the Monastery are strikingly picturesque. They consist of ruinous towers of the most solid construction, columns overthrown and broken in pieces, Gothic windows, cloisters, staircases, &c. ; all exhibiting marks of the ravages of time, or the frenzy of religious zeal. It has been built of a red stone found in the neighbourhood, which seems to have been ill calculated to resist the weather. The ornamented parts exposed to the weather are therefore much defaced, and the carvings can hardly be distinguished.

KINCARDINESHIRE.

THIS county stretches along the coast from the bay of Aberdeen to the South Esk river, about thirty miles ; and from Dunottar Castle to Mount Battach, its greatest breadth is nearly twenty miles. The eastern termination of that mighty barrier of ancient independence, the Grampians, is situated at the north-eastern corner of this county, forming a bold promontory or headland, called the Girdle-ness ; and presenting an abrupt face of rock from sixty to eighty feet in height.

DUNOTTAR CASTLE.

THIS ruin stands upon the east coast, on a rock which projects boldly into the sea, accessible from the land on the west side only by a narrow, steep, and winding path, over a deep gully which connects it with the mainland. A gate in the wall, about forty feet high, gives entrance into the Castle. From thence, a long passage, partly arched over, leads to another gate pierced with four eye-lets or loop-holes ; after which the area of the Castle is entered. This area measures about an English acre and a quarter. The long passage was anciently defended by two iron portcullises, but these are now removed. An embattled wall surrounds the area, and within it there are a variety of buildings of different ages. The oldest of these, with the exception of the chapel, is a square tower said to have been built about the latter end of the fourteenth century.

About the year 1296, this Castle was taken by Sir William Wallace, who, according to Blind Harry, burned four thousand Englishmen in it. In 1336, it was refortified by Edward III. in his progress through Scotland ; but it was retaken by Sir Alexander Murray of Bothwell, guardian of the kingdom, as soon as Edward retired.—During the civil wars it was besieged by the Marquis of Montrose, and the church burnt.

In 1661, the English army having reduced all the other friths and places of strength in Scotland, a body of troops under General Lambert sat down before Dunottar, which was of the greater consequence that it was known to contain the Regalia. In November of that year they summoned it to surrender, and repeatedly afterwards in the course of the winter. In May following they turned the siege into a blockade. Ogilvie, the commander, refused

to surrender for a long time, but at length the garrison being reduced to great straits from famine, a mutiny broke out among them, and he was forced to yield.—Some time previously, however, he had by stratagem removed the Regalia from the Castle. Mrs Grainger, wife of the minister of Kenneiff, had requested permission from the besiegers to visit Mrs Ogilvy, the lady of the governor, which she at once received. In returning she had the crown wrapt among some clothes, and brought it away in her lap; while her servant followed, carrying the sceptre and sword upon her back hid in a bag of flax. The English general very politely assisted Mrs Grainger to mount her horse after she had left the castle, little conceiving that she was about to ride off with that, which it was the object of their long siege to obtain.

In consequence of this, Ogilvy was long kept a prisoner in England. The Regalia in the meantime was concealed sometimes under the pulpit in the church of Kenneiff, and at other times in a double-bottomed bed in the manse, till the Restoration, when they were delivered to Mr Ogilvy, who restored them to Charles II. For this good service Mr Ogilvy was made a baronet, and Sir John Keith, brother to the Earl Marischal, was created Earl of Kintore. Honest Mr Grainger and his wife, however, who had so long carefully, and at great hazard to themselves, preserved the insignia of Royalty, received neither mark of honour nor token of gratitude; so unequally is desert rewarded under an aristocratical system of government.

During the persecutions in the reigns of Charles II. and his brother James, Dunottar Castle was converted into a prison for the Covenanters. Many of them were confined in it at the period of Argyll's rising, and not a few died from the severity of their treatment. The dungeon in which they were immured is still called the Whigs' vault.

EMINENT MEN IN KINCARDINESHIRE.

AMONG the ancient worthies of this county, one of the most distinguished is John Fordoun, the author of the *Scotichronicon*, one of the most authentic early histories of Scotland. It also gave birth to the late Lord Monboddo, an upright Judge, and well known in the literary world by his writings on ancient metaphysics, and on the origin and progress of language. Dr Arbuthnot, physician to Queen Anne, and a distinguished literary coadjutor with Pope and Swift, was born in the parish of Arbuthnot. He was son to Alexander Arbuthnot, minister of the parish, who was deprived in 1689 for non-conformity. Dr Arbuthnot received the rudiments of his education here, and afterwards, with his brother Robert, who became a banker in Paris, removed to the Marischal College of Aberdeen about 1680.

ABERDEENSHIRE.

THERE are few counties in Scotland that possess more natural advantages than Aberdeen. It is admirably situated, being washed on the east and north by the ocean, which affords a ready intercourse with the regions round the Baltic, the German coast, Holland, Flanders, and France; and on the south and west it is bounded by the rich and thriving counties of Perth, Forfar, Kincardine, Banff, Elgin, and Inverness. Though about a fifth part of it consists of lofty mountains, yet a large portion of its surface is richly clothed with wood; and it is every where intersected by rivers that are equally advantageous to commerce, agriculture, and the fisheries. The extreme dimensions of Aberdeenshire are eighty-five miles in length from east to west, and forty in breadth from north to south.

ABERDEEN

IN point of extent and importance this is the principal city of the north of Scotland; and is situated upon the sea coast, betwixt the mouths of the rivers Don and Dee. It is divided into two distinct municipal jurisdictions, called New and Old Aberdeen, each of which has a separate magistracy, and a separate and distinct University.

Aberdeen is of great antiquity. Tradition assigns importance to it so early as the ninth century. In 1004 Malcolm II. founded a bishoprick at Mortlech, in Banffshire, in memory of a victory obtained over the Danes; which bishoprick was translated to Old Aberdeen by David I.; and in 1163, the then Bishop of Aberdeen obtained a new charter from Malcolm IV. There is also extant a charter of Alexander II. by which the king grants to Aberdeen the same privileges he had granted to his town of Perth. The burgh records are preserved from the time of William the Lion, who died in 1214; and the journals of the successive Magistrates and Town Councils, from the year 1398, are almost complete.

The existing remains of antiquity are the chief ornaments of the Old Town. A great part of the ancient Cathedral is still in fine preservation. It consists of the nave, and two lofty spires of stone, which are used as the parish church. This edifice was dedicated to St. Machar, or Macarius, after whom the parish is named. Its erection was begun by Robert Bruce, and completed in 1522 by Bishop Dunbar. The University of Old Aberdeen, founded by Bishop Elphinston in 1492, and a College, called King's College, soon afterwards endowed in it, are also buildings of great interest and beauty.—They contain Professorships of Divinity, Medicine, Civil Law, Moral Philosophy, Mathematics, Natural Philoso-



ABERDEEN



INVERNESS



ELGIN CATHEDRAL

phy, Greek, Humanity, and Oriental Languages ; besides numerous bursaries or exhibitions for poor students. The New Town likewise enjoys an University called Marischal College, founded in 1593, and endowed by George Earl Marischal. This foundation has a good library, containing about 10,000 volumes ; a museum, a complete observatory, and a very large apparatus for demonstrating the principles of mechanical philosophy.—Almost every branch of knowledge is taught here to great perfection.

Aberdeen, however, is now chiefly important as a maritime and manufacturing town ; and as it possesses a safe and spacious harbour, it affords great facilities to commerce. Upwards of four hundred vessels belong to the port, engaged either in the foreign or coasting trade, and a considerable portion of them in the whale fishery. Its manufactures consist chiefly of woollen, linen, and cotton, in all their different stages. But there are also manufactures of steam engines, iron cables and anchors, nails, cordage, and all sorts of materials connected with ship-building, which is itself carried on to a considerable extent. There are likewise several iron-founderies, and various breweries, which produce not less than forty thousand barrels of malt liquor annually. The exports are grain, salmon, woollen, cotton, and linen goods, and upwards of 20,000 tons of granite yearly for paving the streets of London. In short, there is scarcely a town in Scotland that, in proportion to its extent and population, exhibits more striking symptoms of commercial and manufacturing enterprise than Aberdeen. Its wealth and population have rapidly increased during the last thirty years.

EMINENT MEN IN ABERDEENSHIRE.

To characterize all the worthies that have done honour to Aberdeenshire, would far exceed the limits of this

work. It may be sufficient to remark that, anciently, Boethius taught philosophy, as first Principal of King's College, and that, latterly, the Marischal College was enlightened by the pure metaphysics of Reid, the ablest of the opponents of Hume. The celebrated Arthur Johnston, only second in Latinity to Buchanan, was born in the parish of Keith-hall, and held office in the University. The late eminent lawyer and statesman, Sir James M'Intosh, was also a native of Aberdeenshire.

INVERNESS-SHIRE.

A VERY extensive county, stretching across the whole breadth of Scotland from the eastern to the western seas. It comprehends a number of districts, such as Lochaber, Glenelg, Badenoch ; and many inferior divisions, as Glen-gary, Glenmoriston, Glenshiel, &c. A considerable portion of the Western Isles are annexed to it. The mainland, excluding the isles, extends in length from the point of Arisaig on the west coast, to the point of Ardersier on the east, about ninety-two miles ; and its greatest breadth is nearly fifty miles.

INVERNESS.

THIS town takes its name from the river Ness. It is a royal burgh of great antiquity, having received its first charter from Malcolm Canmore. The charter has been renewed by several successive monarchs, and latterly by James VI., when the constitution of the burgh was settled. The town is governed by a Provost, four Bailies, a Dean of Guild, Treasurer, Town Clerk, and a Council of twenty-one members. It is large and well built, and besides being the shire town is the capital of the Highlands. In the High Street, nearly in the centre of the town, stands the Court House, connected with the Tolbooth ;

a modern building with a fine tower surmounted by a handsome spire. The academy is an elegant building, provided with a rector and four masters; by whom science and literature are skilfully taught. The harbour is safe and commodious, allowing vessels of two hundred tons to unload at the quay, and vessels of five hundred tons may ride in safety in the Moray Frith within a mile of the town.

EMINENT MEN IN INVERNESS-SHIRE.

MACPHERSON, the celebrated translator of the poems of Ossian, was a native of Kingussie in this county. So was the brave and generous Cameron of Lochiel, the firmest but most disinterested supporter of the rebel cause in 1745. In the parish of Killmalie stood Auchnacarie, the family seat of this romantic Highland chief, who, after being wounded at Culloden, retired to France where he died in 1748.

MORAYSHIRE.

THE county of Moray proper, or Elgin as it is sometimes called, extends about forty-two miles in length, and its average breadth is about twenty. It rests on a northern exposure; its upper part towards the south is rugged and barren, and consists of a portion of that very mountainous region which forms the head of the shires of Aberdeen, Banff, and Perth; but as it descends towards the north, the country becomes level and more susceptible of cultivation. In point of fertility and value, the low land of this county is not inferior to that of any of the adjoining districts. It is intersected by numerous streams and rivers, the principal of which are the Spey, the Findhorn, and the Lossie.

ELGIN.

THIS royal burgh is the county town of Morayshire. It has a very pleasant site on the banks of the small river Lossie, which discharges itself about two miles below into the German Ocean. The earliest charter in the archives of the town is from Alexander II., in the year 1234, by which he grants to the burgesses of Elgin, a Guild of Merchants, with as extensive privileges as any other burgh enjoys in Scotland. In 1632, Charles I. established and confirmed all the grants of his royal predecessors in favour of the burgh; and the set or form of its government was ratified by the Convention of Royal Burghs in 1706. At the mouth of the Lossie, is a small village called Lossiemouth, belonging to Elgin. Only a small number of fishing boats belong to it; but its harbour has been made convenient to receive vessels of eighty tons burden, a considerable number of which enter it annually, and from hence grain is shipped to Leith and Grangemouth.

ELGIN CATHEDRAL.

THE most remarkable object connected with the town of Elgin is its ancient Cathedral, the ruins of which still remain. The seat of the bishoprick of Moray was originally at Spynie; but it was translated to this place at the request of the Chapter, and King Alexander II. A bull for the purpose was obtained from Pope Honorious, in 1224. Bishop Andrew Murray is said to have laid the foundation stone of the new cathedral on 19th July, 1324. After it had stood a hundred and sixty-six years from the date of its foundation, it was burned down in the year 1390, by Alexander Stuart, Lord of Badenoch,

commonly called, from his ferocious disposition, the Wolf of Badenoch, son of King Robert II.

The piety and wealth of the Bishops succeeded, after a series of years, in rebuilding it with renewed splendour ; in which state it remained till the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the great steeple in the centre fell. The year after that calamity Bishop Forman began to rebuild it, but it was not founded till 1538, when the height of the tower and spire was a hundred and ninety-eight feet.

“ This church,” says Shaw, in his History of Moray, “ when entire, was a building of Gothic architecture inferior to few in Europe ; it stood due east and west, in form of a passion or Jerusalem cross, ornamented with five towers, whereof two parallel stood on the west end, one in the middle, and two on the east end. Betwixt the two towers on the west end was the great porch or entrance.” This entrance is twenty-four feet wide at the base, and the same in height ; it is ornamented with numerous pilasters, with a pointed arch at the top. Above the entrance is a pointed window nineteen feet in breadth, and twenty-seven feet in height. In the eastern end there is a row of fine windows two feet broad and ten feet high, above which there is a row of five windows, seven feet in height ; and above these an oriel or circular window, ten feet in diameter. As in all Gothic churches, a double tier of windows in each of the side walls, gives light to the body of the building. The grand entrance, the different porches, the pillars, the projecting table, the pedestals, cordons, &c., are all ornamented with varied carvings, representing foliage, fruits, and other devices.

The chapter-house, which is attached to the north wall of the church, is a curious and splendid piece of architecture. It is in form, an exact octagon, thirty-four feet in height, and within the walls thirty-seven feet in

breadth. It is arched and vaulted above, and the roof is supported by a pillar in the centre, nine feet in diameter. Seven windows, one in each of its several sides, with the exception of that which connects it with the body of the church, give light to the interior.

Of this splendid church, only the ruins remain. The great tower and spire in the centre are now entirely gone. The spires on the two west towers have fallen, but the towers remain; the two eastern turrets are still entire. The walls of the choir and the chapter-house are still tolerably complete; but those of the nave and transepts are mostly fallen down. This Cathedral was destroyed in 1567, for the sake of the lead that covered the roof, by an order of council, to support the soldiery of the Regent Murray.

DARNAWAY CASTLE.

DARNAWAY, or Tarnaway Castle, the seat of the Earls of Moray, of the Randolph, Dunbar, Douglas, and Stuart race, is situated in the parish of Dyke and Mog. It is a venerable pile, nobly elevated, and having an extensive range and variety of prospect. The oldest and most remarkable part of the building is the Baronial Hall, erected by the great Randolph, Earl of Moray, the friend of the immortal Bruce, the protector of his son David II., and Regent of Scotland during that king's minority. The hall is said to have been erected by the Earl, during the time he was Regent, for the reception of the numerous vassals who attended his court. After all the changes, which, in the lapse of ages, it must have undergone, it is still a noble monument of ancient hospitality and magnificence, and is certainly the most perfect specimen of a Baronial Hall existing in Scotland. At one end was the battery, and above, a music gallery extended from side to side.—There was a large chimney at the opposite end, and



DARNAWAY CASTLE



FINDLATOR CASTLE



CALDER CASTLE

another at two of the sides. The roof is supported by diagonal couples and rafters of massy oak, having an exceedingly superb appearance, and resembling that of the Parliament House of Edinburgh. The length of this noble hall is eighty-nine feet, its breadth thirty-five, and its height originally about thirty feet. Here is still to be seen the Earl's hospitable board of thick oaken plank, standing on six pillars, and curiously bordered and indented; his oaken chair, too, on which are coarsely carved the emblems of his office, and his arms. A number of modern apartments have been added to the hall, and older portions of the building removed by subsequent lords.—The castle is still kept in repair by the Earl of Moray, who has servants here, and occasionally visits it.

BANFFSHIRE.

THE length of this county from the bay of Cullen in a south-west direction to Loch Avon, its southern termination, is fifty miles. It preserves an average breadth of nearly twenty miles, till within five miles of that lake, where it is suddenly compressed into a breadth of little more than three miles. The whole, except the tract along the sea shore, may be very properly described as a hilly, mountainous country, interspersed with a great many fertile valleys, well adapted both for cultivation and pasturage.

FINDLATER CASTLE

STANDS near the town of Cullen, on a high rock called the Castle Hill, which projects into and in part overhangs the sea. It is of great antiquity, and, in 1455, it was strengthened and increased by Sir Walter Ogilvie, who received license from James II., to add a tower and fortalice. It continued in possession of the family of Gordon, during

the rebellion against Queen Mary. About the year 1562, however, the Queen invested it both by sea and land, and reducing it, restored it to the right heirs. The ruins of a house are still shown here, in which it is said Elizabeth, Queen of Robert Bruce, died.

EMINENT MEN IN BANFFSHIRE.

DR. ALEXANDER GEDDES, author of an able version of the Bible, and for many years well known in London as a poet, a satirist, and a critic, was a native of the parish of Ruthven in this county. He was a man of powerful mind, but of some eccentricity ; the peculiar cast of his mind was perhaps never more strikingly evinced than in the reason he assigned for his choice of a particular spot for his grave in Paddington church-yard. "I choose this spot," said he, "that, when summoned from my grave, to meet my God on high, the first thing which may strike my sight on looking up, may be that noble inscription in front of the church : Glory to God in Heaven, and peace and good will to men on earth." The celebrated astronomer, James Ferguson, was also born in this county, and forms one of the most remarkable instances which Scotland has afforded of genius rising from obscurity and indigence to honour and affluence, by the force of talents combined with persevering industry. The same may be said of Dr. Thomas Ruddiman, who was a native of Boyndie, and not less eminent as a grammarian than Ferguson was as an astronomer. His Latin Rudiments are well known, and his edition of several Classics, especially Livy, are held in the highest estimation. As a critic and a Latin scholar, he was unrivalled in his own time.

NAIRNSHIRE.

THIS small county lies on the shore of the Moray Frith, to the west of the shire of Elgin, and forms a part of the

ancient province of Moray. Exclusive of the hilly part of the district, it may be described as a narrow border of level ground along the shore, from one to nearly six miles in breadth.

CALDER CASTLE.

THIS venerable and rather gloomy edifice, which has now no inhabitants except a person who keeps it, and legions of rooks and daws who build amid its lofty turrets, derives a strong interest from having been the residence of Macbeth, and the place from which he derived his second title. It stands on an eminence which overhangs the river Calder, and is entered by a draw-bridge laid across a deep chasm.—Mrs Grant of Laggan, who visited it, says, “we saw some good paintings, and tapestry frightfully fine; for Pharaoh was there driving so furiously after the Israelites, and the Red Sea rushing so fiercely upon Pharaoh, that you start back instinctively not knowing which to fear most. Small gothic ‘windows that admit no light, and passages that lead to nothing,’ or at most to a small dark room, with a heavy thick door, strengthened with iron; these and resounding dusky halls, and narrow winding stair-cases, give no very high idea of the enjoyments of the virtuous and stately dames who wrought tapestry here in the days of gloomy grandeur and perpetual hostility. You are shown, in a very high tower, the self same bed in which Duncan of pious memory, was murdered by Macbeth. It was brought from Inverness on the demolition of the castle there.—From the battlements of the castle,” continues this lady, “you see in the back ground, a thick forest, old beyond history or memory, and solemn beyond imagination.—Tremendous rugged rocks appear emerging from the wood; on one side you see the chasm and draw-bridge; on the other the river Calder, dark in its colour, and devious in its course, howling, groaning and boiling through a rocky

channel, worn into many dismal pits and cauldrons ; at the foot of that rock on which the house stands, it is so deep and dark, that it dizzies one to look down from the tower. In short, the gloomy pools below, and pendant branches above, might almost tempt a love-sick maiden, or a fog-sick Englishman to hanging or drowning. There is a wide view towards the sea, including the heath where the weird sisters announced the fatal career of successful ambition to Macbeth." This heath is distant only a few miles from Calder Castle.

THE

LAST ILLNESS, DEATH, AND FUNERAL,

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SINCE the preceding sheets of this work were put to press, Scotland has had to lament the loss of her darling minstrel, her brightest, her most beloved son ; and the grave has closed over the mortal remains of him whose name was enshrined in every heart, and known in every land, whose genius spread a halo of glory over the literature of his country, and whose fame will descend to remotest time. In his own simple but graphic language, we have already given a sketch of the earlier portion of his literary career. We now subjoin, as an appropriate, though melancholy supplement to our previous details, the following interesting particulars by his ingenious friend, Mr Allan Cunningham, extracted from a Biographical Memoir, written for the *Athenæum*, and published in that able literary journal on the 6th of October, 1832.

In 1826 Sir Walter paid a visit to Ireland, and was every where received with enthusiasm. Mr Cunningham here states some interesting particulars of this tour, and then proceeds thus :—"Soon after his return, that crushing misfortune befel the house of Abbotsford, which reduced its lord from affluence to dependence. Sir Walter, owing to the failure of some commercial speculations, in which he was a partner, became responsible for the payment of £120,000 ; he refused to become a bankrupt, considering, like the elder Osbaldistone of his own immortal pages, commercial honour as dear as any other honour, and undertook within the compass of ten years, to pay capital and interest of that enormous sum. At that time he was hale and vigorous, and capable of wondrous exertions ; he gave up his house in Edinburgh, now less necessary for him on account of the death of Lady Scott, and singling out various subjects of interest, proceeded to retrieve his broken fortunes, with a spirit calm and unsubdued. The bankruptcy of his bookseller rendered longer concealment of the author of the Waverley Novels impossible ; the copyright of these works was announced for sale, and it was necessary for the illustrious unfortunate to reveal his secret in the best manner he might. Accordingly, at the Annual Dinner—24th February, 1827—of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, in answer to an allusion by his friend, Lord Meadowbank, Sir Walter said, he had now the task of acknowledging before three hundred gentlemen, a secret, which, though confided to twenty people, had been well kept. 'I am the author,' he said, 'of all the Waverley Novels, the sole and undivided author ; with the exception of quotations, there is not a single word which is not derived from myself, or suggested in the course of my reading. The wand is now broken, and the rod buried.' This declaration was received with loud cheers, and made a stir in all circles ; the great mystery was now solved, and though all lamented the cause of the

disclosure, all were glad at heart, to find that they were indebted to a man so mild and benevolent as Sir Walter, rather than to any other spirit who might have presumed more than was meet, after such an assumption of glory."

Mr Cunningham here goes on to narrate the subsequent efforts made by Sir Walter to retrieve his affairs, the anxious and persevering solicitude with which he toiled to accomplish the honourable discharge of his debts, and the works which he projected to enable him to fulfil the great duty which he had thus voluntarily undertaken. The particulars are detailed with the accustomed taste and skill of this delightful biographer; and the various works subsequently published by Sir Walter are characterised with correct critical acumen. Mr Cunningham then resumes his narrative as follows:—

"I saw him in London the day after the publication of the *Fair Maid of Perth*: the first romance of all that splendid file, to which he had put his name, or at least publicly acknowledged. He asked, what I was doing with my pen; I said, at present I am doing nothing but fighting and wooing with Harry Wynd. He gave me one of his peculiar glances, and said, 'Ay! and how do you like him?' I said I was struck with two things, which to me were new—the skill with which he had made a blacksmith into a hero—and a youth of a martial race, a coward, through his nurse. He smiled, and seemed pleased with my remark. We talked of romance-writing: 'When you wish to write a story,' he said, 'I advise you to prepare a kind of outline—a skeleton of the subject; and when you have pleased yourself with it, proceed to endow it with flesh and blood.' I remember (I said) that you gave me much the same sort of advice before. 'And did you follow it?' he said, quickly. I tried (I answered), but I had not gone far on my way till some will-o'-wisp or another dazzled my sight; so I deviated from the path, and never got on it again. 'Tis the same way with myself,' he said, smiling: 'I form my plan,

and then in executing it I deviate.' Ay, ay! (I said) I understand; but you deviate into excellence, and I into absurdity. I amused him with an account of how I felt when his kind notice of my drama appeared in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' I said I was in the situation of that personage in Scripture, who unknown yesterday, heard the people cry to-day, 'Behold the man whom the king delighteth to honour!' He said some kind things; and then I spoke of the public anxiety to see him. I told him, that when he passed through Oxford, a lady, at whose house he took breakfast, desirous of doing him all honour, borrowed a silver tray from her neighbour, who lent it at once, begging to be allowed to carry it to the table herself, that she might look upon the Author of Waverley. 'The highest compliment,' said Sir Walter, 'I ever received, was paid me by a soldier of the Scots Greys: I strove to get down to Abingdon Street on the Coronation day, and applied for help to a sergeant who guarded the way: he shook his head, saying, 'Countryman, I can't help you.' I whispered my name—his face kindled up, and he said, 'Then, by G—d, Sir, you shall go down!' he instantly gave me an escort.

"Sometime in the beginning of the year 1831, a sore illness came upon him: his astonishing efforts to satisfy his creditors, began to exhaust a mind apparently exhaustless; and the world heard with concern that a paralytic stroke had affected his speech and his right hand, so much as to render writing a matter of difficulty. One of his letters to me, of this period, is not written with his own hand; the signature is his, and looks cramped and weak. I visited him at Abbotsford, about the end of July 1831: he was a degree more feeble than I had ever seen him, and his voice seemed affected; not so his activity of fancy and surprising resources of conversation. He told anecdotes, and recited scraps of verse, old and new, always tending to illustrate something passing. He showed me his armoury, in which he took visible pleasure; and was glad to hear me com-

mend the design of his house, as well as the skill with which it was built. His heart seemed bound to the place: it is said, that he felt more pleasure in being thought the builder of Abbotsford, and the layer out of the grounds and plantations around it, which certainly seemed most tastefully done, than to be thought the author of the *Waverley Novels*. This I am unwilling to believe. Of Abbotsford, and its fine armoury and library, he might well indeed be proud: they contained presents from the first men of the world, either for rank or talent: the collection of volumes relating to the history, poetry, and antiquities of Scotland, is extensive. In a small room, half library and half armoury, he usually sat and wrote: here he had some remarkable weapons, curious pieces of old Scottish furniture, such as chairs and cabinets, and an antique sort of table, on which lay his writing materials. A crooked headed staff of Abbotsford oak or hazel, usually lay beside him to support his steps as he went and came. Those who wish to have a distinct image of the illustrious poet, seated at his ease in this snug-gery, may look at Allan's portrait lately exhibited; or those who wish to see him when, touched with ill health, he felt the approach of death, will also, I hear be satisfied: a painting is in progress from the same hand, showing Sir Walter, as he lately appeared—lying on a couch in his principal room: all the windows are closed save one, admitting a strong central light, and showing all that the room contains, in deep shadow, or in strong sunshine.

“When it was known that Sir Walter's health declined, the deep solicitude of all ranks became manifest: strangers came from far lands to look on the house which contained the great genius of our times; inquirers flocked around, of humble and of high degree, and the amount of letters of inquiry or condolence was, I have heard, enormous. Amongst the visitors, not the least welcome was Wordsworth, the poet, who arrived when the air of the northern hills was growing too sharp for the enfeebled frame of Scott, and he

had resolved to try if the fine air and climate of Italy would restore him to health and strength.

“ When Government heard of Sir Walter’s wishes, they offered him a ship ; he left Abbotsford, as many thought, for ever, and arrived in London, where he was welcomed as never mortal was welcomed before. He visited several friends, nor did he refuse to mingle in company, and, having written something almost approaching to a farewell to the world, which was published with ‘ Castle Dangerous,’ the last of his works, he set sail for Italy, with the purpose of touching at Malta. He seemed revived, but it was only for a while : he visited Naples, but could not enjoy the high honours paid to him : he visited Rome, and sighed, amid its splendid temples and glorious works of art, for gray Melrose and the pleasant banks of Tweed, and, passing out of Italy, proceeded homewards down the Rhine. Word came to London, that a dreadful attack of paralysis had nearly deprived him of life, and that but for the presence of mind of a faithful servant he must have perished. This alarming news was closely followed by his arrival in London : a strong desire of home had come upon him ; he travelled with fatal rapidity night and day, and was all but worn out, when carried into St. James’s Hotel, Jermyn Street, by his servants. As soon as he had recovered a little, he ordered his journey to be resumed, and on Saturday, July 7th, 1832, departed by sea to Scotland, reached Abbotsford, and seemed revived. He recognized and spoke kindly to several friends ; smiled when borne into his library ; listened with patience amounting to pleasure, to the reading of passages from the poems of Crabbe and Wordsworth ; and was always happiest when he had his children around him.— When he was leaving London, the people, wherever he was recognized, took off their hats, saying, ‘ God bless you, Sir Walter !’ His arrival in Scotland was hailed with the same sympathetic greetings ; and so much was his spirit cheered, that hopes were entertained of his recovery. But the cloud

gradually descended upon him ; he grew weaker and weaker—and, on the 21st of September, 1832, died amidst his family, without any appearance of pain. On his head being opened, part of the brain was found injured ; several globules of a watery nature were pressing upon it. He was buried at Dryburgh, on Wednesday, September 25th ; the hills were covered, and the villages filled with mourners : he was borne from the hearse by his own domestics, and laid in the grave by the hands of his children.”

When the news of this great and good man’s death went forth, Scotland, as we have already said, bewailed his death as a national calamity. The press teemed with tributes of grief and eulogy ; and nothing was heard on every side but the mingled expressions of sorrow, admiration, and praise. These testimonies of the homage paid to his merit and his genius were not however confined to his own country.—Wherever civilization and letters are known, the same sympathy and regret found a vent in the periodicals of the time. On the Continent of Europe this feeling was deep and universal ; nor did it stop there, but travelled over both the Old World and the New,—

“ From Thule’s wintry coast to farthest Ind’.”

Never before, perhaps, was there so wide and general an expression of public feeling for the loss of a merely literary man—nor one which more signally demonstrated the pre-eminent character of his genius and the universality of his fame.

Among the numerous tributary memorials which issued at that time from the Scottish press, there was one in *Tait’s Edinburgh Magazine** which described the Funeral Obse-

* Among the numerous periodicals which have been started of late years, this bids fair to become one of the most successful. Its political tone is admirably adapted to the times—the principles it advocates being ultra-Liberal ; while in point of literary merit it is nothing inferior to its powerful antagonist, the renowned “MAGA” of Blackwood.

quies of the Poet with much graphic effect. Any thing pertaining to the memory of so great a man is necessarily interesting, but the account of this ceremony has peculiar claims to our regard. It is from the pen of an eye-witness ; and the tone of melancholy regret that runs through its details, indicates the writer to have been no ordinary friend. Altogether it is so pensively descriptive of the occasion, that we think we cannot more appropriately close our narrative than by quoting it here. After describing the approach to the mansion of the deceased Bard, the writer proceeds thus :—

“ When we arrived at the ford, which gave its fancied name to the poet’s dwelling, we found the silver Tweed sparkling merrily along as if all things were as they were wont to be. The young woods before us, and the towers, and gables, and pinnacles of the mansion were smiling beneath the mellowing rays of the September sun, as if unconscious that the master spirit which called them into being had for ever fled from them. The sound of wheels came on the ear at intervals, rushing from different directions, and indicating the frequent arrival of carriages ; yet when we, availing ourselves of the open doors, had taken our well-known way through the garden, and passed beneath the Gothic screen that might have vied with the Beautiful Gate of the Temple itself, and on into the court-yard in front of the house, we were surprised to find it deserted and lonely. Before any one came to interrupt us, we had leisure to gaze around, and to wonder at the great growth of the trees and shrubs since we had last beheld them ; and as we did so, the venerable shade of him who had last walked there with us, filled our imagination and our eyes, shifted with them as they shifted ; and as it glided around us, it recalled to our full hearts a thousand pleasing and touching recollections.— But our dreams were at length abruptly broken, by the appearance of some of our acquaintances who issued from

the house ; and the sight of their weeds of wo immediately recalled our thoughts to the garb of grief which we also wore, and to the sad object of our present visit.

“ Passing through the Gothic hall, we met with no one till we entered the library, where we found a considerable circle of gentlemen already assembled. These were chiefly from the neighbouring districts ; but there were a few whom we recognised as having come from Edinburgh and other places equally distant. Here our visions were too much broken in upon by the appearance, and the frequent entrance of so many human beings, to permit us much indulgence in them. But still there were moments when we forgot that we were not alone ; and during these we wandered back to those happy days when we experienced the condescension, the kindness, and the unvarnished hospitality of him, who, more perhaps than any other human being, knew the grand secret of bringing down a great mind to the level of smaller intellects. Indeed this, which is with others a very important *art* was with this great man a part of his very *nature*. It was this golden ingredient in the character of Sir Walter Scott that made him at all times the most instructive of hosts. How did all the tales of our gifted Landlord, even those tales with which he seasoned our feast and lightened the passing hours, return upon us as memory became gradually roused and stimulated by the inanimate objects around us ! Nay, by degrees, even the people in the room were forgotten, and our reverie ran on for a brief space of time in one unbroken thread. Obscured within the shadow of one of the book-cases, we remained ruminating as if we had absolutely been alone, until we were interrupted by a summons to the drawing-room, where certain refreshments were prepared for those who had any inclination to partake of them. But we must confess our natural antipathy to all such mournful feasts. We therefore declined to join in this ; and

after catching, as well as our position near the door allowed us to do, a few stray sentences of a prayer which was feelingly offered up by the parish clergyman, we became so oppressed by the heat of the room, that we ventured to steal away to enjoy the air in the porch.

“That porch was soon tenanted in our imagination, by that venerable ideal image which we have been all this while courting to our side. With it we continued to hold sacred communion ; with it we looked, as we had formerly done with the reality, on the effigy of *Maida* ;* and the harsh truth, that Maida’s master was now as cold as Maida itself, went rudely home to our hearts. But footsteps came slowly and heavily treading through the small armoury. They were those of the servants of the deceased, who, with full eyes, and yet fuller hearts, came reverentially bearing the body of him whose courteous welcome had made that very porch so cheerful to us. We were the only witnesses of this usually unheeded part of the funeral duties. Accident had given to us a privilege which was lost to the crowd within. We instinctively uncovered our heads, and stood subdued by an indescribable feeling of awe as the corpse was carried outwards ; and we felt grateful, that it had thus fallen to our lot to behold the departure of these the honoured and precious remains of Sir Walter Scott, from the house of Abbotsford, where all his earthly affections had been centered ; and which had so long been to him the source of so much innocent and laudable enjoyment, that it may be matter of speculation, whether the simple pleasures which he reaped in the construction of this house and

* A celebrated stag-hound which Sir Walter Scott received from Macdonald of Glengary. This was the eccentric gentleman whose peculiarities attracted so much public notice at one period, and who was said at his death to be the last specimen of the genuine Highland Chief-tain of the feudal times.

place, were not greater than any he derived from the almost unparalleled celebrity of his name as an author.—The coffin was plain and unpretending, covered with black cloth, and having an ordinary plate on it, with this inscription, ‘Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, Bart., aged 62.’ ‘Alas!’ said we, as we followed the precious casket across the court-yard; ‘alas! have these been the limits of so valuable a life? How many of his contemporaries are here; men who were his companions at school; men who have sat with him in boyhood, on the steps of stairs, or on walls, listening to his tales of wonder and interest, and who yet wear all the appearance of health, and strength, and activity, giving promise of years to come of extended and enjoyable existence; and that *he* should have been snatched from us at an age so comparatively early!’

“Having followed the coffin until we saw it deposited in the hearse, which stood on the outside of the great gate of the court-yard, we felt ourselves unequal to returning into the apartment where the company were assembled; and we continued to loiter about, seeking for points of recollection which might strengthen the chain of association we wished to indulge in. Our attention was attracted, by observing the window of the study open, and we were led to look within, impelled by no idle or blameable curiosity, but rather like a pilgrim approaching the shrine where his warmest adoration has ever been paid. Our eyes penetrated the apartment with a chastened look, such as we should have used if the great magician himself had been seated in the chair of this his sacred penetralium. The different articles in the room seemed to remain much in the same places they occupied when we had last seen them. All the little circumstances attendant on our last visit to this sanctuary of the poet came crowding upon us. Thither Sir Walter had conducted us himself; there he had acted the part of

our cicerone with all his native wit and playfulness. His figure was in our eyes; and his voice, nay, his very words were in our ears. But, alas! the deep tones of the venerable old Principal Baird, whose voice was heard in earnest and impressive prayer, came upon us through an opposite door, from the library beyond; and the affecting allusions which he uttered, again brought us back to the afflicting truth, that Sir Walter Scott was gone from us for ever!

“The prayer was no sooner ended than the company began to issue from the house. The carriages had been previously assembled on the haugh below, and were so arranged there, that they drove up in a continued line; and as each passed the great gateway, it took up its owners and then proceeded. There certainly were not less than seventy gentlemen’s carriages of all descriptions, two-wheeled as well as four-wheeled; besides which there were a number of horsemen. The public road runs along the face of the hill, immediately above the house, in a direction from west to east; and the avenue leading from the gate of the court-yard runs up the hill in a westerly direction, entering the public road so obliquely as to produce a very awkward turn for carriages going eastward towards Melrose. Until we had passed this point some little way we could form no notion of the extent of the procession; but when we were thus enabled to form some judgment of it, we perceived that it had extended itself over about a mile of road.

“Ere yet we had left the immediate vicinity of the house, we discovered a mournful group of women-servants weeping behind the hedge on our left, whither they had hurried to take their last look of that hearse which was carrying to the grave a kind and indulgent master, whose like they had no hope ever to look upon again. There was to us something peculiarly touching in the grief of this group, for there they stood isolated, as it were, in a sorrow, which, arising

from so humble a source, bore ample testimony how well he had fulfilled even the minutest kindlinesses of life to all with whom circumstances had in any way brought him into contact. The elevation of the road on the hill-side was such as to give us a full view of the valley, and we could observe that the summit of many of the little knolls at a distance, even those beyond the Tweed, were covered with small clusters of rustic gazers, all intent upon a spectacle equally calculated to move persons of every rank and description ; and every now and then we found a little knot of spectators assembled by the wayside, whose motionless countenance, and unbroken silence, sufficiently testified the nature of their feelings.

“ As we approached the neat little village of Darnick, our attention was forcibly arrested by a very striking token of wo. On the top of an ancient tower, one of those, we believe, which Sir Walter has rendered classical, was placed a flag-staff, from which depended a broad black banner of crape, or some other light material. There was not a breath of air to stir the film of a gossamer, so that light as the material seemed to be, it hung heavy and motionless ; a sad and simple emblem, that eloquently spoke the general village sorrow. This we found more particularly expressed in detail, as we passed through the little place, by the many minuter insignia of mourning which the individual inhabitants had put on the fronts of their houses and shops ; by the suspension of all business ; and by the respectful manner in which the young and the old, and people of both sexes, stood silently and reverently before their respective dwellings, wrapt in that all-absorbing sorrow which told how deeply he that was gone had rooted himself in their affections.— When the hearse drew near to his own Melrose, the bell tolled sadly from the steeple of the church, and as we entered the street, we saw that here, as well as elsewhere, the inhabitants had vied with each other in unaffected

and unpretending demonstrations of their individual affliction. In the little market-place, we found the whole male population assembled, all decently dressed in deep mourning, drawn up in two lines, and standing with their hats off, silent and motionless. Grief was deeply impressed upon every honest countenance ; but we thought we could observe some, who, from the greater intensity of their feelings, might have had some private cause to claim a title to a greater poignancy of regret.—It is easy to notice this little circumstance which occurred in Melrose, but no one who did not witness it can fully appreciate the overwhelming effect it produced on those who were present. For ourselves, we must freely confess that our manhood was completely overthrown by it ; and we do not envy the iron nerves of those, who, forming part of such a procession, could have passed unmoved between those two lines of decent, and decorous, and heart-stricken mourners. We looked with extreme interest towards the Abbey. It seemed in our eyes, that in common with all animated nature, it had been endowed on this occasion with a soul and with intelligence to hail the melancholy pageant which wound away from it, and to grieve that its holy soil was to be denied the sad honour of receiving the ashes of its poet. A mild light streamed over the Eildon hills, and fell softly on the ruined pile. We might have fancied that his spirit was hovering over this his own dearest spot, and smiling a last farewell to it.

“The effect of the procession when crossing the fly bridge over the Tweed, and still more when winding around that high and long sweep of the road which is immediately opposite to the promontory of old Melrose, was extremely striking and picturesque ; and the view looking back from the high ground towards the Eildon hills and Melrose, over the varied vale of the Tweed, till the eye was arrested by the distant mountains, then seen

under a rich Claude effect ; and the devious course of the river, betrayed by fragments of water that sparkled here and there amid the yellow stubbles and green pastures, was exquisitely beautiful. But nothing gave so much interest to this glorious scene as the far-off woods of Abbotsford, then dimmed by the warm haze, and melting, as it were, from their reality, and so reminding us even yet more forcibly of the fleeting nature of all the things of this perishable world.

“ Having descended from our elevation, we entered the grounds of Dryburgh. These occupy a comparatively level space, embraced by a bold sweep of the Tweed, where the house of Dryburgh, and the picturesque ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, standing about two hundred yards distant from it, are surrounded by groups of noble trees of all sorts, rare as well as common ; and among them the cedar is seen to throw out his gigantic limbs with that freedom and vigour which could only be looked for on his native Lebanon. The hearse drew up close to the house of Dryburgh ; and the company having quitted their carriages, pressed eagerly towards it. Not one word was spoken ; but, as if all had been under the influence of some simultaneous instinct, they decently and decorously formed themselves into two lines. The servants of the deceased, resolved that no hireling should lay hands on the coffin of their master, approached the hearse. Amongst these the figure of the old coachman who had driven Sir Walter for so many years, was peculiarly remarkable, reverentially bending to receive the coffin.— No sooner did that black casket appear, which contained all that now remains of the most precious of Scotia’s jewels, than with downcast eyes, and with countenances expressive of the deepest veneration, every individual present took off his hat. A moment’s delay took place whilst the faithful and attached servants were preparing

to bear the body, and whilst the relatives were arranging themselves around it in the following order :—

Head.

Major Sir W A L T E R S C O T T,
Eldest Son of the Deceased.

Right.

CHARLES SCOTT, second
Son.

Left.

J. G. LOCKHART, Esq.,
Son-in-Law.

CHARLES SCOTT of Nesbitt,
Cousin.

The Body.

JAMES SCOTT, Esq., of
Nesbitt, Cousin.

WILLIAM SCOTT, Esq., of
Raeburn, Cousin.

ROBERT RUTHERFORD, Esq.,
W.S., Cousin.

Colonel RUSSELL
of Ashiesteel, Cousin.

HUGH SCOTT, Esq., of
Harden.

Foot.

WILLIAM KEITH, Esq., of Edinburgh.

“ When all were in their places, the bearers moved slowly forward, preceded by two mutes in long cloaks, carrying poles covered with crape; and no sooner had the coffin passed through the double line formed by the company, than the whole broke up, and followed in a thick press. At the head was the Rev. J. Williams, Rector of the Edinburgh Academy, dressed in his canonicals as a clergyman of the Church of England; and on his left hand walked Mr Cadell, the well-known publisher of the Waverley Works. There was a solemnity as well as a simplicity in the whole of this spectacle which we never witnessed on any former occasion. The long-robed mutes; the body with its devotedly attached and deeply afflicted supporters and attendants; the clergyman, whose presence indicated the Christian belief and hopes of those assembled; and the throng of uncovered and reverential mourners, stole along beneath the tall and umbrageous trees with a silence equal to that which is believed to accompany those visionary funerals which have their ex-

istence only in the superstitions of our country. The ruined Abbey disclosed itself through the trees ; and we approached its western extremity, where a considerable portion of vaulted roof still remains to protect the poet's family-place of interment, which opens to the sides in lofty Gothic arches, and is defended by a low rail of enclosure. At one extremity of it, a tall thriving young cypress rears its spiral form. Creeping plants of different kinds, 'with ivy never sere,' have spread themselves very luxuriantly over every part of the Abbey. These, perhaps, were in many instances the children of art ; but, however this may have been, Nature had herself undertaken their education. In this spot especially she seems to have been most industriously busy in twining her richest wreaths around those walls which more immediately form her poet's tomb. Amongst her other decorations, we observed a plum-tree, which was, perhaps, at one period a prisoner, chained to the solid masonry, but which having long since been emancipated, now threw out its wild pendant branches, laden with purple fruit, ready to drop, as if emblematical of the ripening and decay of human life.

"In such a scene as this then it was that the coffin of Sir Walter Scott was set down on trestles placed outside the iron railing ; and here that solemn service, beginning with those words so cheering to the souls of Christians, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' was solemnly read by Mr Williams. The manly, soldier-like features of the chief mourner, on whom the eyes of sympathy were most naturally turned, betrayed at intervals the powerful efforts which he made to master his emotions, as well as the inefficiency of his exertions to do so. The other relatives who surrounded the bier were deeply moved ; and, amid the crowd of weeping friends, no eye, and no heart, could be discovered that was not altogether occupied in that sad and impressive ceremonial which was so soon to shut from them for ever, him who had been so long the common idol of

their admiration, and of their best affections. Here and there, indeed, we might have fancied that we detected some early and long-tried friends of him who lay cold before us, who, whilst tears dimmed their eyes, and whilst their lips quivered, were yet partly engaged in mixing up and contrasting the happier scenes of days long gone by, with that which they were now witnessing, until they became lost in dreamy reverie, so that even the movement made when the coffin was carried under the lofty arches of the ruin, and when *dust was committed to dust*, did not entirely snap the thread of their visions. It was not until the harsh sound of the hammers of the workmen who were employed to rivet those iron bars covering the grave to secure it from violation, had begun to echo from the vaulted roof, that some of us were called to the full conviction of the fact, that the earth had for ever closed over that form which we were wont to love and reverence ; that eye which we had so often seen beaming with benevolence, sparkling with wit, or lighted up with a poet's frenzy ; those lips which we had so often seen monopolizing the attention of all listeners, or heard rolling out, with nervous accentuation, those powerful verses with which his head was continually teeming ; and that brow, the perpetual throne of generous expression, and liberal intelligence. Overwhelmed by the conviction of this afflicting truth, men moved away without parting salutation, singly, slowly, and silently. The day began to stoop down into twilight ; and we, too, after giving a last parting survey to the spot where now repose the remains of our Scottish Shakspeare, a spot lovely enough to induce his sainted spirit to haunt and sanctify its shades, hastily tore ourselves away."

CONCLUSION.

THE Sketches of Scottish Scenery and character, thus brought to a close, brief and imperfect as they are, may pos-

sibly be found to possess, in the mere variety of the subjects presented to the reader, what will more than atone for the want of minute description and elaborate detail. Some pains have been taken to exclude from the volume whatever was not of permanent interest, and to admit only such descriptive matter as might revive early impressions, and strengthen the well-known *amor patriæ* so characteristic of Scotsmen. If the work, therefore, has no other merit, it will at least serve to awaken in the memory of the native reader those historical recollections that are endeared to him by a thousand thrilling associations. It may also tend to impress still more strongly on his heart and imagination, the lofty attributes by which his beloved country has ever been distinguished ; while the reflections which must thence arise will naturally lead him to the consoling truth, that notwithstanding her rugged soil and inclement sky, the moral and political advantages she enjoys amply compensate the want of those luxuriant natural gifts which are the boast of more favoured climes—advantages that are rarely over-rated, and can never be adequately prized—advantages which alone are worthy to constitute a people's pride—justice—freedom—independence—a pure and holy faith—national renown ! He may then point exultingly to the moral of the following beautiful apostrophe which has been penned to her honour by one of her sweetest bards,—at once illustrating a simple but emphatic truth, and adding another fine proof to the many which exist of the enthusiastic admiration of her sons :—

“ Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand ;
Nor was perfection made for man below :
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems, if Chilian mountains glow ;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise ;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow ;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.”





AUG 21 1946

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 359 017 0